



Mother,

With a Merry Christmas
from a devoted son,

Edward K. Putnam

Dec. 25, 1892





Edward A. Tamm

BACCALAUREATE
AND OTHER
SERMONS, AND ADDRESSES,

BY
EDWARD ALLEN TANNER, D. D.,

Late President of Illinois College.

WITH A SKETCH OF HIS PRIVATE AND PUBLIC LIFE, AND
SELECTIONS FROM HIS UNPUBLISHED
WRITINGS.

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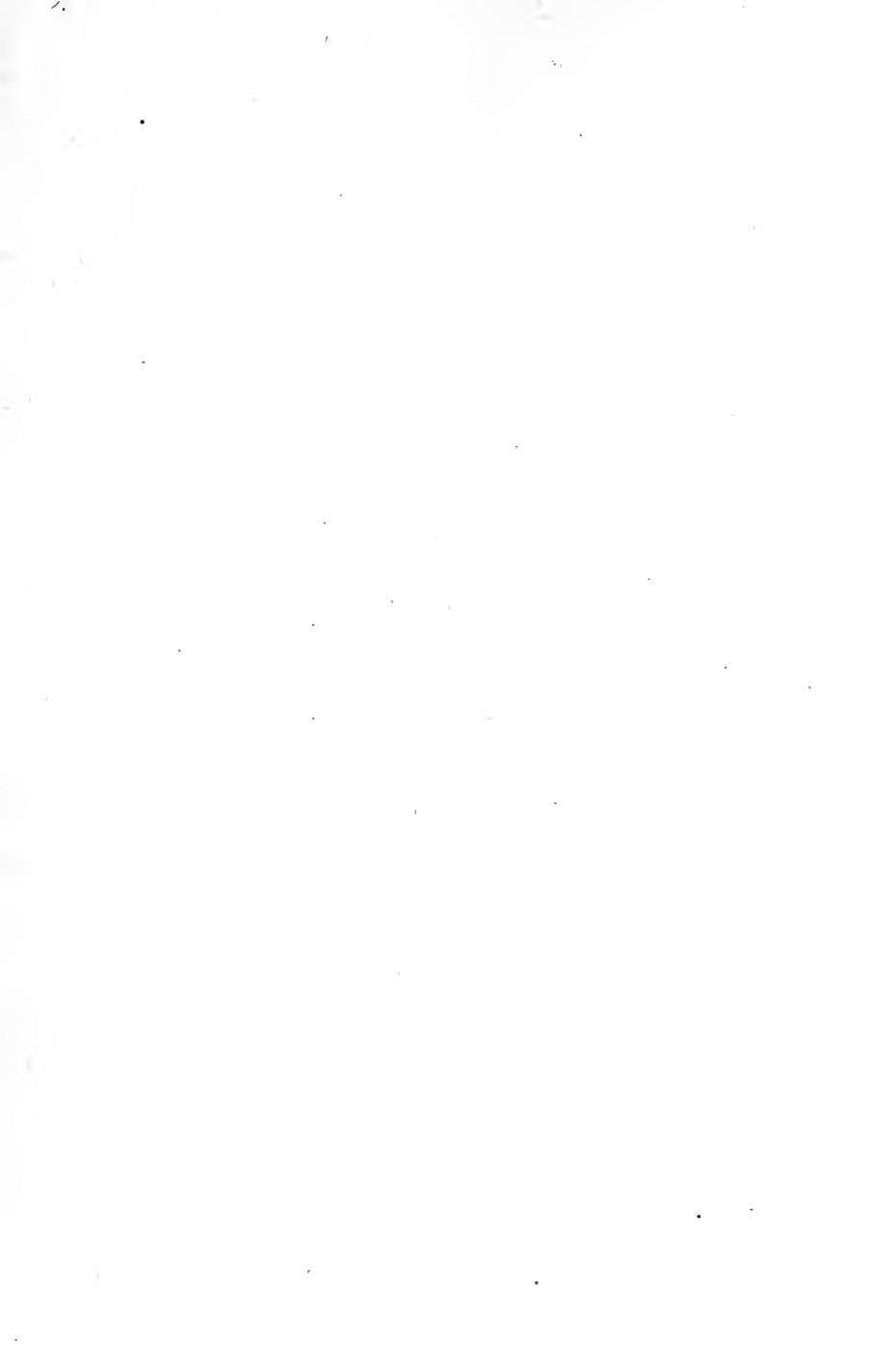
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Ill. Hist. Survey

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TO THE MEMORY
OF A
HUSBAND AND FATHER,
STRONG, TENDER AND TRUE,
THIS VOLUME
IS LOVINGLY DEDICATED
BY
WIFE AND SONS AND DAUGHTERS.



PREFACE.

"Many a teacher," said an eminent divine, "has been perfectly satisfied with *teachership*, perfectly content to furnish the materials and conditions of effective and conspicuous activity to other minds and to rest, himself, in obscurity as they went forth to prominence." Thus Socrates waited to speak through Plato. Thus Gamaliel invested himself in Paul. Even the Teacher of Teachers left to his disciples the promise of "greater works" than His.

Such is the rule, not without pathos, of the true teacher's life. "Can it be," asked a gatherer of statistics, some months ago, "that President Tanner has never published any of his writings?" Except upon requests of newspaper and magazine editors, he never had.

Yet a man yearns for a monument of that sort. Step into a library, visit an unfrequented alcove, and listen to the pleading of the volumes. But their backs are turned toward the world,—and the shyness is mutual. Neither the longing to be consulted by posterity, nor the loving anxiety to have *another* thus remembered, is sufficient to justify a book.

Beneath the desire to honor a cherished memory and to make these sermons and addresses easy of access, is an earnest belief that they contain what will be of value to the future historian of American education, and that their publication will renew and extend the quiet influence which Dr. Tanner's words have had upon certain lives. This belief has been strengthened by the expressions of many, here and there, who have heard him in the pulpit and have loved him in his life; even of some to whom, in their mental night at the Illinois

Central Hospital for the Insane, "Chaplain" Tanner used to bring at least the light of a cloudy day; and of a large number of young men for whose Christian purity and strength he labored, first as "Professor," then as "President."

All of the baccalaureates of the ten years of his presidency at Illinois College are published, together with other sermons and addresses, some from his earlier ministry, some from his later, one written even beneath the on-creeping shadow of his last illness. It is regretted that so much must remain in manuscript. Variety of topic has been regarded in putting forth these few productions from the many. Toward the end of the volume, is a thesaurus of selections from his still unpublished writings. No especial arrangement of them has been attempted; may they be found helpful and suggestive in leisure moments!

After all else was ready for the press, a sketch of "Private and Public Life" was prepared, though with some hesitation. No elaborate coloring has been sought. If we have kept in harmony with the modest nature of the man; if we have confined our own affectionate estimate to a true outline of his work; if we have brought others to a better knowledge of his genuine and lovable character, then we are content.

The preface of an English book, published the other year, was simply a printed extract from the author's will, directing what disposition should be made of his literary works. If one could, in any way, reproduce those unwritten wills which *lives* attest, our only prefatory allusion to these sermons and addresses need have been the speaker's ruling purpose to be *of service* unto all whom his words should reach.

Jacksonville, Ill., November 29th, 1892.

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PRIVATE AND PUBLIC LIFE.

Edward Allen Tanner was born in Waverly, Ill., Nov. 29, 1837, having the distinction of being the first child who could claim nativity in the place. That father and mother, brothers and sisters should come from the hills of New England, and he alone have been denied the privilege, was a grief to the boyish heart. Says he: "The first enigma of life to perplex my childish mind was the query, why did not Providence ordain that I should be born a little sooner, that my eyes should open to the light in Litchfield county, Conn., and not in Morgan county, Ill.? That mystery, with raven wing and dismal croak, overshadowed boyhood."

But later the tone changes and the notes grow triumphant—"When one passes the statue of Douglas on the shore of Lake Michigan, and reflects upon the state's vast material resources, so largely due to the little giant's wisdom and energy; or when one climbs the monument at Oak Ridge, and sits down at the feet of the colossal figure of the Great Emancipator, and reviews the past and forecasts the future; or again, when one listens, and the autumn air vibrates with midsummer lamentation of the nations, over the mighty warrior whom our own state sent to deliver the republic, and to win the admiration of

the world—who—who would blush for nativity in Illinois?"

- Though western born, through the ancestors of Edward Tanner coursed the sturdy New England blood that has been the sinew and the steadying nerve of western growth. Long years ago three brothers settled in the little town of Warren, Conn. Around one of these brothers, Ephraim, grew a family of eight children, one of whom afterward became the mother of Dr. J. M. Sturtevant, for thirty-two years president of Illinois College, and another, Joseph Allen, the father of the subject of this sketch.

Joseph Tanner was a man revered by the people,—trusted for his sincerity and even judgment, loved for the tenderness and sympathy of his broad nature. In 1814 he married Orra Swift, a woman of strong sense, keen humor, and womanly spirit, and their home with its high christian conversation was like the house of Obed-edom where the ark of God rested. Into this home with its atmosphere of love and devotion were born four children, two boys and two girls; the youngest son, Ephraim, dying in early boyhood.

Then came the call from the far west for the true men of New England, and Joseph Tanner and his wife recognized God's bidding; and His hand led them away from comfort and sacred association, through long journeying across dreary prairies unto a strange land. Who can tell of the mingled emotions of those brave pioneer hearts as at last, way-worn and weary, they stood upon that lonely spot in central Illinois that was henceforth to be their home? "The Range" was all there was then of the village known as Waverly—a log house of three or four

rooms, a half dozen ruder cabins, scattered near, a mill at one side—that was all. Here and there in the distance were bits of timber, but for the most part as far as eye could reach only prairie, prairie, without sound to disturb the stillness unless it was the hoarse growl of the prairie wolves. Humble though it was, that log house was known for the God-like spirit that reigned there, and as one by one the true hearted sons and daughters of Connecticut gathered in the little settlement, that home became to them a haven of rest and a stronghold of courage.

Two years after the coming of the family to Illinois the youngest child, Edward, was born. There was no disloyalty to her other children, if the mother's fingers lingered a little more lovingly over the home-spun garments of this child, or if there crept into the song she sung an added tenderness, as holding her boy close she looked, not on the hills and mountain streams of her old loved home, but on the billowy motion of the long grass on the unbounded prairie.

Perhaps it was the impress of those early surroundings, that all through mature years caused the heart to stir whenever the man watched the waves of the wind-swept grass. It never failed to call forth shadowy recollections—loved forms from the past and youth's hallowed associations. It always seemed a throb of nature answering to the pulsation of the mighty, bearing suggestions, to the human, of green fields somewhere, yonder, fanned by the wings of the Celestial.

When six months old the boy was left fatherless. In his strong manhood Deacon Tanner was suddenly stricken. There was a struggle. Life was

sweet; visions of the future of the new country, around which his hopes had centered, arose before him—and his wife and baby boy—what of them? But faith cried at last triumphant, "Though he slay me yet will I trust in him." In the father's house, before the birth of the boy, the Congregational church of Waverly had been established. Thus the son writes, at the semi-centennial of the church, of that early home and the little band that worshiped there. * * *

"Fifty years have effaced every trace of my father's old house, in which the church was formed. I deem it no small honor, that the hearth-stone in my father's cabin was the corner-stone of the Congregational church of Waverly. The records are not at hand, but unless memory is treacherous, there were eight charter members, and every one of the eight was a relative, either by blood, or by marriage. You will, therefore, pardon the family nature of this communication, and make due allowance for possible errors. Had Dr. Sturtevant survived to be present on Tuesday, he could have given a vivid picture of that scene at 'The Range,' fifty years ago. It was before I was born, and my father, dying in my infancy, is only a hallowed name, except that, now and then, when going to the heavenly Father with cares and troubles, I have seemed to feel the nearness of an earthly father, who was longing to break the silence of the voiceless land, with words of love and cheer for the child of his old age.

The pressure of that dying mother's hand upon the head and those words of earnest prayer when the death damp was gathering, were often a check on boyish folly and wickedness; and to this day

they become a sweet benediction, whenever the heart quickens with a desire for Christ-likeness.

There was Aunt Lucy, of whose face and form memory gives no picture. But she was the literary member of the group, and I recollect being shown some of her papers, when a child, and wondering whether I could ever learn to write such compositions.

I think that my brother's wife, sister Lucy, Platt Carter's sister Lucy, entered into covenant there before God, fifty years ago. She took the motherless boy home, and from that day of adoption treated him as if he were her own child.

June 15th, 1836, a young man wrote his name beneath that of Deacon Tanner, and began his training in the service of the church—the Theodore Curtiss, who had been a deacon so long, and from whose hands only, should I be willing to receive the bread and the wine, June 15th, 1886.

There is another signature, that of a beloved sister, who has been lingering for months on the border line which separates the two worlds, but who, through the unwearied attention of a faithful physician, through the loving care of many friends, through the sleepless devotion of her husband by day and by night, and through God's over-ruling providence, has been spared to complete the half century.

There was that younger sister, the flower of the family, of whom I can recall a single vanishing vision of beauty.

The last of the group became her husband. He was older, but it was a happy marriage. And, though she was taken hence more than forty years

ago, he has remained faithful to her memory. He has attained to four-score, a most lovable old man. It was my privilege, only the other day, to conduct worship, at the family altar which he and that sister set up in the long ago. Said he to another afterward: 'I grow more and more homesick for the presence of my wife in heaven.'

So much for the church of 1836. You, brother Hobbs, may read this in public, and then correct any mistakes into which I may have fallen concerning the charter members. You will also tell the story of the intervening half-century. Would that I could be there, to listen to your mention of many whom I have most highly esteemed.

Pardon a word for 1886, a word concerning my father's life-long friend, 'Uncle Homer Curtiss.' It was kindly ordered that I should be at Waverly, the night before he died, and that I should receive from him the last token of recognition given to any one on earth. Two or three of us were standing by the bedside. The son who has kept the fifth commandment, as has no other of all my acquaintance, could get no response. Said he: 'It is too late.' I tried at first, in vain; but, finally, the weary spirit seemed to wing its way back. I mentioned my name and asked if he knew me. There was an attempt to say yes, with a clasp of the hand. I repeated a few words of the 23d Psalm, and asked whether they were still sweet? Another attempt to say yes, and another clasp of the hand. Said I: 'Uncle Homer, will you take a message of love over to your old friend, my father, on the other side?' No voice, but a gentle pressure of the hand, and the weary

spirit fluttered across the line of communication between the audible and the inaudible.

It was the 1st of May. That is usually a gala day. I never before entered a graveyard, on that day; but I spent an hour last May Day alone, in your cemetery.

There was something in the sweeping of the wind through the grass which recalled the pathos of Tennyson's 'May Queen.' I read many of the half-forgotten names, so familiar in boyhood. I lingered around the monuments of Sackett and Brown, and the tablet of Salter; but I found myself drawn back, time and again, to two mounds without monument or name, the one mound low and matted over with flowering myrtle, the other heaped high with yellow clay. And I sat down there awhile, with no one near but God, and in silent worship, gathered the flowering myrtle from my father's grave and scattered it reverently upon the grave of 'Uncle Homer.'

And the closing words of the 'May Queen,' without regard to age, or sex, or circumstances, were as a hymn to the heart.

'Forever and forever with these just souls and true,
And what is life that we should moan, why make we such
ado?

Forever and forever, all in a blessed home,
And there to wait a little while, till you and others come.
To lie within the light of God, as we lie together at last,
And the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at
rest.'"

During the few years that passed before she, at the age of fifty-two, was called away, the mother bravely tried to fill the father's place. She was one of a little band of women who used to meet to pray together for their children, and when she died she

left her child to their care and prayers. To the power of his mother's petitions and her dying appeal for him the man of middle age bears witness. "Out of the scenes of earliest boyhood, rises one recollection, brighter and holier than any other. It is that of a mother's last prayer. It was not so much anxious as earnest and confident. The things that had been 'kept and pondered in the heart' found voice, a voice borne on, by white wings, over years of carelessness, of folly, and of great sinfulness, and here, this morning, above the altar of God, dwelling not upon wealth and honor, but craving and expecting, for the speaker, a closer grapple with temptation, a gradual subjugation of the lower nature, more love for men, more complete Christ-likeness. Thus noiselessly but steadily does the mother's ideal shape the future of the child."

An orphan at six, a new country, a veiled future—such was the vista that opened before the lonely boy as he turned away from the lonely grave, but the God of his fathers never forsook him. Tenderly He led the boy up to manhood, sometimes by thorny paths, but always leading, until there was another grave and father and mother and son were together again, all parting past.

The years following his mother's death, when he lived during the winter schooling with his sister, and in the summer helped in simple tasks on the farm of his brother Elisha, gave tone to all his after life. The lonely struggle of the sensitive heart, the yearning for the father and mother love, that the tenderness and kindness of the brother and sister could not quite satisfy, called forth that strong

element of sympathy, so marked a characteristic of his manhood.

As a child he was thoughtful, studious, shrinking, yet fond of boyish sports, and possessed of a strong vein of humor which often found outlet and which one little incident will serve to illustrate. One night, when five or six years old, his nephew of about his own age was with him. For two hours they had been telling each other stories, till finally the voices from the trundle-bed grew drowsy and Edward said: "Come on, Allan, let's say our prayers and go to sleep." "Oh," replied the other, "I've said mine long ago." "Better say them again," was the response, "God's forgot 'em by this time."

In 1849 a larger world opened before him. With his brother he went to Springfield, but before two years had passed his heart was again torn, for the much-loved, big-hearted brother moved to Oregon leaving the boy once more upon the border of the untried. With aching, homesick heart the thirteen-year-old boy came to Jacksonville to enter the preparatory department of Illinois College. For six years, until his graduation in '57, he made his home with the family of his cousin, President Sturtevant, spending his vacations with his sister in Waverly and his brother-in-law in Springfield. He threw himself heartily into college life but his reserved, timid nature made him shrink from general society, and during these years he gave full play to his natural taste for reading, building a broad literary foundation for the work of his after life.

Meanwhile his religious life was quietly developing. Of his own conversion he says: "I can point to no sudden transition from darkness to

marvelous light. When asked for my spiritual birthday I cannot give it. The whole subject is involved in confusion. And the best that I can say for myself is, that I hope that when the books are opened there, and the recording angel gets down to my name, he will assure me that there can be no mistake about it, that I am certainly my Father's child."

There was a period of doubt when those vexed questions concerning God and the Bible that have been a stumbling-block to hundreds of others, confronted him. But year by year these shadows disappeared until in his maturity faith grew grandly simple. It was this experience in his own life that, ever after, gave him sympathy with those likewise troubled. He seldom argued on such questions. If they came from egotism he never noticed them. If they were the burdens of a sincere soul he would throw what light he could upon dark places, then he was wont to say, "My friend, let these things which you cannot understand rest awhile; let the rest of the Bible go, take the Gospel of John and follow your Master as you see Him there, and after awhile these other things will have taken care of themselves." The Gospel of John is referred to as is no other book of the Bible, in his sermons. It was the exposition, the sum substance of all he longed for in his own life.

The four years after graduation pass by in panoramic swiftness. There was one year spent near his old home at Mud Prairie and Farmingdale, teaching for twenty-five dollars per month, "boarding around." Then followed a year as assistant in the seminary at Waverly, another as principal; then one in the pub-

lic schools of Jacksonville, until the call came to the Latin professorship in the Pacific University at Forest Grove, Oregon. In the meantime, from the academy in Jacksonville to her Waverly home, a young maiden had returned, full of ambitious hopes, and it came to pass that in advanced studies the seminary teacher became the young girl's tutor, and over the intricacies of Latin and Greek, instructor and pupil found themselves confronting questions more intricate still—deep as life itself.

She was the daughter of a physician who, for the love he had borne the father, ever felt for the son a tender interest, but "when there came over the youth that human longing which none escape, and he went to the old doctor about it, how nervously the young man watched the latter break sticks over the blade of his pen-knife, till that awful silence was broken by a delightful little speech about 'the hand of Divine Providence' in the affair in question."

The next year the pupil became the principal's assistant in the seminary, and before long it became known that the relationship would never be broken, that all through life the woman would give herself to the work of the man, cheering his pathway, sharing his burdens. Those were bright days, golden days of a romance that did not end, when one summer day, in 1861, amid the blooming of June roses, Edward Allen Tanner and Marion Brown became husband and wife. A separation from home, friends, and a long ocean voyage followed; then a sojourn of four years in Oregon—years of pecuniary struggle, years full of experience, years of joy intermingled with sadness, for death cast its shadow and their first born, a promising boy and the pride of

their hearts, was suddenly taken. They laid him away to rest on the hillside, where Mt. Hood in white-crowned grandeur cast her stately shadows.

Those were primitive days. No costly marbles adorned that quiet city of the dead, but upon one little grave was a wooden cross with name and date, and the story the passer-by read between letters carved by a father's sorrowing hand was eloquent with love. The child that slept there held ever a sacred place in the father's heart. Years after, he writes to his wife from the East, "These Massachusetts hills keep recalling the hills of Oregon, and I find myself thinking very often of the face of the little boy whom we buried out yonder. His face comes back to me quite distinctly, just as it looked when I drew him around in the yard, the afternoon before he died. With what strange tenderness the heart reaches out into the invisible!"

While engaged in his work as professor, the study of theology was quietly carried on alone, until the course was finished and a license to preach was granted. At the close of the war the young man was tendered the professorship of Latin in his alma mater. The call was accepted, and with wife and baby daughter he journeyed back to Illinois, to take up his life work in the college. For seventeen years he held the chair of Latin. In some respects it was the most care-free period of his life. He was always busy. In addition to his work in the college, he carried, for fourteen years, until he was called to the presidency, that of the chaplaincy of the Hospital for the Insane, carefully preparing one sermon each week. Yet, when shouldering the responsibilities of

a college executive, he used to speak of these days as the play days of his life.

The strong domestic tastes, which in his young orphan life had known no outlet, found full sweep in his own home. He was always the near companion of his children, adapting himself to them, interesting himself in whatever engaged them, sympathizing with them in their little troubles. During the long summer vacations, when health made it necessary for him to resort to camp life on the shores of Lake Superior and in the regions of the trout streams, he writes letters to them, charming in their descriptions of camp life, fresh with the touch of nature, and to be remembered for the serious thoughts interwoven. In one letter, full of humor, he says, "I have thought very often, this Sunday morning, about my boy being by and by a fisher for trout, and then, a few years later, a fisher for men." And again he writes: "I don't like this being so cut off from you, but I think that our Father will take care of us all. I want you to love Him and serve Him. This trust in His watchful love, when I am away from you, is very precious to me. Nothing else would make me so happy as to know that you were trying to please Him day after day. I want you to be as dear to Him as you are to me; and you three that are oldest are old enough to do His will in children's ways, in little things, if not in big things. But I would not lecture you too long; I would have you look on this being a Christian, not as a doleful subject, but as something bright and beautiful."

Like sunbeams playing over the receding path of childhood are the bright memories of days often

spent in the woods, when the father, throwing aside work, gave himself to the pleasure of the hour, wandering with his children among trees and through thickets, as happy and care free as they.

Gradually the flock outgrew the little house on Grove street, and a new home was built on College Hill. In its care the owner enlisted his children's interest. Often in the desire to help, their willing but blundering fingers doubled the work; but their efforts were lovingly commended and, without their knowledge if possible, the mistakes patiently remedied. Yet there was a something that forbade undue familiarity. His fine control over a temperament naturally impetuous and high strung commanded respect. He was always just, always firm. Punishment with him was rare, but when it came his authority was not questioned. Once there was an act of subterfuge and it proved the first and only attempt. For some misdemeanor two of the children had been sent to the study while the father made his way to the inevitable peach tree. It occurred to them that prayer would be the most effective and the only thing that might touch him, and avert the coming event. At once they got down upon their knees. As they heard his step upon the stair their childish hearts beat faster, but they prayed on. With face still pale, but with the corners of his mouth twitching, he waited upon the threshold for awhile, then quietly suggested that the praying be done a little later on.

As the children grew older the relationship became even closer and more confidential. He was the elder brother also. To one of them, whose heart was sore under a first and genuine attack of

homesickness, he thus sympathetically writes: "I remember, as if it were only yesterday, how distressingly homesick I was the first time I went to stay among strangers. I have wished a hundred times that I could spirit you back to the old house, and shield you from all cares and perplexities. It has been a revelation of what God means when He says, 'As a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth those that fear Him.' I have caught myself saying, in the midst of the anxieties which multiply around these later years, 'Can it be that you really feel toward me as I do toward my heavy-hearted child?' And then I turn things around the other way. I am sure that these experiences will be good for you, and that you will see it all by and by. And so I am made more confident that I have God's sympathy in disagreeables which must be somehow best for me. Comfort yourself, then, with the thought that you are confirming your old father's faith. Cling to Him that is sympathetic and strong. I have got a great deal of comfort, the last few days, out of the words, 'I am with you always'—not sometimes, my child, but 'always.'"

Such a life glows with inspiration. If in the hearts of wife and children faith has been drawn heavenward, by invisible cords, until they have gained some faint conception of a Heavenly Father's sheltering, loving kindness, it is by beautiful interpretation through an earthly father, who, great in little things, put aside self, and with a patient, tender, sympathetic care, watched over those he loved.

Edward Tanner was a lover of nature in all her phases. The mountains and the ocean waves, the

sky, the birds, the trees, whatever it might be, gave him some fresh thought that sooner or later found voice. How often, during the long summer evenings, he would sit on the veranda, in the growing twilight, with head thrown back, looking off at rare bits of scenery visible, and then up at the great forest trees he loved so well,—his children by adoption,—and through their foliage up to the stars beyond, till those seeing him thus, felt it almost desecration to speak lest words might mar the vibratory wave between the soul of the finite and the soul of the infinite. And then, they, seeing in the daily walk and life, growing patience and sweetness of character, knew these silent times with nature were to him mounts of transfiguration. In the hurried movement along life's pathway he was never too busy to pause and listen for the messages of these voiceless agencies. No film of sordid worldliness dimmed spiritual vision. Nature always won from him a tender reverence. For him she never lost her heavenly mission, never failed to beckon upward. Once from the shores of the northern lakes he writes to his wife, "I am enjoying the solitude, listening to the waves beat on the shore, writing some, reading some, day-dreaming and thinking some. How the questions reach out into the far away, and are lost in the haze, like the mountains across the water forty miles yonder. One seems so insignificant, until he remembers that he is Our Father's child. I have been trying to clasp that idea round, as I have walked along the shore today, but the idea is too big for little me, yet I believe." A little later he writes again: * * "All things considered I've had the pleasantest

season I ever spent here. There have not been many thrilling adventures, still I have had more even enjoyment, and have recruited as rapidly as ever. For all of which thanks to Our Father! I want to use this new strength for Him, and you, and the children. I don't read my Bible much, I don't look at your picture and the children's faces very much, but, as I go through the woods alone, I talk to Him a great deal and think of you all. He seems near and you safe. I could not be happy by myself, all alone. I went to church this morning, but there was not half so much worship there for me, as I've enjoyed during this week in the forest."

A keen judge of human nature, he was himself as simple as a child. When praise came to him it was always accepted with pleased surprise. Two or three days before his death he was told that one who loved him had been praying for him. The thought was sweet. "Perhaps," said he, "'tis a weakness in my nature, but I do like to be liked." He was one of the truest of friends. If one he loved ever proved disloyal he kept the hurt hid within his own soul, and rose manfully above petty retaliation. Perhaps in the union of a deep, earnest sincerity and a loving sympathy the greatest power of the man lay. If in the work of his chaplaincy he was successful it was largely because of a tact which was the outgrowth of fine sympathy. If he brought the lives of young men close to his own it was because they felt his own life pulse to the warm beat of their own youth. If, by word or prayer, he brought comfort into the house of mourning, it was because he carried the sorrow of that household on his heart. How the burdens of others wore upon his own strength, how

they became a part of long sleepless nights, only his family know.

In the summer of 1880 the news reached him from Oregon, that his only brother had been drowned while crossing the river on his way to church. The shock was great. There were no words spoken. The living brother, very quietly, took up his work and went about his accustomed tasks. But on his writing table, after that, the pictured face of the dead always stood, as if the pen carrying its messages to other souls, gathered inspiration there. To the one left the other never seemed far away. To him the waves of the darkly rolling river brought no dread, for the light from the other side shone across.

In the spring of 1882 the College called him to the presidency. With characteristic self-forgetfulness, he did not ask whether the position would honor him, but whether he could honor the position, whether he were qualified to take the institution where it was and raise it to a higher plane. There were moments of prophecy—flash visions of the future and his part in that future—but God kept back, just within the veil, full knowledge of the weary struggle toward the realization, of contact with a rude world, of the trial for mastery of the will over bodily weakness—lest the soul, courageous though it was, should grow faint with heaviness of anticipation. After the determination was taken he never wavered. Into the work he threw tremendous nervous energy. It cost him much—the sacrifice of literary work to college minutiae, the wear and tear upon a sensitive nature of financial solicitation, the greater separation from home life—but his feelings were not the question, duty was plain. During a

trying business trip to New York for the purpose of increasing endowment funds, he writes home: "I sit here, looking out upon the rattle and rush and glare of Broadway and want the quiet and dear faces in the humble house on College Hill. I grow heavy-hearted as I think of the months and years of separation and broken relation, which must be, till this thing is accomplished. But, if it be God's will, Amen."

He was persistent in what he undertook. If plans failed in one direction with fertile resource he turned effort into another channel. The college situation was peculiar. Disappointments were often inevitable. They wore upon him, but day by day it became evident to those in his home that under the discipline, character was growing in symmetry and strength.

On the twenty-fifth anniversary of his marriage business again compels him to be absent from home, but a letter, whose closing words reach into the future, finds its way back to his wife. * * * * *

"How then about the golden? Shall we trudge on together till we reach it here? Amen! if it be His will. But, really, I'd rather go before the year 1911. I've seen so many old men linger on, to be a burden to others and to public enterprises, that I'd prefer to have the days 'shortened.' How much more desirable it is to fall in one's prime. But it is not best to bother our heads about that. There is plenty of good work to do to-day, and we can safely leave that to-morrow to Him who has led us and blessed us thus far. Let the prayer of the silver wedding night be: 'Lord, we two would be together, June 27, 1911, either here, or yonder.'"

Those uttered thoughts have, in part, been answered. His work is finished. The soul was too intense for the body. The sensitive, nervous organism could not longer stand the strain. In the the spring of '91 there was a break-down. But the tenderness and strong support of trustees, the kindness of faculty, the love of the College boys, shown in delicate and sympathetic ways, and the watchfulness of friends, seemed to call him back to life. The trustees, with the command that he should rest and not return until fully recovered, sent him away. As summer wore on and strength came, the old enthusiasm returned. In the fall, against expostulation, he took up his work. College prospects were bright and he was full of zeal, but it was too soon. In December he began to suffer with violent pains in the head, but he kept on with his work, and nerving himself for the effort, delivered, just before Christmas, a promised lecture, in Springfield. After that, though keenly suffering, college matters were attended to, one chapel lecture delivered and another written. Then the strong will yielded and the disease triumphed that a few weeks later, on the eighth of February, 1892, brought to a close his life, at the age of fifty-four.

Even after he was confined to his bed, he planned for the College. Finally his physician told him he would have to stop and rest again,—that he must not think of his work in the College, or of the boys. "Doctor," replied he, "you might as well ask me to take out my heart." Through all his sickness he never complained. His thought was still for others. When friends sent delicacies to tempt his appetite, in a way that would cause a choking of the throat to

those about him, he would request that they be given to this or that one of the household. There was something pathetic in his longing to have his family around him. As never before he seemed to yearn for affectionate demonstration. Said he: "These have been happy days,—they have been sober days, but they have been happy days, we have all been together." "Together?"—yes, loving soul,—a few short days, then—but faith strains the ear and the notes she hears bear no tremulo tone, for they are the echoes of an immortal song from the other shore, *together evermore*.

One day, early in the week before he died, there was a change for the worse. Toward morning, the following day, he spoke, to his elder son, his last words concerning the College. As his wife and one of his daughters entered the room he lovingly greeted them. "I am afraid," he said, "I am wearing you all out." To the question whether his head pained him, he answered: "Yes, I'm full of pain, but full of a sweet content," and then, weary with the effort of talking, lay quite still. There was not a sound in the room. Presently his eyes opened. For a little while he quietly watched wife and son, who, thinking him asleep, were taking needed rest, then for perhaps an hour gazed toward the ceiling with a calm, far-away look on his face, as though thought were reaching out into the invisible, and the Angel of Peace were ministering there. Then sleep came.

Afterward, there were frequent periods of consciousness, and he seemed to rally, but it was the last flicker of the flame before going out.

About noon, on Saturday, there was a sudden change with rapid failure, and wife and children,

looking into the faces of those, who while ministering to the body, had been as brothers to the heart, knew all hope was gone. Long after physicians thought the end must come he lingered on, with that tenacity so characteristic of his life. Sabbath morning came. Church bells rang out upon the air, and their echoes died away. Evening bells called to worship, and yet he lingered on even till the break of day. Then, at last, there was a long breath—an impressive closing of the eyelids, and the spirit that had so longed for “eternal rest,” was with God.

The early morning light coming in through an eastern window fell reverently over the still figure—the night shadows had passed away, and the Eternal Morn had dawned.

* * * * *

In the south wall of the college chapel there is imbedded a marble slab, upon which, in plain raised letters, are the words, “Edward Allen Tanner, D. D.; Student, Professor, President.” These words make over to Illinois College thirty-three of the fifty-four years of his life. They speak of a manhood chiseled fine by mastery of self and devotion to a cause.

For six years Edward Tanner was a student at the academy and at Illinois College, but he was a student also to the day of his death. He treasured opportunity. In the class-room were developed his habits of pains-taking research. Especially did he find delight in a finished translation from the classics. He was a thoughtful reader and few young men would follow patiently through the volumes which have been kept from his college days, and

whose pages show the pencilings of appreciation. Sentiments of high morality met a quick response from his sensitive soul, and one is not surprised to read these words of a college class-mate's: "I never knew a boy so pure in heart. During all my associations with him in hours of study, recreation and social intercourse, I never heard him give expression to a foul thought or utterance to an unclean word." Free from grossness to a strange degree, so common is it among young men, his scholarly taste was choice. Always a hard worker, a double worker often, he had no time to pile on the fuel, but he despised soft coal, his books were invariably anthracite; they left no soot and the fire never went out, although he did not try to have the world see any flame.

He felt the warmth from live thoughts whether in poetry, history, essay or philosophy. Biography was especially dear to him. He sought what was real in personal life. He loved to linger there. His own thoughts he did not unfold readily. Students of his day testify that when he was induced to read an essay or to take part in a debate he always "had something to say;" but when he did not feel that he had that "something," nothing could move his pen or open his mouth. It was this shrinking from rhetorical work which cost him first honors in his class, and he never overcame the diffidence although there was a constant struggle. He never spoke in public without a heavy sinking of the heart. The determination to read theology came after he had been teaching for several years, but he "didn't think he should ever *preach*." He wanted the knowledge to help him in his class-room, so he studied by him-

self and received a license in a little church out in Salem, Oregon, eight years after graduation; and by his own choice was ordained later not in Jacksonville, but at the quiet country church on Joy Prairie.

From such humble aspirations come these sermons and addresses. A few of the many which President Tanner wrote are here to speak for themselves. The writers of this sketch do not feel that they need to praise or to defend them. All which will be done is to mention the method of their preparation and the known sincerity which lay beneath them.

Whatever power President Tanner had as a writer came from his constant and conscientious preparation. Words and sentences never lay piled about him, ready for use. He had what De Quincey wittily calls "a distinguished talent for silence." Often did he sit in his study chair by the hour seeking a javelin phrase for thought, even though he never planned to send it forth but once and then from a lowly pulpit. Is one surprised to read in a letter from a young man who heard him often and was writing of his sermons, years afterward, "somehow they always stuck."

In the pulpits of the town and at the country churches, before the marriage altar and beside the coffin, his figure was familiar. For fourteen years, while a professor, he also was chaplain of the Central Hospital for the Insane, and during the ten years of his presidency, he spoke in a helpful, stimulating fashion to the students of the college every Sunday afternoon. Whatever the place, or whatever the occasion, there was always the same strict preparation. Perhaps the most touching and thoughtful

funeral address he ever made was uttered as he stood upon the dirt floor of a workman's cabin, comforting three or four simple souls. At the insane hospital many a thought which he had polished smooth enough to glide even into the troubled brain, opened a rift for rays of light to break up the inner gloom. That was reward abundant. Chapel lectures were something more than familiar talks. They were earnest, but they were also finished, and the addresses prepared for some two hundred students needed no revision or addition when he took them, as he did, right into the largest pulpits of the land, often to appear again in the "great dailies." Such work had its reward. It gained recognition from the churches. Better still, it told in the man. He not only learned how to hold patiently the dark lantern of study, but there came to him more and more the flash lights of thought. The compilers of this book, as they have read the sermons written all along the line of these thirty years have been impressed with their steady rise both in crystalline beauty and in sustained strength. To the younger reader of only ordinary abilities they bring a lesson and a quiet inspiration. Nature is truly great out of such materials to make such men.

The thoroughness of the writer was the thoroughness of the man. Even his penmanship gained in grace; much more his character. He was genuine. Those who knew him best in the daily common-places realized that his whole life was in harmony with what he preached. He never had a hearer whom he need hesitate to face squarely when uttering the most searching truths of practical Christianity. It was in part this consciousness of moral rec-

titude which gave him his power in the pulpit. Willing to have his life freely "read of all men," he could read his own sermons freely. He seldom spoke without notes, but he always spoke eye to eye.

The sympathy of his words as well as of his manner was intense. He never uttered platitudes. He never used a quotation simply because it had a "literary sound." He loved his books, but he did not despise the handiwork of men. He would leave "machine poetry" quickly for the "poetry in machines." The exegesis of nature was also a constant delight; but especially did he search the inner experiences—now over the cobble-stones of common pursuits and disappointments, and now upon meditation's pillow, with such aspirations as "ladder" choice souls to heaven. In his earlier preaching he speaks of the difficulties encountered as a minister; in his later preaching he speaks of the difficulties encountered as a man. As to his own religious thought, he grew more and more firm, but he could always honor those who differed from him. Said he "I believe in a religion of points rather than one of pulp;" but while he stuck to his own views gratefully as to helpful friends, he did not place them above those of any other conscientious thinker. He respected the minds of men, but he had often found that when he could not enter them from his own, the heart paths were still open. He always succeeded in getting into touch with those in trouble before he spoke to them. Some wondered how he gained such a hold upon the insane. They should have seen him as he used to sit of an evening upon his porch and look out through the trees which for that purpose he

kept trimmed so high, toward the Asylum two miles away, while his soul went out to those sorrowing there. "It is very quiet and yet what unrest," he would say softly, and then try to frame his words to carry that quiet of nature and nature's God to the troubled minds and hearts. In his college talks he was thoroughly in sympathy with the students. He felt for them in their spiritual and practical difficulties alike. He had come that way himself. Said he with some indignation once, "Let not those whose conformity to orthodox doctrines never required of them a day of patient toil, never cost them a night of feverish anxiety, pass sentence of condemnation on those to whom it is the conflict of weeks and months and years to find in Jesus the Divine Savior of the World." It was his joy to take the young man, sinking into doubts, and lead him to simplest gospel truth. "Don't try to steal a march upon fame," he would tell those who sacrificed the Bible for other books. "Make politics and social science your great study and read your Bible just enough for rhetorical purposes, if you would seek an early notoriety. But reverse all of this if you are willing, noiselessly, patiently and surely to develop a character that shall give you Christ's love for eternity." His preaching to the students was wholesome, fatherly, sometimes very plain and always practical. So it was in every pulpit, and those who heard him often will understand this utterance of his heart. "I would seek to fathom the billows that roll over the souls of men and women here and now. I want to get as near as I can to the coasts of the land where you live. My heart is with you, I want to reach you."

Said a student of a few years ago, on leaving a life

of partial dissipation for Christian manhood: "I had succeeded in shaking off all other restraints, but I could never get away from Dr. Tanner's prayers." His spirit was truly devotional. Yet he seldom led even in prayer without carefully thinking out its form. As he strove to get into the hearts of men, so he sought to reach the very heart of God, and its throbbings would at times seem to touch the suppliant's very lips. He never "got away from" his own prayers. In them the preacher lived.

In the class, Professor Tanner was quietly enthusiastic. He required the students to work, but he was willing to work first. He had a genuine fondness for Latin which he taught in Pacific University, Oregon, from 1861 to 1865, and at his alma mater from 1865 to 1882. His knowledge of the language was minute and complete, and he had the gift of imparting it. At Illinois College he was also the instructor in rhetoric, and by his unsparing criticisms and by his own careful example he rescued many a promising writer from the danger of a slovenly style. But it was when he entered the field of mental and moral science that he found instruction most congenial. Here he conducted the class-room work, while one whom he loved both as physician and a friend, Dr. Hiram K. Jones, the Platonist of the Concord School, delivered weekly lectures. Teacher and learner alike, President Tanner found in this relation much of the pleasure of his last ten years. A student came to him one day with the complaint that a certain topic had cost him too much study. "How many hours?" asked Dr. Tanner. On receiving the reply, he put his hand on the fellow's shoulder and mildly said: "I

spent three times as long yesterday upon that lesson myself."

It was seldom necessary for him to do anything to maintain order in the recitation room. By the clearness and force of his unremitting thought, he kept the students occupied instead; but, while he thoroughly appreciated the occasional humor of sober subjects if there was ever any trifling, he needed to speak but once. He regarded the study of mind, either human or divine, as a sacred privilege, and his earnestness was contagious. It was a great sacrifice to him, to devote his best energies to the wasting routine of his college executive work, but it is now a gratification to think that, his duties done, he is extending his search for truth along these same lines, with eternity before him, and above him a new light, and beside him a new associate, the one who was both the Greatest Physician and the Greatest Metaphysician.

Had Edward Allen Tanner never been a professor at Illinois College, he never would have taken its presidency. There was nothing inviting in the outlook. A depleted treasury and a small and disheartened constituency! Shrinkage in funds and an annual deficiency of several thousand dollars, seemingly unavoidable, had reduced the secured endowment to \$55,000. It was a question whether or not to close the institution and wait for a resurrection which would probably have never come. Professor Tanner said, no. He loved the College, and cheerfully entered upon the work. There were very few rich men upon whom the institution had any possible hold, and they had lost their confidence. Those who were planning large benevolences looked

for places of less history perhaps, but of greater promise. So Dr. Tanner began among men and women of moderate means to build by their aid sure foundations for larger things. Even in this effort he was constantly baffled, but his tact was only equalled by his pertinacity. He never angered, but he seldom gave up. Nearly half of his energies this past decade were given to such work. It was a painful work to him and to those who understood him. His sensitive nature recoiled from such mendacity, especially as in repeated cases his only hold was a strong personal attachment, and he knew that many of his friends were doing for his sake what their judgment opposed.

This work he regarded as now finished with the completion of the Gymnasium and Memorial Hall, just a month before his death. The College again had possession of its entire campus. Two new buildings stood upon it, and everything was in good order. The year's attendance was the largest in its history. The financial basis was sound, although the endowment was yet only \$175,000. More has been given to other institutions in a single unsolicited donation. Less than a thousand dollars had come to Illinois College unsought, and no princely gift from any source. But "Illinois" could claim a larger list of donors these last ten years than any other college in the interior, perhaps than any other in the country,—hundreds upon hundreds. President Tanner felt that "the pocket-book connection" was good, and he was shrewd enough to see in this fact the hope for larger things. And the larger things were on their way, not only in faith, but also in promise.

But the educator did not place an institution of learning behind the dollar mark, while recognizing the importance of sound business principles. He was careful to promote local pride and interest, seeing in Central Illinois a grand college field. He courted the common schools and the high schools. He fostered the enthusiasm of alumni and past-students by rousing anniversary occasions upon the "Hill." Genuine literary excellence was sought in the curriculum; and with the full knowledge that it would work a temporary disadvantage, the course of study was set side by side with the highest in the land.

A Congregationalist himself, President Tanner struggled simply for a *Christian* college. He knew that when Illinois College was falling, it was saved as much by other churches as by his own, both in patronage and benevolence. He cheerfully recognized the reason for this general dependence; he told himself that Central Illinois was not the Congregational stronghold of the region, and that the institution was not then in a position to draw much help from distant cities; but in simple fairness, he insisted that no fences be erected. This brought some opposition from his own denomination, but it was silent and only in a few cases has it proved persistent. Illinois College goes on its way of Christian harmony with a helpful, if not a noisy, support in each of all the churches, and with the commendation of their liberal organs and of their liberal men.

Had it not been for his relation with the board of trust, the president would have often faltered. Their attitude toward him was an uninterrupted pleasure. With rare tenderness, they were always

urging him to do less and to take more. A complete mutual confidence existed, and he felt that he had not only the strongest personal friends, but also the wisest advisers in the field of education. There was no littleness in his dealings with the faculty. He sought men who, in part at least, would consecrate themselves as he had done to Illinois College; and it seemed very fitting that the one who had come from the board of trust at his request to aid him in his work, and who had been all those years the close comrade of his disinterested loyalty, should as acting president round out for him the duties of the unfinished year.

What is it that leads man to abandon self; to turn away from easier and larger opportunities, and to cling to a task in which he sees little of present glory for himself; to be willing that others should overshadow him, while he stoops to distasteful work which he sees must be done before the superstructure of a great and lasting institution can be raised? Hear again these inaugural words, and catch the answer:

“And, now, while faith be unwavering, sight fails as yet to bring into clear outline the college of the future, the view dissolves, the institution fades out for the moment, and, as you have sometimes seen objects on an eminence magnified and transfigured in the sunset, two men* appear upon yonder hill—two men who have in great measure shaped the college of the past; one whose cheeks are still flushed with the ‘Conflict of Ages,’ and one who carries in his left hand the golden wand of ‘Economics,’

* Dr. Edward Beecher and Dr. Julian M. Sturtevant, first and second presidents of Illinois College.

while his right hand grips the 'Keys of Sect,' which, at near four-score, he delights to hurl into the face of St. Peter himself—two men, whose intellectual shadows falling this way cover the speaker, and then lengthen on and on, till he cannot discern so much as his own shadow. But he can look toward the sunrise, toward the twentieth century, and then back toward your sympathetic faces, and then up to Thy shining face, O Master divine. Whereupon inspirations come, as carrier birds, flying over the still unopened gates of the morning, and the message which they bear beneath their wings reads, 'Make ready, during these intervening years, a fitting college celebration for the two thousandth year of our Lord.'"

Willing to stand beneath the shadow of predecessors! Eager to stand beneath the shadow of successors! Altruistic purpose of an unselfish man! Farsighted vision of a Christ-like ministry! "There is that scattereth and yet increaseth," is the theme of a sermon recorded here. "There is that scattereth and yet increaseth," is the theme of a life recorded *THERE*. And after its years of patient toil, God himself said, through the toiler's own enfeebled lips, and as a benediction to the departing soul, "It is a great gratification to feel that one has been allowed to accomplish even a little for the future—for someone else."

He who labors thus for a Christian institution, humble though it be, labors for all time. He who sets beneficent forces at work in human character labors for eternity. President Tanner did both. A dignified college officer, a strict disciplinarian, he was as tender as a father unto all. Many a one in

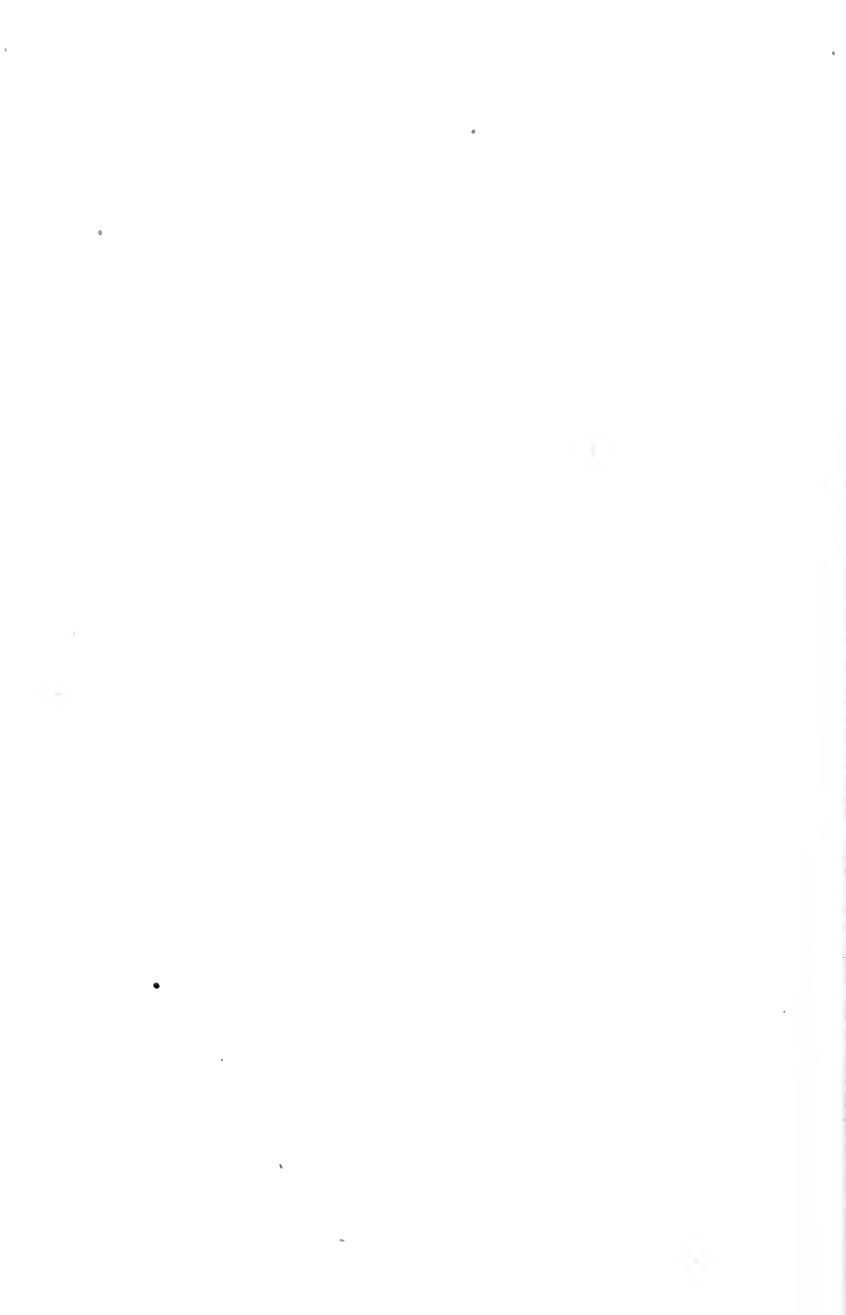
danger of moral destruction he led back to what he effectively told him he himself had found to be the wiser and the better way. His room at the college and his study at the home are sacred in many hearts. Scattered through these lands are other men whom he has made more manly—and other such have gone before him to the Imperial Country. While taking delight in students' pleasures and pride in their achievements, he sought to develop broad and genuine Christian qualities. Such he saw to be the mission of the Western College, that of the willow rather than of the oak, bending itself to special needs, with the lowly uplift of personal help, if not the sweep of huge buildings and endowments.

He longed to prepare his younger brethren for the struggle of life, to set before them real worth and usefulness to men in place of shadowy ambitions. He talked to them at times about his own life and disappointments—wanted them to learn at the outset just as he had learned, through struggle with self, to say "Thy will be done;"—felt the ties of earnest brotherhood, the relation growing closer and more *helpful* up to the very end. "I hope I'll be a little stronger to-morrow," said he one early morning, a week before his death. "I want to talk over with you some plans for helping those especially who are working their own way through college." And on the following Sabbath, long after his last thought had been made known, and with only a few night hours between him and the Unbroken Day, the sound of a whisper was heard, but even a wife's eager ear could catch only three feeble words: "College—boys—bell—"

Was he thinking of the morrow's message of

that college bell? Was he already listening to its measured ringing as it later called the students to recitation room and house of God, there to receive the last, silent teaching of one who had "worked his own way" *through life*? And with his spirit out upon that ocean which "rolls round all the world," goes this receding tide of an untold yearning such as had borne him on to self-sacrifice from the time he chose his working place on College Hill till the time he entered his resting place at Diamond Grove.

An old college tower in the distance; a grave at our feet! Between them a whole life of devotion!



INAUGURAL BACCALAUREATE.

MAY 28, 1882.

"I sat down under his shadow, with great delight."—Solomon's Song ii : 3.

Shadows of blessing gladden the world.

Imponderable agencies are among the mightiest forces that govern in nature and life. Seas and mountains may charge and discharge the clouds, filling plains with plenty, and making rivers for the transportation of wheat and corn; but all along from Homer to Wordsworth, they have likewise been giving wings to the imagination and revelations to the soul. New York awakes to her responsibility, realizing at length, that Niagara has another mission to the East, than the driving of saws and spindles and looms; while California proclaims in the valley of the Yosemite, that greed, with grimy hands, shall not smut the bridal veil of the West. Man must have bread, but, in the higher ranges of his being, he can not live on bread alone. Often an emanation seems more than the bodily substance; the residuum may be gross, the volatile essence ethereal.

Beneath the open firmament, visible forms are shapes of speechless matter; but they diffuse an intangible something, under which we sit down with great delight, getting a hint of the old bard's meaning when he sang "I will abide under the shadow of the Almighty."

With this passing glance at the realm where God alone is Creator, and where the air is full of sugges-

tions of benevolence, we turn to human organizations, and find there the same general law of influence, producing, however, now one result and now another, according as good or evil is predominant in motive. Here shadows of bane often sadden the world. The most obtrusive fact in society is the combination of labor and capital. Marvellous effects greet the eye. Judging the present by the past, comparing material prosperity with material prosperity, we are ready to declare, that the millenium can not be far away. But, creeping alongside, comes that shadow of dread, the despair of our social science, issuing from the antagonism of the factors, that now ill-concealed antipathy, now desperate struggle, between money and muscle, brain and brawn.

Next transfer the idea from the Cosmos of God and the Babel of the common-work-a-day world, to the quiet republic of letters. There, likewise, the same principle is all-pervasive.

There are two methods of computing the worth of an institution of learning. The first employs only the rudiments of arithmetic. A knowledge of simple addition even, will suffice. This method merely inquires how many acres of land, what buildings, what apparatus, how large a library, how much endowment, what the number in the faculty, and what the size of the classes. Given these data, and it will in a few moments sum up the figures and tell you the comparative value of an Oxford, or a Heidelberg. There is no other of these items which weighs so much with the ordinary citizen as the number of students. On that chiefly he founds his opinion. But suppose that we apply this standard

to the continental universities, and mark the result. According to statistics, the students in the universities of Russia outnumber those in the universities of Belgium, Holland and Switzerland combined. Those in the universities of Spain outnumber those in the universities of England and Scotland. Those in the universities of Italy outnumber those in the universities of Germany.

But where are the institutions that have shaped the higher intellectual and moral life of mankind? Where are the institutions, under the shadow of which the world has sat with great delight, for four, and six, and eight hundred years?

No one would for a moment think of turning to Russia, or Spain, or Italy, for an answer. Only in countries where free thought and free speech are encouraged, from generation to generation, can the genius of learning assert its most beneficent power. Wherever spiritual despotism reigns, filling chairs of instruction, and regulating curricula, the barren speculations of the schoolmen will be substituted for the vital questions of the day, and, though great numbers may be assembled for study, enthusiastic devotion unto truth, for her own dear sake, will be unknown, and youthful energy and zeal will be perverted, to the support of hoary forms of superstition.

Let such be the ruling spirit, and, no matter what the acquisition, the prevailing influence must be baleful, calculated to hinder, rather than to promote the noblest civilization. Even in the other countries mentioned, the shadows cast have not always been shadows of blessing. When, in the middle ages, the universities there expelled Jesus Christ, they became a curse to mankind. Mind and soul

were belittled and degraded. The dwarfing of intellect and the corruption of morals kept even pace down the centuries. There was no dawning of a better era, till More and Erasmus and Colet entered Oxford, Greek Testament in hand, proclaiming within those courts the "Christianity of Jesus and his Apostles," elevating again to its old place above instructor's desk, in recitation room and lecture room, the form of the crucified, and writing afresh upon the very walls, "Hear ye Him." And Cambridge responded to Oxford. And then Reuchlin aroused Heidelberg with the same message, making both Greek and Hebrew testify once more of Jesus, at that ancient seat of learning. And Luther heard in the cell at Erfurt. And Zwingli heard upon the mountains of Switzerland. And the Reformation was accomplished.

But institutions, like individuals, have a bent toward evil and the universities of Germany and of England have not escaped this tendency in the 19th century. Having once swung from superstition to faith, their next rebound was respectively toward rationalism and agnosticism. The former is correcting itself, the latter still struggles toward ascendancy. That spirit of destructive criticism which brooded over Germany twenty-five years ago, pronouncing its emphatic nay, nay, alike upon the myths of paganism and the miracles of the gospels, yields little by little, and learns to utter its yea, yea, concerning the wonders of the New Testament.

Thoughtful men are anxiously watching, to see whether the English universities will break away from the spell which is cast over them, by the union of a materialistic philosophy with materialistic

science, knowing that, till that alliance is dissolved, the silent influence of Cambridge and Oxford must be anti-Christian.

Turning to our own system of higher education, we find the intuitional philosophy in conflict with materialistic science, the former as yet superior, but the latter making desperate fight, and seeking to ally with itself the state universities against the distinctively Christian colleges.

Thus far in American history, the latter have been beneficent forces. Besides the mental training given, without making creed or dogma prominent, though noiseless and unobtrusive, they have stood among the mightiest moral agencies in the nation. There is no prospect that there will be any general revolution in the outer form of the system. The relative proportions of the curriculum are not to be greatly altered. History and local conditions will introduce new departments. Illinois may need some educational features not required in Massachusetts. Improvement and enlargement will accompany increased resources. Catalogues will show more distinguished men in the faculties and longer class lists. Teachers will teach the same things, but more of them, and with more thoroughness, and students will graduate with higher attainments. Yet, when we turn to the indirect influence of our colleges in the future, prophecy loses somewhat of its confidence, for there is stealing in upon all these institutions an insidious spirit of secularism, peculiarly American. The oldest and strongest suffer most, but the weakest do not escape. What shall the shadow be? This is the impending question: *Shall the genius of liberal learning henceforth*

prove intensely secular, or profoundly religious? But, some one exclaims, would you have the college assume the functions of the theological seminary? By no means. The offices of the two are distinct. Keep them separate. Still confine the study of dogma and formulated creeds to the schools of divinity. In college work the age of Augustine would be a wretched substitute for the age of Augustus. The change might seem to smack more of piety, but it would cause grievous loss in the direction of scholarly culture. The secret of good, or evil, is hidden in the undertone which pervades the institution, that mysterious something which speaks day after day through x and y, and Alpha and Omega, and classic story and chemical formula, and Barbara and Celarent. Let it never be forgotten, that these institutions stand as one great hope not simply of civilization, but of Christian civilization; and that they can realize that hope, only as they recognize the mastership of Jesus. The richest university, that gathers the costliest cabinets, and loads the shelves of its libraries with treasures of thought, and calls to its chairs of instruction the most renowned scientists, philologists, and metaphysicians, and draws to itself young men by hundreds and tens of hundreds, and yet does not exalt high above all Him who alone hath the words of everlasting life, out of those very things, in themselves excellent, is casting an ever lengthening, ever darkening shadow of evil.

And the poorest college that cannot buy choice collections of specimens, that is not able to add every new volume to its book list, that has to content itself with professors unknown to fame and stu-

dents a few score in number, and yet beholds in its teachers and under-graduates an earnest seeking after what is most valuable in thought, most manly in character, most loyal to the name of Him whose lordship is over all realms of matter, all realms of mind, all realms of spirit—Christ's College—throws a lesser shadow, but one of blessed refreshment, under which individuals and communities sit down with great delight.

Longfellow makes the very shadow of Evangeline the ever attendant witness of her beauty and her moral power. This college ideal we love, and here in the Acadian calm of the on-coming Sabbath evening, like Gabriel in the story, we look up from beneath the trees, and wait and watch for the gleam of a lamp and a shadow.

And now, while, though faith be unwavering, sight fails as yet to bring into clear outline the college of the future, the view dissolves, the institution fades out for the moment, and, as you have sometimes seen objects on an eminence magnified and transfigured in the sunset, two men appear upon yonder hill—two men who have in great measure shaped the college of the past; one whose cheeks are still flushed with the "Conflict of Ages," and one who carries in his left hand the golden wand of "Economics," while his right hand grips the "Keys of Sect," which, at near four-score, he delights to hurl into the face of St. Peter himself—two men, whose intellectual shadows falling this way cover the speaker, and then lengthen on and on till he cannot discern so much as his own shadow. But he can look toward the sunrise, toward the twentieth century, and then back toward your sympathetic

faces, and then up to thy shining face, O Master divine. Whereupon inspirations come, as carrier birds, flying over the still unopened gates of the morning, and the message which they bear beneath their wings reads, "Make ready, during these intervening years, a fitting college celebration for the Two Thousandth Year of our Lord." Thus courage is gained to take this precious trust from predecessors, far superior as metaphysicians and logicians. Very gracious is the benediction of him who laid aside the cares of the presidency the other year, but who with mental vigor unabated, still fills a place which few others could fill so well. May the dream of his youth be more and more the vision of his old age. Most acceptable also is the cordiality of one who has so ably borne of late the burdens of an acting presidency, an exceedingly vexatious position.

The unanimity of faculty and board of trustees calls for abundant gratitude. The general sympathy and co-operation of graduates and under-graduates, our own boys, are as exhilarating as the wine of life. Jacksonville adopted an orphan some thirty years ago. He had only a few dollars and only very moderate abilities. But his foster-mother has overlooked his weaknesses, cheered him in his discouragements and rewarded his poor efforts a thousand fold beyond their deserts. To him she is the dearest town in this wide world, and what he longs to see, expects to see, is the college on the hill shining more and more as the crown of Jacksonville's rejoicing. The circle enlarges, incentives multiply. Born in this county, so rich in agricultural resources, the son of a farmer, he is eager that the college may do some-

thing more to dignify and ennoble home life in the country and aid in checking this feverish rush to the great centers of population, which is an evil of the times and a source of danger to the commonwealth. Illinois College for Illinois, Illinois College for the Republic of Letters, Illinois College for the Kingdom of the Christ.

At this season of the year when hundreds and thousands of the choice youth of the nation are graduating into a new world of aspiration and endeavor, all these institutions themselves seem summoned to examination. Presently will come from the press the usual demand that they shall give an account of their work. The questioning may vary in form, but the general purport will be, What have you done to train and equip these boys, that they may henceforth do battle like men, win the world's prizes and wear its laurels? The old sneers may be expected. From certain quarters, once in a twelve-month, we are treated to a Jeremiade over the helplessness of the average graduate. What will become of him, when he has worn out the fine clothes which fond parents furnished on commencement day, as they do a daughter's bridal dress? What though the youth has learned to court the sacred nine on Helicon; the muses cannot bear the smell of machine oil; but he must somehow get down from Bœotia to business and learn to grease those cogs and cranks that will grind him out his daily bread.

There do go forth from the halls of learning, now and then, those who prove conspicuous examples of threadbare and hungry respectability; but, usually, they would have been just as threadbare and hungry

had they stuck to the three R's and made ugly faces at the nine muses. The only difference is, that the imbecility of a college man, like the wickedness of a minister's son, becomes notorious. An institution ought not to be expected to furnish both brains and tuition, as William Pitt did for poor George Third.

We shall hear also disparaging remarks on the other extreme. Comparisons will be drawn in favor of self-made men. Illustrations will be multiplied to prove that the high places of life are usually held by those who have none to thank but themselves for their elevation. But, to learn the idleness of such talk, one has only to remember the relative number of the educated and the uneducated, and then turn to the annals of science, philosophy, medicine, law, divinity and politics, to see how vast is the advantage of disciplined over undisciplined mind.

Study the influence of the American college over the American congress. Recall the starred and starry names of house and senate and cabinet and diplomacy. What occasion is there to blush when a college man and a college president steps into the place once held by Old Hickory and the Rail-splitter? The temptation is great to follow the line of thought suggested by those who scorn the higher learning and to show how untenable is the ground which they occupy, even if no other tests are applied than those of common worldly utility and preferment. There may be some present whom such an argument only would influence. There may be others who think that at least the safer form of discussion. They do not quite dare to put the question on the higher spiritual level. They feel somewhat as Miles Standish did when he walked round Plym-

outh Rock and exclaimed: "Short allowance of victuals and plenty of nothing but Gospel!" Yet, when you measure a Plymouth Rock, learn to measure it, not as a table, but as a pulpit.

So in your estimate of the college do not rest satisfied with ascertaining its size as a cog-wheel in the complicated machine of American politics. Do not confine your view of its worth to the subtlety and acumen which it will impart to the future student of law. Do not simply ask whether the training will qualify your son to investigate more successfully the mysteries of medical science—in short, go farther than to inquire whether these long years of study will develop an ingenious youth into a merely prosperous man of the world. Make the calculation rather from the shadow which the institution casts upon the character of your boy. Will he come out from that shadow by and by a manikin, or a man? As is the college so must be the graduate. A law of mental and moral heredity binds the alma mater and the alumnus together. Here is the crucial test by which a literary institution ought to stand or to fall.

I feel profoundly the importance of increasing our endowment fund, of adding to our faculty for some time to come every year, at least one professor, who shall command universal respect as a master mind in his own department, and of thus doubling very speedily our present number of students. But I am far more anxious that the money in the treasury, like the old Jewish shekel, may bear the head of no human Cæsar, but simply Aaron's almond rod that budded and a pot of the manna which came down from heaven; that a new enthusiasm—spirit of God

within the soul—such is the meaning of the old Greek word—may take possession of every instructor, so that when these classes leave us, year by year, we may sing, as does the laureate concerning Arthur's knights:

“Well, good ye are, and bad, and like to coins,
Some true, some light, but every one of you
Stamped with the image of the king.”

A college is a Christian Cornelia; her sons are her jewels; their brilliancy is her pride; but her mother love is diviner than her pride, and, as she sends her boys out into life, her most earnest inquiry concerns the quality of their manliness. What stations of profit, honor and power they are to fill, may be the first question; yet that quickly yields precedence to another—what silent, resistless forces shall emanate from character, to become a factor in the destiny of a lesser or a larger world; which shall be cast, shadows of bane or shadows of blessing?

This affectionate solicitude deserves a grateful return. In Trevelyan's *Life of Macaulay* may be found these words concerning the historian's love for his college: “Of his places of sojourn during his joyous and shining pilgrimage through the world, Trinity, and Trinity alone, had any share with his home in Macaulay's affection and loyalty. That was the spot where, in his failing years, he especially loved to renew the feelings of the past, and some there are who can never revisit it without the fancy that there, if anywhere, his dear shade must linger.”

Let the larger be the type of the smaller this day.

My Younger Brethren.:—Illinois College, with fond

solicitude, forecasts your future as you go out into the world. Both success and failure are written on the far-away horizon of possibility, encircling you all. Many fields of conflict lie between. There may be a few quick and brilliant victories. Yet, even in those danger lurks. Conceit and a treacherous sense of security take possession of the soul, so that the at-first beautiful blush of triumph turns by and by into the ugly redness and blackness of mortification. There will come, also, defeats not a few. Shall they be Bunker Hills or Waterloos? Bunker Hill means renewed fight, monumental granite, inspiration. Waterloo means exile, St. Helena, despair. Let not the approaching contact with the real mar the ideal. Perfect your ideal and work toward it reverently. Catering to a lower taste degrades whatever is done. Said Mendelssohn: "When I have written a piece of music, just as it came from my heart, then I have done my duty toward it."

American youth have been recently hearing the voice and reading the verse of the apostle of *Æstheticism*. Oscar Wilde, while exalting this doctrine of the shadow in art, with strange inconsistency decries it in literature and seeks to remove the latter from the domain of morals. He and his disciples might well give heed to the famous composer, who made a solemn vow that he would never set immorality to music; might well confess their folly to the old English bard who declared that "He who would write heroic poems must make his whole life a heroic poem." The writing of a heroic poem might be for you a vain endeavor; but the living of a heroic poem should be the sacred resolution of the hour. Did you never read how the Peruvians used to kiss the air as an act

of worship, that thus, at least their love might reach the gods? Every soul has its atmosphere, which it may fill with silent benediction for other souls, and thus win the approbation of Him who now seeth in secret to reward openly by-and-by. Let us subscribe to this creed together to-day. I think that we shall henceforth take a somewhat peculiar interest in one another. Just twenty-five years ago this afternoon, in the old brick church on this very site, with my classmates, I was standing where you stand and listening to the farewell words of the venerable ex-president, whom you and I delight to honor. Twenty-five years! Silver chord, always musical with the memories of youth! Touch it, and the intervening quarter of a century vanishes: I am a boy again with you, one instant shrinking, alarmed; the next eager, expectant, looking out into the untried; then, as the sound dies away, recollection blends with reality, and I am upon the border of another untried. Heart answers to heart: we see eye to eye. Let us review, as our last lesson together, that page in history which we have read and loved from childhood, the page which tells how Columbus, intent upon finding a better way to an old province, for the sake of his country and his Christ, found instead a new world.

Whatsoever, with purpose noble and steadfast, puts keel into the unknown, will be guided of God to things which outsphere all his dreams.

BACCALAUREATE ADDRESS,

BEFORE THE CLASS OF 1883.

"Out of the eater came forth meat, and out of the strong came forth sweetness."—Judges xiv: 14.

The riddle which vexed the Philistines three days, and then left them in despair, has perplexed the world thirty centuries, and still finds mankind only partially solving its meaning. The lion did not bring food to Samson, as the ravens did to Elijah. There had to be a fight first. Not till the carcass of the slain was bleached and whitened, did the victor find in it the honey-comb. History has been repeating the story ever since. Kings have done little for their subjects voluntarily. The vassal has had to throttle his master, to get increase of privilege. Not till aristocracy has felt the many-handed grip of democracy, have the Magna Chartas of liberty, equality and fraternity been granted. Thus far, the mighty of this world have not much more reason to take credit to themselves for the refreshment of the wayfaring multitude, than had the king of beasts for ministering to the wants of the hungry Samson, on the road to Timnath. The eater has been bent upon getting, instead of giving, the meat. Still he has been obliged, though sorely against his will, to yield more and more for the general good.

I was especially impressed with this idea in reading Knight's Popular History of England. The work does not, like many histories, concern itself chiefly with kings and queens and lords. It sympa-

thizes especially with the Commons and the common people, and dwells with interest upon the conflicts between serf and master, the weaker baron and the stronger, feudalism and monarchy, parliament and crown. You watch the slow and painful evolution of the doctrine of the rights of man as man, which has been going on in Britain since the dawn of the Christian era. The Englishman, like the American, discards "the monstrous creed of millions made for one," and "looks at the millions with another faith, the faith of our times." A Canute may plant his chair on the shore, and bid the waters stand back, but there is a mightier power, slowly lifting the tide, and the king is forced to obey the hoarse voice of the sea. At length he exclaims: "I beg and command those to whom I have entrusted the government, as they wish to preserve my good-will, and save their own souls, to do no injustice, either to poor or rich. Let those who are noble and those who are not, equally obtain their rights according to the laws, from which no deviation shall be allowed, either from fear of me, or through favor to the powerful, or for the purpose of supplying my treasury. I want no money raised by injustice."

Such progress did equity make in a thousand years. Then, generation after generation, deepens and darkens the struggle between the clownish Saxon and the courtly Norman, till concession follows concession, and the old feud dies out, and in the blending of the two races, England becomes a united nation. For centuries the conflict continues between this united people and its kings. Reluctantly the latter grant right after right, privilege

after privilege, on from the days of Runnymede and treacherous King John. But, gradually, a better spirit pervades the body politic. The eater is less and less the destroyer. The strength which he gives is imparted more graciously. And finally a queen Victoria speaks thus from the throne: "I look to the protection of Almighty God for favor in our continued progress; and I trust you will assist me in upholding the fabric of the constitution, founded as it is upon the principles of freedom and justice."

This brief outline represents what has been the general course of events, under every form of government. At the outset the strong have invariably tyrannized over the weak, and the condition of the latter has been ameliorated, only after desperate and long-continued antagonism between the governing and the governed classes. But, gradually, another doctrine has been taking possession of the world, the doctrine of the *solidarity of human interests*, the doctrine that the strong exist for the sake of the weak, as well as the weak for the sake of the strong. Meat has come less and less from the slain eater, and more and more through voluntary surrender by the living eater, who has learned the joy of sharing his portion with the less fortunate. The idea is constantly spreading, that the government exists for the sake of the people, and not the people for the sake of the government.

The call for rebellions and revolutions diminishes as the centuries glide by. Peace, rather than war, is the hope of the reformer. The Hartmans and, Guiteaus seem more infamous than the Guy Fawkeses of the past. If the world ever needed such creatures as ministers of progress, that day has cer-

tainly gone by. This is true, under the monarchy of England, the autocracy of Russia, the imperialism of Germany, and the republicanism of France and America. Amid conflicting interests we are called upon to check recklessness, and cultivate temperance and self-restraint, when reforms do not keep even pace with our eagerness for the immediate breaking of the millennial dawn. There should be great content, when we contrast the ancient and the modern attitude of the leading governments of the world.

The present English House of Lords is studying the question of the surrender of its vested privileges with a calmness and an unselfishness hitherto unknown in the history of Britain. The example is typical of the sentiment which is filtering into all forms of civil government. The eater must not only consume, but also contribute freely to the multitudes. Henry VII permitted John Cabot and sons to sail at their own charges in quest of undiscovered countries, and then paid them only \$75 for the discovery of Newfoundland. What modern ruler would dare to exhibit such shameless greed, such disregard of a subject's claims to gratitude?

In the next place, this is true not only of governments as units, but also of individuals conspicuous in administration. Gladstone, in great weariness, exclaimed one day, "I'm leading a dog's life." "Yes," replied Lord Houghton, "the life of a St. Bernard, which is spent in saving the lives of others."

How such an example relieves the opprobrium resting upon politics. We look upon those who devote themselves to political life as giving body and

soul to an unprincipled, cut-throat fight for place and power. The judgment is none too severe in a majority of cases. The demagogues who are seen oftenest and who talk loudest, when elections are impending, deserve their reputations as temporizing tricksters. But their notoriety causes us to overlook that noble minority, who may be found in legislature and congress, laboring conscientiously for the highest good of the state and the nation. While Mr. Shallow Splurge is noisily advocating some plausible scheme which shall line his own pocket and enrich some oppressive monopoly, while he is drawing the notice of the press and filling the public eye and thought, there is his colleague, busied in the committee room, quietly, but painfully, mapping out and perfecting some great scheme of general beneficence. As Americans we are too much given to judging everything from the floor of the house. We let ourselves be carried away by declamation; we are bewitched by notoriety, rather than captivated by unobtrusive excellence; we have not the patience to go behind the scenes and ascertain who, in genuine patriotism, are carefully and comprehensively studying the situation, and maturing plans which look beyond petty personal and party triumphs, to national peace and prosperity. There is an increasing number of such men, who are doing no little to redeem politics from reproach. The quality of legislation is improving with each generation, though we find it hard to realize the fact. Such is the virulence of party spirit that an every day newspaper parade is made of the iniquity of republicanism and democracy, till we are ready to despair of the nation in the hands of either. We class the two as Sodom and Gomorrah; declare,

in pessimistic mood, that there are no good men left in either, and that fire and brimstone are the only remedy.

The case is not so bad. If you unearth the secret history of our first century, you find worse rottenness, when you bear in mind the feebleness of the temptations, and you detect in the noblest spirits an obtuseness in the moral perceptions which you will not discover in many who now shape the affairs of the nation. Conscience means more, the word, ought, weighs more at Washington than conscience meant and the word ought weighed a hundred years ago. Interests are more complicated, economical questions have assumed greater magnitude, inequalities in wealth have multiplied, social problems grow more perplexing, but let us not lose faith in the genius of the republic.

Our hope is not in revolution and temporary anarchy. Let us not think to slay the lion, in the belief that strength will be found in the carcass by and by. No: our strength is in the living lion. Good men and true of both parties, in the high places of power, are consecrating themselves to the clearing up of these riddles, in such a way as to secure the greatest possible happiness to every citizen.

Advance, now, to the second member of the text:

“Out of the strong came forth sweetness.”

Turn from meat to sweetness, as it were from repast to dessert.

There is and is to be an ever increasing graciousness in the demeanor of the strong in the presence of weakness and suffering. This is one of the brightest characteristics of the century. The sword of Charlemagne was named “*Gaudiosa*.” The word means “full of joy.” The name indicated the great

king's delight in conquest. Though he was one of the chief agents appointed of God, in the early ages, for the removal of anarchy and the spread of civilization, there was no tenderness in his methods, but only a fierce satisfaction in triumphing over his foes.

Contrast with his haughty grandeur, his pride in the success of his plans for the pacification of the world, with no care for the cost in human misery, the attitude of a Lincoln on the field of Gettysburg; his anguish over the terrible price paid for the vindication of righteousness. Hear his testimony to its transforming power. "When I left home to take the chair of state, I was not a Christian. When my son died, I was not a Christian. But, when I went to Gettysburg, and looked upon the graves of our dead heroes, who had fallen in defence of their country, I then and there consecrated myself to Christ." "Out of the strong came forth *sweetness*." The first half of the text is Charlemagne's, the second is Lincoln's. The heart, as well as the head, begins to be swayed by love.

Recall, also, the tender messages that come across the sea, those weary months, from Queen Victoria to Mrs. Garfield. You find nothing like them in the histories of the olden time. The pomp and circumstance of court and capital are swept away, and the widow of England and the widow of the republic sit down, side by side, as sisters in sorrow. Womanhood is glorified by sympathy in the world's high places. But this spirit, which brings "*sweetness*" into life, does not confine itself to caste and class. It disdains all those artificial barriers which are supposed to mark gradations in society. I read one day, during Garfield's prostration, that Dr. Agnew,

after a short visit to Washington, had returned to Philadelphia, on the plea of necessity. And what was the necessity? There were in the city hospital, at his own home, two poor men, who, for weeks, had been his patients. Said he: "The President does not need me. Skillful surgeons are sitting by his bedside night and day; but those two crippled mechanics have no one but me to dress their wounds. Duty calls me there." "Out of the strong came forth sweetness." The Good Samaritan is not a mere creature of the imagination. He is seen stooping by the wayside, to pour in the oil and the wine. This disposition is not confined to any rank or profession. It is sometimes argued that our boasted culture tends to hardness of heart, and deadens all interest in the common toils and troubles of the multitude. This is so in some cases. It can not be denied that Matthew Arnold, the high priest of culture, does cherish a natural repugnance to ordinary people, that he does treat them as bores, and that he is courteous only to his peers.

It can not be denied that those who live in books, those who, from their employment, are removed from constant contact with the multitude, must be on their guard against a clannish spirit. It is no less true that the majority of those who are said to belong to the literary guild, do realize the danger, and guard against the temptation. The educated man to-day is trying to get nearer to the ignorant man than ever he was before. The brain is not robbing the heart of its blood. In proof of the statement, listen to such words as these, dropping from the lips of one who has gained a world's applause:

"Without this fellow feeling, how are we to get

enough patience and charity toward our stumbling, falling companions in the long and changeful journey? And there is but one way in which a strong, determined soul can learn it,—by getting his heart-strings bound round the weak and erring, so that he must share, not only the outward consequence of their error, but their inward suffering.” “They that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak. There’s a text that wants no candle to show it; it shines by its own light. It’s plain enough you get into the wrong road in this life, if you run after this and that, only for the sake of making things easy and pleasant to yourself. If you’ve got a man’s heart and soul in you, you can’t be easy a making your own bed and leaving the rest to lie on the stones. I’ll never slip my neck out of the yoke and leave the load to be drawn by the weak.” “All the anguish of the children of men, which sometimes wraps me round like sudden darkness, I can bear with a willing pain, as if I were sharing the Redeemer’s cross. For I feel it, I feel it, infinite love is suffering too; it yearns; it mourns; and that is a blind self-seeking which wants to be freed from the sorrow wherewith the whole creation groaneth and travaileth.” That is a sweeter “sweetness” and a mellower “light” than Matth w Arnold dreams of and talks of. That is the spirit which is pervading modern literature more and more. It would encircle with blessed sympathy all that suffer; it would fill with hope and exhilaration every discouraged soul that longs to rise to higher life and achievement.

In the hall of Ticknor, the great publisher, there used to hang a picture, representing a young artist

asleep, worn out with work and disappointment, while a hand from the clouds was pouring oil into the expiring lamp. It fitly typified the character of the noble author, his lifelong habit of encouraging any downcast youth, who was tempted to abandon a beautiful ideal for a sordid real. It represents also a disposition which is prevailing throughout the world of mind.

The human race, which used to be swayed chiefly by the explosive is yielding to the dominion of the effusive. Good things still come down from above. Sufficient illustrations have been given of the spread of a gentle beneficence in what are known as the higher walks of life. It is slowly leavening all classes and conditions. Still, fact lags behind prophecy. But the lion and the lamb are yet to lie down together and be ruled by the spirit of the little child. This is written in the vision of Isaiah. It is emphasized in the Sermon on the Mount. It is the fundamental doctrine of Him that "came not to be ministered unto but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many." It was the stress of that idea which brought Jesus to exchange God's throne for God's footstool. Oh, the sweetness of the story, of Him "mighty to save!" We recognize and admire its manifestation in the Redeemer. We recognize and admire its imitation in the favored and the gifted. We hail it as the earnest of a millenium drawing near. But how few of us are bringing the doctrine home for daily application. We class ourselves among the weak, and not among the strong, and thus seek to excuse ourselves from duty. Instead of lifting we are waiting to be lifted; instead

of sweetening the live of others, we are expecting them to sweeten ours.

No might but God's is absolute. That of men is relative. The power of One only encircles the universe. What shall we say of the most exalted human greatness, when we survey a pitiful spectacle like that the other year, beneath the rotunda at Washington, and then looking up try to catch some vanishing conception of that dome of the infinite where reigns from everlasting to everlasting the "King eternal, immortal, invisible!" When we make the contrast thus the verdict must be, "vanity of vanities, all is vanity." Yet, from that noble life, both in its vigor and in its vanishing, has come to *fifty millions* a sweetness unknown since the great bitterness of the rebellion.

Shorten the reach of thought. Mentor, Springfield,—1865 and 1881,—Lincoln and Garfield—strength and sweetness for the republic. It is not very far from Mentor and Springfield to Jacksonville." Shall not the inspiration travel hither? Here is no starry dome of firmament. Here is no glittering rotunda. Your life and mine may be vaulted very low, yet it has its outlook of shining possibilities. We are insignificant, when placed side by side with these illustrious names. But there *are* those, in contrast with whom we are strong. With such, daily association makes us very familiar.

Walk up and down this weary, suffering world, with eyes like Christ's. Let issue from your lives an influence so blessed, that, though you be not heralded as the great benefactors of the race, though your death produce no universal shock, though your funeral train be humble, though no splendid mausoleum

mark your final resting place,—there shall rise to God the silent testimony of sorrowing souls that you have comforted: Out of the strong came forth sweetness, as I was drinking of Marah's bitterness.

My young brethren of the graduating class: While civilization in general is progressive, the conflict between labor and capital, for a season, wages hotter and hotter. The poor grow poorer, the rich grow richer, in the great centers of population. The mission of liberally educated men, during this generation, should be to aid in quieting the antagonisms of society.

Instead of standing aloof in the pride of superior culture; instead of seeking, within learning's secluded cloisters, to forget the world's wants and woes; instead of fanning into flame the passions of an ignorant populace; instead of selling mind's most precious gifts to the highest bidder in the temple of mammon, the alumni of our colleges should be the great peace-makers of our republic, patiently studying the situation, and impartially speaking, with the voice of authority, as the heralds of good will.

The times demand that our institutions of learning shall give to the world more men of might, kingly men, to wield the sceptre in every realm of thought. The colleges must develop mental vigor and power. Recreant to duty is the instructor who fails to make that idea ever prominent in the class-room. But that does not justify the fostering of an intellectual aristocracy, or of a literary class which shall wall itself round with monasticism, or of an adroit body of schemers who shall, for their own advancement, flatter the prejudices of an illiterate rabble upon the

one side, or, upon the other, ally themselves with grasping and dangerous monopolies.

A liberal education pre-eminently qualifies its possessors, to act as blessed mediators among men.

The commonwealth calls upon its colleges to provide a "Third Estate," wise and benevolent, which shall hold the balance of power, and devote itself to the reconciliation of labor and capital, the highest interests of which are one and the same forever.

* * * * *

Brethren, are you going from us with a hand that clutches and shuts up like the talons of a hawk; or with an open palm, eloquent of beneficence?

We have watched you adding increments of strength as the months have glided by. Some of you were well advanced upon the course, when you joined the class with which you graduate; others have spent four years within the institution; while others, still, have struggled gallantly for twice that period, to overcome the pecuniary and physical obstacles which lay between you and a liberal education. Your instructors feel that they are not sending forth any of you as weaklings in the struggle of life. We anticipate, in every case, a fair measure of worldly success. Congratulating you on your creditable intellectual equipment, we rejoice still more in believing that no one is the slave of those vices which brutalize and destroy, that no one has at graduation a character less noble than at matriculation. There is not a man among you who would not stand this afternoon with uncovered head before the dignity of virtue and the beauty of holiness.

It is a source of thanksgiving that a goodly number depart from college bearing that name which is

above every other. Pardon loving plainness of speech; would to God that, at this hour, I might strike hands with you all, as fellow-servants of Him whom I glory in calling Master and Lord.

That were the very best pledge, that out of the college-bred "strength, should come forth sweetness" to the world.

BACCALAUREATE ADDRESS.

BEFORE THE CLASS OF 1884.

"Every one over against his own house."—Nehemiah iii: 28.

YOUR attention will be directed to the college application of the text, "Every one over against his own house." The immediate duty of economists, patriots and Christians in the Old West to the colleges of the Old West!

Whether or not Greek be a college fetich, the college itself is not an American fetich. It has been, it is, and it is to be, a prime factor in our Christian civilization. The curriculum may be changed, but the college will stand. None question this concerning the well-endowed institutions of the East. The curriculum may be changed, but the college must be founded. None question this concerning the New West.

But what shall be done in the Old West? Around this inquiry there gathers no more any halo of romance, any enthusiasm of religion, any glamour of glory. The subject excites great confusion of thought and speech. First comes the cry, "The Interior is founding too many colleges." That was true prior to 1870. But turn to the last report of the commissioner of education, and you will find that, for the preceding seven years, only one college a year had been founded throughout the Republic. Ohio is the state worst afflicted with college mania. The disease has produced thirty-six institutions, but even there the malady is rapidly abating. There

has been only one addition since 1875. Not a college has been established in Iowa since 1875, not one in Michigan or Minnesota since 1874, not one in Missouri since 1873, not one in Illinois since 1870, not one in Wisconsin or Indiana since 1867. I submit it, as a proved case, that the evil is stopped, and that there is now no further ground for the charge that the Interior is founding too many colleges. That gun is spiked.

Next is heard the complaint, "The Old West already has too many colleges." This cannot be denied, if you grant the name to every institution with a charter, paying no attention to its courses of study, to the number and attainments of its faculty, and to the amount of its endowment funds. But it would be an insult to an audience like this to enter upon a labored argument to prove that these three particulars must be considered, in deciding whether an institution has any right to its title. Now, the eight states just mentioned constitute the Old West. To these the commissioner's report assigns one hundred and thirty-five colleges; when, however, you test them by curriculum, faculty and funds, not half deserve the name assumed. Were there time, I should be glad to take these eight states in succession, and demonstrate the assertion true of every one, but these minutes are too precious, and I must therefore confine your attention to a single state, and let that speak for all. Which state shall it be? Ohio, on the extreme east, is too old to be the representative of the section. Minnesota, on the extreme west, differs from the rest in her system of education. Missouri, on the extreme south, is very unlike ive of the others. Illinois, in the centre, has more

elements common to all than any other. It is therefore the fairest typical state. To this it adds the crowning advantage of being the best known and best loved by the audience.

Begin, then, with the curriculum test. Of the twenty-seven so-called colleges in Illinois, there is not one whose standard for admission is not half a year behind that of Harvard. Of the twenty-seven there may be six whose standard for admission is as high as that of Williams, Amherst, Dartmouth and Bowdoin. Of the twenty-seven, there may be six others whose graduates could enter the senior class at Williams, Amherst, Dartmouth and Bowdoin. The graduates of the other fifteen would be prepared in a scattering way for the sophomore or junior class at Williams, Amherst, Dartmouth and Bowdoin. The fifteen are not colleges.

Apply next the faculty test. The typical Interior college, with three years for a preparatory course and four years for a college course, furnishes daily twenty-one recitations of an hour each. Five professors will carry twenty of these, leaving to the president one daily recitation, one sermon on Sunday, the routine of local administration and the general financial management. This is the smallest faculty that can do the regular work efficiently. There should be eight professors, to perform ordinary class-room duties vigorously, and also to meet those calls for general literary services, which a college constituency is constantly making, and which must be met, if the institution would have its power felt far and wide.

On consulting the commissioner's report to apply this truth, I discovered that it did not give the data

needed, as I compared statement with statement and with my personal knowledge of particular institutions. For example: an institution claiming sixteen professors and instructors, the largest faculty in the state, could not show a single endowed professorship or even a single dollar at interest. Moreover, not long before, one of the advertised professors in the same school told me that he had never heard a recitation, never delivered a lecture, and that he did not know that he belonged to the corps of instruction.

Again: The report showed the total income of the same so-called college to be only \$5,000. Deducting nothing for incidental expenses, which are always heavy, and appropriating the whole amount to salaries, you would have for each teacher an average of a little more than \$300 a year. Such figures need no comment. Baffled in the inquiry in this direction, I adopted another plan, to ascertain at how low a rate a competent faculty of five professors and a president could be secured. From correspondence with the authorities of ten of the best colleges of the interior, I found that the average salary of their professors was \$1,400, and of their presidents, \$2,000.

That would make the necessary cost for instruction \$9,000. From \$1,000 to \$3,000 more would be demanded for other expenses. So that an income of from \$10,000 to \$12,000 would be the least with which respectable college requirements could be met. Only seven of our twenty-seven showed an income of at least \$10,000. Only seven, therefore, had resources to carry on college work creditably. The candor of this treatment of the question is manifest from the statement that Illinois College was not one of the seven, in 1881, the year that the

report was published. It was one of four others with an income of \$8,000. Since then, however, it has brought its income up to \$13,000 and is at length doing genuine college work, without encroaching upon its endowment funds for current expenses. So far as the writer knows, the other three are in the same critical condition as in 1881, either furnishing inferior instruction, on their legitimate revenue, or adequate instruction by consuming their capital, a plan which means first slow, then quick suicide. Viewed in this light, only from eight to eleven of the twenty-seven can possibly retain a faculty qualified to give the necessary instruction, so as to command the respect and attendance of young men.

Look also at the question directly from the endowment ground. It is preposterous for an institution, with no money at interest, to lay claim to the name of college in the latter part of the nineteenth century. Yet ten of the twenty-seven own no property except their site and buildings. They have all been in existence from fourteen to thirty years. If, in that time, they have not been able to put a dollar at interest, what are their prospects for the future? Six have endowments ranging from \$600 to \$50,000; six, from \$50,000 to \$100,000; and five, from \$100,000 to \$360,000. Now, any practical man, who has studied this subject patiently for years in the Interior, will say, without hesitation, that an institution with less than \$100,000 of endowment, in addition to comfortable buildings, is not safe; that, possibly, one with less than \$50,000 may struggle up to respectability; that between \$50,000 and \$100,000 possibility changes rapidly to probability; that at \$100,000, with wise management, the crisis is past, and that, when

an institution has \$250,000 in plant and \$250,000 at interest, its resources are ample for a very beneficent career. Applying this reasoning to our twenty-seven, we may write upon the charters of ten, cancelled; of six, forlorn hope; of six, brightening prospects; of five, victory, now, or by-and-by.

Our three paths have led us to the same general conclusion, that less than half of the twenty-seven can live as colleges.

What, then, shall we do with those that cannot? "Seek for them consolidation with the stronger institutions," is the reply most naturally suggested to the simply business man on the street, and to the mere theorist in his study; but any one who has experimental knowledge of the situation will answer, "consolidation is an impossibility." This plan which some are advocating as a new idea is a very old idea. The plan has been tried, time and again, for the last forty years, and has proved a failure.

This doctrine of college Nirvana, the absorption of the lesser by the greater, however beautiful in the abstract, refuses to take concrete form. Every one of our typical twenty-seven is eager to absorb, but not one of the twenty-seven will consent to be absorbed. And even if the institutions were ready to transfer property, give up name and surrender individuality, there would be insuperable obstacles of a local, legal and sectarian nature. Our Methodist brethren, whose system gives them more control of their colleges than has any other denomination, assure me that, much as they desire union in several cases, it can not be effected.

We are not dealing with an ideal state of affairs. As sensible men we must make the best of things as

they are. It behooves us to remember that we are working not in a millennium, but for a millennium. What then, is to be the fate of these weaker schools? Extinction? Not in many instances. They must, however, learn to die as colleges and live as academies. The Interior needs academies, and there is no danger that they will be unduly multiplied. Most, perhaps all, of these institutions have resources enough to make them a great local blessing in this changed relation. So soon as they attain to dying grace as colleges, they will attain to living grace as academies. This will require time. There is a charm about the name of college, which will lead its unworthy possessors to cling to it to the last. But, as the contrast between their sham selves and the colleges which are such in reality becomes more glaringly manifest, public ridicule will compel the adoption of a less pretentious appellation.

We are now justified in dropping from further notice on the present occasion, half or two-thirds of our nominal colleges in the Interior. As mere neighborhood schools, they should be left to the care of the neighborhoods in which they are located. This elimination simplifies the problem. We find that of our typical twenty-seven, eleven, from their standard of scholarship, from the attainments of their instructors and from the amount of their productive capital, may properly be dignified as colleges. Of these, only one, the Northwestern, at Evanston, is so amply endowed as to be free from embarrassment. Four have passed the crisis, but they are sadly crippled by lack of pecuniary resources. Six, though in peril, will probably survive the struggle for existence. What should be done

with the eleven? At this point, we encounter some who maintain that there should be one college, and only one college in a state. Without question, every state should have at least one institution devoted to the higher learning. That is a state privilege, a state right, the dignity of every commonwealth demands such a centre of mental and moral power.

But is it not absurd to claim that a state like Rhode Island should have as many colleges as a state like Illinois? Rhode Island contains 1,000 square miles, Illinois, 56,000 square miles. Rhode Island counts a population of a quarter of a million, Illinois, of three millions. The number of institutions should be decided by three considerations, extent and nature of territory, population and character of population. Let us now apply these considerations: New England sustains seventeen colleges. None of them could well be spared. The weaker are proportionately as valuable as the stronger. The finest service is not necessarily rendered by the richest college. Said ex-president Woolsey, to a friend of the writer: "Had I my life to live over, I would cast in my lot with one of the smaller institutions. I could have more influence in training mind and shaping character." Said president Seelye to another friend of the writer: "Our classes are growing so unwieldy that they lessen our efficiency." It is better that the four thousand college students proper in New England should be scattered among seventeen institutions, than that there should be only six colleges with seven hundred students each. It is better for the young men themselves. It is better for New England herself.

Now, the area of New England is to that of

Illinois as seven to six. So far as mere territory is concerned, claiming nothing for the richness of our soil, if New England needs seventeen colleges Illinois needs fifteen. The population of New England is to that of Illinois as four to three. So far as population is concerned, if New England needs seventeen colleges, Illinois needs thirteen. Should exception be taken to the character of our population, you may be astonished to learn from the commissioner's report that the illiteracy, the inability to write, in New England, between the ages of fifteen and twenty, the college period, is five per cent.; while in Illinois it is less than four per cent. Still it cannot be denied that there is a higher culture among the upper classes there, which would naturally produce more college material than you would look for here. Yet the difference is not great. There are in the collegiate departments there four thousand students, here two thousand. When, however, you remember that New England keeps her material at home and also draws freely from abroad, while Illinois sends her material freely eastward and gets none in return, you will be convinced that Illinois is falling but little behind all New England in the number that she matriculates somewhere.

These three lines of argument justify the conclusion that, should eleven of our colleges be maintained, they would not be too numerous for the present, much less for the prospective educational wants of a state which will contain a population of four millions before the year 1900.

Glance now at the question of economy. We hear a constant clamor about the comparative educational extravagance of the Interior. The large

attendance at an eastern institution is contrasted with the small attendance at a western institution. Harvard does have fourteen hundred students in all departments, while the average attendance in all departments at Illinois colleges is only one hundred and seventy. But Harvard has one hundred and twenty-eight instructors, one for every eleven students, while the average number of instructors for Illinois colleges is ten, one for every seventeen students. There is widespread ignorance of the fact that the larger the number of students in an institution the larger relatively is the number of instructors. I repeat it: Harvard pays one teacher for every eleven students, while the Interior colleges pay one teacher for every seventeen students. The bearing on the question of comparative economy is obvious.

But we must hasten to the teachings of patriotism. The Mississippi valley is destined to be, in material resources, the richest section of the Union. Shall it be abandoned, intellectually, as the Great American Desert? Shall brain withdraw, giving up the Interior to brawn and bullion? No. Save these institutions of liberal learning, to leaven society, and to give tone to civilization. A region destitute of colleges or possessing colleges so weak as to incur general contempt, will inevitably grow coarse in its tastes and sordid in its ambitions. But let there be an institution worthy of the name, within a hundred miles of every household, and it flashes vividly before the mind of every child a high ideal of culture, character and life, inspiring parents also to seek for the realization of that ideal in those whom they love. The presence of even these poverty-stricken colleges

of the Old West has aroused to a desire for knowledge, and has led to graduation thousands who, but for that presence, would have been quickened to no such longing, much less have been able to enjoy its gratification. There can be no more forcible protest against a grovelling animalism than the sight of an ingenuous band of youth zealously devoted to culture and to all that gives manhood its crowning glory.

It passes comprehension, how men who owe all that they have and all that they are to a state like this, will turn a deaf ear to the calls of struggling institutions near at hand, and either do nothing for enterprises which bless society and render life rich and precious, or help to swell the endowments of far away colleges worth from one million to five millions, and will, furthermore, send their sons east to get an education, to come back full of contempt for "fresh-water colleges," and to belittle all efforts to sweeten and brighten and gladden the social, mental and moral order of the commonwealth.

Citizens of the Old West ought to put both their money and their boys into the colleges of the Old West. We need a revolution on the doctrine of State's Rights in Education. In this, he serves his country best who serves his state the best. Train the home boy in the home college. During the formative period, cultivate in him local attachments, enthusiasm in whatever pertains to the honor and dignity of his native state. When he is more mature, if you would give him special studies, which are not yet taught here, or if you would make his tastes more cosmopolitan, let him have a post-graduate course of one or two years at the east, or upon

the continent. Thus will he be qualified for more contented, hearty, vigorous citizenship in the Interior, than if you should send him, a callow youngster of sixteen or eighteen, to four years of exile at Yale or Harvard.

Religion emphasizes the same doctrine. Undermine the Christian college and you undermine the Christian church. Let the Christian college languish, and the Christian church will languish. If you would strengthen the Christian churches of the Interior, endow and patronize the Christian colleges of the Interior, binding churches and colleges together, not ecclesiastically, but spiritually, in the name of Father, Son and Holy Ghost. This question is of vital importance to pew and to pulpit. The larger the educated membership, the greater the efficiency of a church. Religion in bidding farewell to learning, degenerates into fanaticism.

The connection of liberally trained men with a church gives wisdom in council, enriches the prayer-meeting, incites the pastor and commands the respect of the world.

Such members hold the balance of power between poverty and wealth, and mediate between those extremes, which produce antagonism in religious as well as in social organizations. The natural way to bring these influential elements into the home church, is to educate our sons in the home college, where they will be trained in generous sympathy with the demands of Christian civilization in the Interior.

The very smallness of a college strong enough to insure respect, gives it an intellectual and spiritual supremacy over young men, which the great univer-

sity loses by its very greatness. Small classes bring their members individually under the mental and religious influence of consecrated instructors, as is not possible where classes number from one hundred to two hundred, though teachers be equally earnest Christian men. Revivals are more numerous, probabilities of conversion are greater, and the percentage of candidates for the ministry is much higher, in the smaller colleges than in the larger. This does not, however, prove either the unsoundness, or the unfaithfulness of the faculties in the latter. It grows out of the nature of things. The Great Teacher himself recognized this limit of personal influence. He understood spiritual dynamics. He did not choose a class of a hundred, but a class of only twelve, when he would, by intimate association, day after day, possess disciples with his doctrine, and fill them with that enthusiasm of humanity which should revolutionize the world.

One Sunday evening a few weeks ago, I was wandering alone in the moonlight, among the buildings of Harvard University.

How painfully insignificant seemed these little colleges of the Interior. But then came the thought, this is not the place for our boys of eighteen. This should be the resort for men of twenty-five—men who no longer need the personal interest and fraternal counsel of the self-sacrificing teacher—men who are old enough to be their own masters and to make their own choices independently—men who are qualified to exchange the class-room for the lecture-room, men who are ready to devote themselves to specialties and systems, caring only for the erudition of instructors, the treasures of science, art and literature,

and all those stimulating associations which, from such surroundings, inspire one who knows at length what he wants to be and do in the world; but the best place for our boys of eighteen is some humble college like Knox, or Beloit, or Olivet, where they shall be personally watched over, as younger brethren, by a Bateman, or an Emerson, or a Butterfield.

If the Old West would have educated and consecrated men in the pews and in the pulpits of her churches, let her come to the rescue of her colleges. The demands are not exorbitant. The cry of these institutions is, "Give us neither poverty nor riches." A college does its most blessed service in moulding the character of students, and in imparting moral tone and vigor to society, when it is not either cramped for pecuniary resources, or "rich and increased in goods." An institution is like a man. It must have a certain amount of capital to give it efficiency and consequent respect. Beyond that there is danger that abounding wealth will produce pride and a general worldliness, quenching that profoundly religious spirit which has made our colleges fountains of refreshment to the republic and to Thy Kingdom, O God.

As economists, as patriots, and as Christians, we ought to pursue this eclectic plan, to select such a number of these institutions as the Interior demands, and as have earned the right to the name which they claim, and endow them immediately according to their necessities.

The president of an Eastern university, which is worth \$5,000,000, still pleads its poverty. But the question of this hour is not of grand universities. It confines itself to humble colleges, which do not as-

pire to be universities, but which do seek to become colleges in all respects worthy of the name. An increase to half a million each, \$250,000 in plant and \$250,000 at interest, would put every such institution into admirable working order. But if only an increase to \$250,000 at interest could be straightway secured, local and personal attachment would be so stimulated as to provide the increase in plant, at no distant day. Therefore, swell to a quarter of a million the endowment fund of every college in the Old West which has at least \$100,000 thus secured. Up and down the Mississippi Valley, let the rally cry ring!

Young Gentlemen of the Graduating Class:—Very different was the baccalaureate address first planned for this occasion. But I finally concluded that the best service which I could render both you and the institution, would be, to give, as a graduating lesson, this discourse upon the colleges of the dear Old West, which I hope will always be your home. You are not the sons of wealth. You have no great fortunes to consecrate to any beneficent enterprise. The rich young men are usually sent to the rich colleges of the East. That centers their interest, and the interest of their fathers, in institutions far away. This is one of the chief causes of our poverty. As a rule, our graduates come from families in moderate or even straitened circumstances. However loyal they and their sires may be, the pecuniary ability to do is limited.

It is one special mission of these meagerly endowed colleges of the Interior to awaken, among the less affluent, a passion for the higher learning, and to put within their reach facilities for its gratification.

That special mission is our joy, but it is also our embarrassment; for it brings but little of this world's glitter and still less of its gold.

Have we not then a right to expect, that whoever takes a diploma, will take with it a solemn pledge, to give all his influence from that day, and to devote a portion of his earnings from that day to the service of his Alma Mater?

For several seasons there was a nest in one of the old trees on College Hill. The first spring it was only a handful of twigs. But the chicks of that summer came back full grown, the next year, and the nest grew larger, and was better woven together with bits of thread and twine. And when the third generation returned, they added still more to the structure, and lined it with wool, and cotton, and silk, and down.

What shall be said of the fledgling that drops out of the college nest with a thud, and a cry against the hardness of those dry old sticks. Rather take wing with a song—and fly back, by-and-by, to enlarge and to beautify.

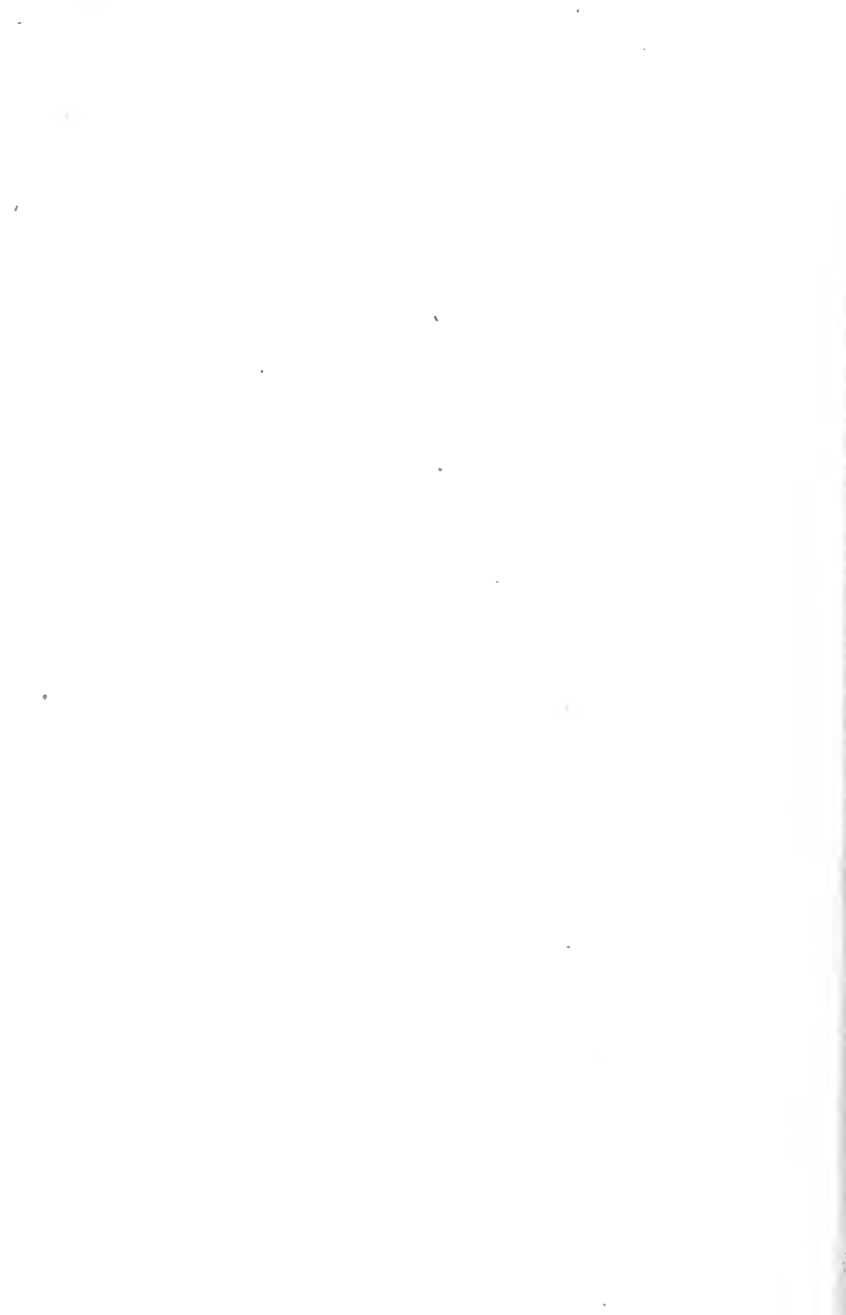
Figure and fact combine to suggest an omen in the sky. Shall it not be interpreted to mean the devotion of class after class to the college on the hill?

One of your number is the son of a member of my class of '57. He is the first boy from that class to graduate; and as the eye runs over the present list of under-graduates, all the boys from the class of '57 who are studying in college anywhere, are studying here. The example is worthy of imitation, now, and in the years to come.

But forecast, however cheerful, has its strain of

apprehension. This concerns alike the institution and her sons. The greatest danger to her and to you, my friends, is the lack of religious consecration. We are content with what has been done for you, intellectually, and with what you have done for yourselves, intellectually. We do not fear that you will ever recall any great, inexcusable neglect, on either side, in that direction.

But there is—how shall I word it delicately, yet honestly—there is a sense of dissatisfaction at the spiritual outcome, as we stand here face to face! Four years condensed into one moment, before God. *Boys, are you quite satisfied yourselves?*



BACCALAUREATE ADDRESS.

BEFORE THE CLASS OF 1885.

"Arise, therefore, and be doing and the Lord be with thee."—
I Chronicles, xxii: 16.

ONE generation soweth that another generation may reap. Such is God's law for the enrichment of the race. Viewed in the abstract, the principle shows only a beneficent face; but, when applied individually, it exhibits some features of hardship.

You never read the story of which the text is a portion, without finding the heart going out very tenderly to David, over the great disappointment of his life. Like Moses, he was brought to the border line of his fondest hopes, but not permitted to cross that line. Like Moses, he made everything ready for the use and enjoyment of his successor.

Still, in our final estimate, he stands far higher, because of his patient and unselfish preparation of the materials for Solomon to put into the temple, than he would have done, had he not himself given up all idea of rearing that magnificent structure. Nobler than the victory of the shepherd lad over the Philistine giant, was the victory of the shepherd king over himself, when he was able to say, without a single rebellious thought, "Arise, therefore, and be doing, and the Lord be with thee."

We can not turn to the theme of the afternoon, without at least this passing allusion to the struggle and the triumph, within the breast of him who uttered the text. This brief tribute, however, must suffice;

for our present concern is with the son, rather than with the father.

Like Solomon, we are all debtors to the past. It brings its treasures of various sorts very freely for our appropriation. There is a long period, during which we are, in the main, beneficiaries. Our attitude ought to be one of gratitude. So far, we can claim no credit. We are responsible, however, for putting ourselves into the best receptive condition. While David was accumulating the cedar, iron, brass, silver and gold for his successor, the latter kept himself in careful training, so that he might wisely discharge the future trust. Such thankful receptivity becomes us all, in view of our heritage from the by-gone. No princely portion comes to us, separately, as it did to Solomon, but all have a rich legacy in the physical comforts, the intellectual acquisitions, and the spiritual benefactions, which the ages have left as a general contribution to mankind. We are invited to appropriate these reverently, but without hesitation, that we may fit ourselves to stand in our lot, and, in turn, contribute our portion to the heritage of those who shall come after. But when this period of comparative absorption is past, we hear the command ring out loud and clear, "Arise and be doing." The general nature of the injunction is the same for both secular and religious activities. The soul must be up and on the watch. It can not slumber on in the cabin any more, trusting to the pilotage of others. It must be on deck and in command for itself. There may be here and there a person whose "strength it is to sit still," but such exceptions can not overthrow the well nigh universal rule.

Accordingly the first stress falls upon the word "Arise." Thus we take the attitude which gives the best control of every faculty. Plant a man upon his feet if you would secure for him the highest respect. A message delivered from a recumbent position lacks authority. A speech pronounced in a sitting posture may have a certain conversational grace, but it is shorn of oratorical power. Standing, in the presence of others, is often interpreted as only a token of respect for them; but it has a deeper meaning. Subjectively viewed, it signifies the laying aside of indolence; it signifies alertness of body and mind, tense muscle, excited brain. Objectively viewed, it imparts a commanding dignity, which half wins the battle, and insures a certain momentum which completes the victory. William of Normandy tripped and fell as he leaped ashore on the English coast. He lay prostrate for an instant, an object of derision; but, so soon as he sprang to his feet, and with his right hand flung to the winds the sands of the beach, friend and foe, saw in him William, the Conqueror. The picture was a prophecy.

Humility, by derivation, means lying on the ground. It is one of the Christian graces. There are times and places, when and where, it is most appropriate. But we should not stick in the literal. The spirit of the virtue is consistent with erectness, vigor, enthusiasm. Humility should never be confounded with a dawdling supineness. The latter is an offence to men; much more must it be to angels and to God himself.

Moreover, one must arise to get a correct general view of the situation. The psalmist does speak of happy communings with himself in the night

watches, but most of us cannot testify to such experiences. Whatever we study thus becomes distorted. Difficulties bulk up and bright possibilities dwindle and fade, as the hours drag wearily along. Not until we arise do things assume relative proportion. With body prostrate on a sleepless couch in the darkness, the mind loses the power of discrimination. Unnatural physical conditions produce a species of temporary mental derangement. Now, while such experiences are distressing, there are day reveries which, though agreeable, are equally unnatural. These sink difficulties out of sight and bewilder with fancied achievements. We sometimes seek to balance the forebodings of the night by these dreams of the day. Both habits are alike pernicious.

It is said of Frederick William of Prussia, that he was always getting his legions ready for battles, which were never to come off. We are guilty of even worse folly, in anticipating by night disasters which never befall us, and by day, magnificent things beyond our sphere. The king had at least the satisfaction of knowing that his forces were better disciplined; but with us the practice only demoralizes our faculties, and renders us more and more helpless in the presence of such foes as we must encounter. Yet, important as it is to assume that attitude which will enable us to sweep the most extended horizon of possibilities, and to occupy the most favorable position in relation to those possibilities, we must not permit ourselves to pause there too long. While a comprehensive survey of the situation and a wise adjustment to its demands are essential, there may be a temptation to remain

stationary, when the hour has come for action. In marking time we may march, and yet not *forward* march.

In the text the words "be doing" follow the word "arise" immediately. The verse itself is nervous. Its very structure suggests *energy* as the first characteristic of the "doing." That word "energy" signifies from its derivation and composition, that one must be wholly *in* his *work*. To some extent this has been the secret of success throughout history, but it becomes increasingly so with every added century. As civilization grows complex, competition is made fiercer. The enterprises which come to the front and stay there, do so by the consumption of personal energy. The fire-box must be kept full of fuel, that the cylinders may have plenty of steam for traction and velocity. This principle applies as thoroughly to religious as it does to secular mechanics and dynamics. There are supernatural elements in spiritual movements, but they do not take the place of human energy. A Wycliffe and a Luther must heed this fact, no less than a Galileo and a Newton. So far the minister has no advantage of the merchant. The Master's business will not thrive without crowding, any better than the business of his humblest servant.

We need also to guard against waste of energy. In our best engines we get only about twenty per cent. out of our coal. The rest is lost, that is lost for the purposes intended. Nature doubtless uses the other eighty per cent. somewhere and somehow, but man is not entitled to the credit. We are even less successful in economizing spiritual forces. They escape in all directions. God probably employs

them for wise purposes under his government, yet to us no thanks are due. Instead of remembering that one safety-valve is enough, we multiply valves, leave them all open, and then wonder that so little is accomplished. In the natural world we recognize the power of concentration. The only way to make the Mississippi clear itself, is through the jetties. But in the spiritual world, instead of strengthening the jetties, we cut the levees, and then charge disasters to the mysteries of Providence.

The "be doing" of the text contemplated neither waste nor aimlessness. Solomon was lavish in his use of materials, but he squandered nothing, he made every bit of wood and metal tell toward the realization of one grand plan. Men adopt system in everything else, and then let religious activities go at haphazard. Some entertain the notion that a sharply defined method has about it an air of self-sufficiency, which must be displeasing to the Most High. Certain facts and utterances in the New Testament, which were local and temporary in their intention, have been forced into unwarranted uses. In the first emergencies and crises of the Church, the Apostles were re-assured by the promise of such an interposition of the Holy Spirit as would render premeditation, on their part, unnecessary. Full divine illumination, the instant it was needed, was pledged to take the place of forethought in speech and prayer. Hence, to this day, not a few falsely conclude that sermons and especially addresses to the throne of grace should have no preparation; that all should be left to immediate divine suggestion, that everything studied must be artificial and odious to heaven. A more careful examination of

the Sacred Record would correct this mistake. It would show, even in the case of Christ and His immediate followers, the greatest economy of the miraculous. Natural agencies were made to take the place of the supernatural, as rapidly as possible. There may still be special instances in which we may properly look for special aid from heaven, when we are to be peculiarly absorbed in momentous affairs. There was appropriateness in the prayer of the Christian general as the battle opened: "O Lord, thou knowest how busy I must be this day. If I forget thee, do not thou forget me—march on, boys!" But, in all the regular religious affairs of life, where time and opportunity are given for the use of our own faculties, the presumption lies, not in the employment of those faculties, but in indolently trusting to God to bring us through. "Be doing" is heaven's imperative.

Moreover, the doing must be continuous. It may be remittent, but it should not be intermittent; just as the tides rise and fall, yet keep up movement without ceasing. There is a law of action and re-action in spiritual affairs, which we must respect, and which God himself respects. It is a fine secret, to know how to relax and adjust the tension, to keep it always on, and yet never let it break. We suffer greatly from spasmodic action, followed by collapse. He accomplishes most, who never lets go the thread of his purpose, but steadily weaves it in, now rapidly, now slowly, according to the changing conditions in himself and in his environment. In such ceaseless effort, sundry cautions should be observed. Let unhealthy competition be avoided. There is a constant tendency to measure ourselves against one

another, to try to outstrip somebody else, to be unduly elated, when we are a length or two ahead, and to be unduly depressed when we find ourselves dropping behind. This vice gets into church politics, as well as into state politics. It is also a constantly disturbing element in the sphere of private Christian life. Any pastor will tell you that this is one of the most perplexing things to regulate among his flock, to keep all running, and yet keep them running in different directions, so that nobody is ahead, and everybody is ahead. He is pretty well on toward perfection, who is able to keep his eye steadily upon the goal, without ever looking out of one corner of his eye, to see whether somebody else is not coming up alongside. How many in this audience can testify that they have attained unto that?

Not so bad, but still to be avoided, is the practice of running Christian races with one's self. It is well, now and then, to compare ourselves with our former selves. This will give us wholesome reproof, and, also, wholesome encouragement. But that is a very different thing from apprehensively weighing every performance by its predecessor. Such a practice makes one morbid and feverish and incapacitates him for the best achievement. The energy which is spent upon the anxiety to do one better so enfeebles, that you do one worse instead.

The doing which satisfies the text is of a different sort. The rule should be, to do our best under the circumstances every time, without any comparison with previous occasions. Pardon a personal allusion, as it illustrates the principle. It was my privilege, for fourteen or fifteen years, to preach to a congregation of insane people. I used to try every

Sunday to make as good a sermon as I was able, for those unfortunates. Friends often laughed at me for wasting my pains. But the only way to the hearts of those suffering men and women was such laborious proof that I was trying to minister unto them, to serve them. There was a constant satisfaction in the effort, and then, when the pressure of other duties forced me to resign the charge, I found that, without knowing it, I had all along been doing the best thing for myself, in establishing that habit of work, and in getting the soul into sympathy with all forms of heart-ache and wild woe—a possession forever. Continuous doing always enlarges the knowledge, the ability and the sphere for doing.

Let these activities likewise be cheerful. There is a strong strain of duty in our English blood, and that is well. "What are your orders, if you are killed?" said an officer to Wellington. Replied he, "Do as I am doing. Remember old England." In New England, in the council chamber, on the dark day when all thought that the end of the world had come, said Colonel Davenport: "The day of judgment is approaching, or it is not. If it is not, there is no cause for adjourning. If it is, I want to be found doing my duty. Bring in the candles."

Such utterances are grandly heroic. No better stimulant can be taken for low moral tone. Still they accord better with Waterloos and solar eclipses than with petty conflicts, under the light of common day. Over the latter they cast too grim a shadow. Our "doing" ought to be done with brighter faces and cheerier speech. Opportunities for stage effect are very limited. The theatres for our acting are the home, the school, the forum, the shop, the farm

and the street. Our part is to be doing, with a gladness which shines in the countenance and makes the tongue musical. That is the spirit which should pervade every Christian psalm of life. Give us, O God, more enthusiasm, more of thyself within the soul, for its transfiguration before the world.

Religion may live without enthusiasm; but it cannot propagate itself without enthusiasm. From this it gets virility. You cannot point to any vigorous enterprise of learning or philanthropy or Christianity which is not kept moving by those whose hearts drive warm blood, with every throb, into some part of the organization. Churches languish, noble charities languish, colleges languish, because they fall a prey to the miserable spirit of routine. When the minister's spiritual pulse beats feebly, and he plans, perfunctorily, to get through with two sermons on Sunday and a mid-week prayer-meeting, the preaching grows thin and the congregation thinner, the prayer grows cold and the prayer-meeting colder; till the church thermometer marks zero. Benevolent organizations lose the first love of their founders, and fall into the hands of managers whose benevolence is all nepotism, managers who fit up sinecures for themselves, their children and their grand-children, and thus, with the family sponge, absorb the revenues intended for the poor and the unfortunate. Teachers neglect preparation for recitation. The hour becomes insipid to them and to their classes. They watch for the striking of the clock. They are more eager than pupils for holidays. They grow to live less and less for term time, and more and more for vacation. September is somber, June brings jubilee.

The same demoralizing tendency is manifest in all vocations. Lack of enthusiasm in whatever is worthy means the absence of God therefrom.

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The text concludes with the words, "The Lord be with thee." The way and the only way to insure His presence, is to "arise and be doing," in the spirit inculcated this evening. Such consecration is vital. Out of it are the very issues of life, life everlasting.

Add to diligence in business, this fervency of spirit, and you can never labor alone and in vain. Take this doctrine back to your toil, of whatsoever sort it be. The sweetest, richest, most blessed experience on earth is that of working thus for God and with God.

Young Gentlemen of the Class of 1885: Commencement day is always an occasion of thanksgiving. Sometimes it is merely thanksgiving for deliverance, resembling that which gladdens the schoolboy, on Friday evening, or at the close of the term. Generally, however, in addition to that sense of relief which is natural on the completion of any round of duties, the soul becomes aware of a new birth of gratitude. A student never really learns to look backward, until the day of his graduation. That is a curious fact. You may get an *inkling* of my meaning, this afternoon; for this address is the initial formula of separation from the institution. There is a loosening of the cords that have till the present hour bound you to the college community. Hitherto you have been regarded by your fellow students as comrades, entitled to the same rights and subject to the same restrictions. You have been questioned

from the teacher's desk and spoken to from the pulpit on the same plane with other undergraduates.

But, now, the classes move forward. Other Seniors are taking your places. You are crowded out. The ordinary relation of instructor and pupil ceases. The sermon of the day, by anticipation, brings special greeting unto you as "Baccalaurei." As you stand here the fact that you are with us, but, in the old sense, not of us any more, begins to shape itself in consciousness. It is a still hour. Softer airs are playing. Memory touches a single tremolo strain.

But you will understand this far better on Thursday, when you take your diploma and your flowers, and go off by yourself, and sit down alone face to face with the question, "What next?" The harder you try to explore futurity, the more you will be forced to look backward. You will regret that you have neglected some things. You will be glad that you have escaped some things. Your appreciation of many things will be quickened. The result should be a reverent gratitude, till then unknown. At such a season, none but a coarse, depraved nature could fail to recognize its debt to the past.

A profound thankfulness should characterize every young man who has had the privilege of spending six or seven years in liberalizing study. He does not yet know much; but he has been trained to know, and to do, and to be, according to the measure of his faculties. His power of vision has been cultivated. He sees what God has accomplished through human agencies in the lapse of time. He is impressed with the obligations which the generation present is under to the generations past. He exults in the

thought, that he is welcome to the priceless treasures of the ages, according to his capacity to receive. Such devout gratitude is the noblest incentive to "be up and doing." It takes the selfishness out of ambition, and inspires one to make as large as possible his little contribution to the well-being of man and the glory of the Creator. There is no legal compulsion. The youth may take all and give none. The future does not present to him any order on demand signed by the past. There is in the case no urgency except moral urgency, but, with an ingenuous character, that is irresistible. So may it prove with every one of you.

Your course during the year now closing justifies the belief that this will not be a fruitless petition. You remember that one day last September, I set before you the proper relation of a Senior Class to an institution of learning, and asked your quiet co-operation with the faculty, in promoting whatever pertained to college well-being. This was urged, as a matter of duty and of privilege. The appeal met a hearty response, and to your unobtrusive but manifest sympathy with sobriety and manly endeavor, should be credited not a little of the year's peace and prosperity. Carry your class characteristic from college to citizenship. "And the Lord be with you." Believe me, this is not a formal benediction. Your general attitude respecting the good and the true, has given you among your fellow-students the humorous appellation of the "Twelve Apostles." The term does not bear with it any suggestion of cant and hypocrisy, or of alarming saintliness. It is simply a good-natured recognition of your moral standing. As such it is a high honor.

In this sense, may there be a large apostolic succession among these undergraduates.

Pardon one word more. Most of you acknowledge Christ as Master and Lord. It is just half a century since the first class went forth from the institution. It has been my most earnest wish, my most constant prayer, that this fiftieth anniversary might see every one of you, not almost, but *altogether* Christian. Nothing less will express the meaning which now surcharges the words: "*The Lord be with you.*"

BACCALAUREATE ADDRESS.

BEFORE THE CLASS OF 1886.

"As he thinketh in his heart, so is he."—Proverbs. xxiii: 7.

THOUGHT makes character. This statement does not pass unchallenged. Many criticise it, as too sweeping an assertion. Substitute *modifies* for "makes," and they would subscribe to the proposition. Should you ask them: "what then *does* make character?" you would get different replies. Some would answer: heredity. Man lives and dies what he was born. If you could tell the tendencies with which the infant was first laid in the cradle, you could infallibly predict, what the moral nature of the adult would be, when his body was laid in the coffin.

Take from the veins of the newly-born babe a few drops of blood, and an exhaustive analysis would give you a picture of the soul, with the spiritual lineaments which it must wear forever. Logical consistency will drive the most radical advocates of the doctrine of heredity to such *pre-natal fatalism*.

When led away from general declamation, to face these specific statements and their consequences, some admit that they did not realize the meaning of their rhetoric, and retreat from their position; others seek to cover their confusion with a still freer use of figures of speech; while others, still, put on a bold face, and declare this to be the ground on which they are going to fight out the question.

Now, so far as my experience extends, while I

find authors who maintain this extreme position, on the printed page in general terms, I have never met an individual who would affirm, concerning himself, that his character was fixed before his birth, that its essential features were settled by his ancestors, and that all he had ever had the power to do, was to change, in some slight degree, those traits which had been forced upon him as an inexorable portion, by preceding generations. Pursue the Socratic method. Crowd the question out of the abstract. Make it concrete. Apply it rigidly to the individual, and you will not find, in the whole circuit of your acquaintance, a single person who will squarely maintain that what he is to-day morally, is essentially the necessary product of his inheritance. Consciousness when brought upon the stand and compelled to testify without qualification or subterfuge, invariably answers Nay! Nay!

Consciousness, thus interrogated, is the only competent and trustworthy witness. But, while we reject the extreme views on heredity which we discover in some so-called scientific treatises, let us not, in a spirit of intolerance, refuse to admit the legitimate claims of the doctrine. It cannot be denied that character is always modified by inherited tendencies. This may be granted without subscribing to any form of necessity or fatalism, without abandoning the perfect freedom of the individual will, in making the individual character. Indeed, there is no other way of rendering the supremacy of volition so conspicuous, as to emphasize the power of heredity, and then demonstrate its subordination to the higher principle.

The predispositions with which we enter the

world are subtle and mighty in their influence. They give great weight to certain probabilities. Still there is never an instance, in which the current may not be made to flow the other way. Due East may not be changed to due West. There may remain some traces of the original set of the stream, some Eastings, but the prevailing direction may be made Westerly. That which started for the Atlantic will thus empty into the Pacific, though the Primary impetus may swing the river far Northward or Southward, before it finds its mouth.

In the game of life heredity plays a strong hand, but volition always holds a trump card. If volition is beaten, it is from neglect, and not from necessity.

In the next place, we meet those who yield the point just discussed, who grant that character is not fixed by those tendencies *with* which we are born; but who maintain that it *is* settled, by the physical environment *into* which we are born. Henry Thomas Buckle first popularized this idea, in his History of Civilization, by the prominence which he assigned to climate, soil, food and the aspects of nature, in shaping human destiny. There are now-a-days a great many little Buckles, who give the doctrine a rigid application, possibly never intended by their great master. At all events, his disciples would use the principle, to overthrow the idea of moral responsibility. They claim that notions of right and wrong which would be considered binding at the Arctic Circle, all melt away under the heat of the Tropics; that the system of ethics where men have plenty to eat would lose all constraining power in regions where famines are common; that ideas which flourish at high altitudes amid stimulating

scenery, must perish when brought down to low levels and vast stretches of monotony, just as certainly as the floras of the same regions die, when interchanged.

The mind has a passion for analogies, which is tickled by generalizations of this description. They contain enough truth to make them as plausible as they are captivating, until they are subjected to close examination. You cannot study history, without being struck with the general way in which climatic belts have modified national characteristics.

A people's moral complexion will be affected by food and drink. The general ethical standard will vary, more or less, according to physical altitude and outlook. One may freely admit all this, without giving any countenance to fatalism or necessity, without weakening in the slightest degree the stringency of moral obligation. You may adduce shining examples, to prove that the doctrines of the Mount of Beatitudes may be naturalized at the equator; that the meat and drink interrogative need not corrupt the imperative ought; and that Christian liberty may be as valiant on lowlands as on highlands.

When your adversary declaims of freedom and mountain heights, and points to Europe and the Alps, bid him turn to Asia with her Himalayas, the home of political and religious despotism in all ages. The generalization breaks in two, precisely where it looked strongest.

Even more satisfactory is the appeal to individual consciousness. The doctrine of environment is most vulnerable at the same point with the doctrine of heredity. Go from meridian to meridian, from parallel to parallel, arraying this principle in its

most attractive garb, ask every person whom you meet whether he does not recognize the absolute supremacy of this law over himself, and you will not find a solitary mortal that will admit its dominion in his own case. All will concede that these considerations have an important influence, but every one will strongly declare his own ability to resist that influence.

Extend the thought from physical to social environment. The latter is even more powerful than the former in modifying character. Morally, pure companionship is more bracing than lake breezes. Lofty ethical standards furnish a tonic more invigorating than any mountain altitudes. The prevalence of degrading conceptions of life will debase worse than barren soil and meager diet.

Still, though we can not be too careful concerning such surroundings, we know that there is not in them, either singly or collectively, any compulsion which the soul cannot resist. We say respecting these as respecting the others, they *modify* but they do not *make* character. The final analysis shows us, that it is the individual will which fixes the individual character.

Now what is this will? Is it simple and independent? Or is it a product of other factors? The answer is found in the text, "As a man *thinketh* in his *heart*, so is he." Thought, affection, volition, character! The first two flow together into the third, and that decides the fourth.

This view exalts *thinking* to a position which it does not enjoy in the estimate of the multitude. What is more common than the assertion that it makes no difference what a man thinks; his actions

only are important. The assertion betrays a great lack of discrimination. It is true, if, by "what a man thinks" you mean merely such general notions as he assents to, without examination, because they are constantly repeated in his hearing, notions which have no more bearing upon his conduct than would a fragment from the multiplication table, or any axiom in geometry. It is true, if, by "what a man thinks," you mean certain abstract formulae which he has worked out for himself in mental gymnastics, and which he lays up as bric-a-brac, curiosities to amuse himself with, when he has nothing important to do. It is true, if, by "what a man thinks," you mean certain metaphysical propositions which he has elaborated, but which have no more relation to motives of conduct than do the properties of the parabola. What is indicated in the first of these suppositions, does not deserve the name of thinking. What is indicated in the other two suppositions, would be thinking of some sort, but not of the kind defined by the text, which says explicitly, "as a man thinketh in his *heart*, so is he." The thinking with which we are dealing to-day is restricted to that which embraces the *heart* in its circuit, which throbs with all the emotions between fervid love and malignant hate. If what you call your creed is made by this kind of thinking, it is of momentous importance what that creed is. Your character is in it, and because your character is in it, your eternal destiny is in it also.

Let us examine these two kinds of thinking, head thinking and heart thinking, more closely in their bearings on the subject. Even the former has a certain dignity. Pure intellectualism is exalted far

above mere animalism. Better a thousandfold the one who gives his days and nights to the coldest and idlest speculations, than the one who can say nothing but, let me eat, let me drink, and then let me die.

The schoolmen of the middle ages excite your admiration by their mental adroitness, at the same time that you lament the waste of so much logical subtlety. You put them far higher in the scale of being than you do their contemporaries that gave themselves up to revellings and debaucheries.

We have in modern times a race of essayists, who take pride in studying all subjects in the white light of pure reason. It is one of their first principles, to guard against the disturbing influence of the emotions. The view must be absolutely dispassionate. Sufficient heat to quicken the pulse or flush the cheek in any mental process brings the conclusion into discredit. Matthew Arnold is the best representative of the fraternity. Doubtless, they have made valuable contributions to knowledge. We see much to praise in the consistency and the persistency of their course. Moreover, as they think, so are they. In reading their books, you read them. The volume formed the man, is the man. As the ideas went into the treatise, they went into the author and fixed his character.

Now while we can justly set up this claim in such cases; while we can show that mere cold intellectualism has this irresistible power over those by whom it is worshiped, it is pre-eminently the thinking in which head and heart sympathize that illustrates the text. Examples of the most opposite nature might be multiplied. The doctrine points hell-

ward as well as heavenward. With involuntary actions, we have now no concern. We are dealing with voluntary actions only. These are the chief indices of character. They sometimes deceive, but they are the best witnesses we can get, and they are as a rule, trustworthy. Yet such actions are never actions, until after they have been thoughts. They are simply thoughts made visible. Christ was always laying the stress here. He ran the probe right in the *heart-thought*, when he wanted to show up what the man was. Said He: "Out of the *heart* proceed evil *thoughts*." Yes, but He does not stop there. He goes on to actions—"murders, adulteries, fornications, thefts, false witness, blasphemies—these are things which defile a man." The heart is the hidden nest, in which the whole infernal brood is secretly hatched, long before the world is shocked with outrage and atrocity.

The throne of Scotland would seem far enough away from the barren heath where the witches are dancing hand in hand. "All hail Macbeth! thou shalt be king hereafter"—nothing but a thought—a thought which has never before entered the mind of that hitherto loyal soldier. But now it drops from the witches' lips into the ear, and down, down to the bottom of the heart. The noble nature struggles for mastery. "Why do I yield to that suggestion whose horrid image doth unfix my hair and make my seated heart knock at my ribs against the use of nature? Stars, hide your fires; let not light see my black and deep desires."

And presently Lady Macbeth is reading a letter, and her eyes catch those same words, "Hail, king that shalt be." It is only a thought. But it has

dropped down, down to the bottom of her heart also. And then the man and woman stand face to face. They discuss that thought. The interview is brief. But before they separate that thought has become one hideous purpose in the breast of both. "Out of the heart proceed murders." The character and destiny of the two are fixed forever. Macbeth and Lady Macbeth are *already* murderers, though no dagger has yet been lifted against Duncan or Banquo.

Christ "knew what was in man." Shakespeare knew what was in man. It is possible that even here in the house of God, an evil spirit has its lips at your ear, and is whispering some baneful suggestion to your heart. Beware! it is possible that out of your heart also may come that which will fill society with mingled amazement, indignation and loathing.

Friends, it behooves us all, now and then, to walk up to the brink of one of these chasms, and steady ourselves, and look over and down, till we see the lurid glow, and take into the lungs the hot breath of the nether world. An unholy thought, getting possession of the heart, hurled even a Lucifer into the abyss. Who then does not need warning?

Turn next from such possibilities to those probabilities, which are of universal application. It is not likely, that any one into whose face I am looking is being swept along, by an overmastering thought, towards some awful catastrophe. It is not likely that any man present will ever be driven to that, which shall make him cry in the madness of remorse: "Avaunt, and quit my sight! Let the earth hide thee! Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold! Thou hast no speculation in those eyes which

thou dost glare with." It is not likely that any woman present will ever in her sleep walk up and down, trying to wash from her hand the traces of guilt, and sobbing in anguish "that, there's the smell of blood still, that all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten that hand."

But it is probable that thoughts, not shocking, yet sinful, not straightway possessing the soul, yet lurking there and biding their time, slowly working, never ceasing, are gradually, but surely, bringing the character of many in this audience into a permanent state of love for that which is bad, and of hatred for that which is good. My unconverted friend, your thoughts are thus constantly deciding what you are, and what you are to be to all eternity. It is written thus in Revelation. But I do not now urge Revelation. It is written thus in the very constitution of your being. Put the stress there, this afternoon. If the Bible were destroyed and all its teachings were forgotten, the argument would remain unshaken. This fundamental fact is not a fact, merely because the Bible declares it. The Bible declares it only because it is a fact.

We are not now studying surface appearances. We are searching for essential causes. We are trying to follow the stream to its source. And when we get to the fountain head, we find that out of the thoughts are the issues of death or of life. Thank God that these need not be such issues of death as those which we have been describing. They may be blessed issues of immortal life. The apostle is overpowered with the grandeur of this possibility, when he exclaims: "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just,

whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, if there be any praise, *think on these things.*" Keep the thoughts of the heart fixed upon such themes, and your character will be slowly but surely transfigured before the world.

This is at the same time the most trying and the most ennobling task that can be set for itself by the soul. The cost corresponds with the preciousness of the product. The current of inclination and habit sets the other way with mighty volume. Are you not obliged to confess a great reluctance, if not a deeply seated repugnance, concerning all such thinking? Can you put upon yourself any other strain so great as that of keeping the gaze steadily fixed upon the most exalted truths? Yet not till you overcome this mental aversion, not till you get such a mastery of your faculties, that they turn cheerfully to these employments, can you hope for this transmutation of better thought into better being.

I can detect in some of your faces a weariness, from the effort to centre your attention upon this topic, for even half an hour. But what you need, what I need, what every mortal needs is the tension of religious reflection. If men could be led to give the thoughts of the heart assiduously to these lofty themes we should begin to hear on every side the earnest cry, "What shall I do to be saved?" Right moral doing is the natural sequence of right heart thinking.

The wicked man is challenged to bring his mind under the power of the ideal of righteousness, and to hold his mind there in reverent, prayerful eagerness. No wicked man can stand long in that atti-

tude, without becoming a righteous man. My impenitent friend, that which now forbids your salvation, is this one persistent fact, that you will not thus "think on these things." If you think at all on the subject, your thinking is mere speculation, while your heart is wedded to the pleasures of sense, to the glittering follies and the unholy ambitions of Vanity Fair. "As you think, *in your heart*, so are you." As you continue to think in your heart, so must you continue to be forever. I repeat it, you may destroy Old Testament and New; but you cannot change this constitution of the soul.

As the believer thinketh in his heart, so *is* he. Church member, your ideal of Christian character grades your character. You are to-day, essentially, what you are required to be, by the standard upon which your mind and heart are fixed.

We have now no concern with those fleeting visions, which sometimes bewitch the spiritual imagination, and which we often miscall our ideal. The real ideal is that which we set before us resolutely, day by day. Put that ideal higher. Only as that rises, can we rise. As that rises, we shall rise—till "Beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, we are changed into the same image, from glory to glory."

Young Gentlemen of the Graduating Class: During the first two terms of the year, we were occupied together, in studying mental and moral philosophy. The text book work and the lectures by Dr. H. K. Jones opened before us provinces of investigation, both profitable and delightful. The text of the afternoon condenses into nine words those six months of exploration. It epitomizes the science of the soul. In the saying, "*as a man thinketh in his*

heart, so is he," you have a combined definition of psychology and ethics, intellect, sensibilities, volition, character.

During the spring term, we have been separated from one another, and in different places. I have been engaged alone, in studying individual men. I have been deeply interested in several involuntary disclosures of character. I have also been confidentially admitted to the "thoughts of the heart" in not a few instances. Such relations are most sacred. But there was one case which will always be associated with this text. It is mentioned, but in a cautious way, so that no one will so much as suspect the name.

I had been travelling several days, had lost several night's rest, and had engaged the quietest room at a hotel, intending to be asleep by eight o'clock. I went to meet a seven o'clock appointment. I made a short but urgent appeal, and was about to withdraw, when the gentleman said that I must not go. I sat down and soon took no note of time, as I listened to his views on business and education. I had long admired him for his financial ability and clearness of brain. The conversation increased the admiration.

It was ten o'clock, and supposing that there was nothing further to be said, I started to my feet once more. But he told me not to hurry, and then he opened his *heart*, into which I had never before been invited to look. It was a beautiful revelation. Said I, "'The wind bloweth where it listeth.' My friend, I have never known you before. It is a quarter of twelve. Let our talk begin here, when we meet again. Good night."

"As a man thinketh in his *heart*, so is he."

My young brethren, what is the *thinking* of your *heart*? That makes character.

And in character is wrapped up eternal destiny.

BACCALAUREATE ADDRESS.

BEFORE THE CLASS OF 1887.

"Thy Kingdom Come."—*The Second Petition of the Lord's Prayer.*

GOD commanded that every fifty years the trumpet of jubilee should be blown throughout the land of Israel. The Christian Church, in imitation of the Jewish, should pass from one half century to another with rejoicing. But we are not limited to two festivals in a century. Every anniversary may be made bright with prophecy, by keeping pace with time, and from the review of fifty years just gone, forecasting the fifty years to come. A century of retrospect and a century of prospect would *lack vividness*, for such periods stretch, respectively, beyond our memory in the one direction and beyond the possibility of our experience in the other. A quarter century of retrospect and a quarter century of prospect would be confusing, from the nearness of the view. But when you speak of the half century past, and the half century to come, the memory of older men and women flies back to one limit, and the anticipation of younger men and women sweeps on to the other. Thus personal interest is secured, and trustworthy data for prediction are insured. Yet, even under these, the happiest conditions, how much depends upon the selection of the facts and the disposition of the seer?

The Queen's Jubilee calls forth the Miserere of a Tennyson and the Gloria of a Gladstone.

"Poor old voice of eighty years, crying after voices that have fled:

All I loved are vanished voices, all my steps are on the dead."

"Cries of unprogressive dotage, ere the gray beard fall asleep. Noises of a current narrowing, not the music of a deep."

Read the second Locksley Hall, and then listen to that other brave old voice of eighty years in the protest which closes thus: "Justice does not require, nay rather she forbids, that the Jubilee of the Queen be marred by tragic tones." Is it possible that the pessimistic review by the laureate and the optimistic estimate by the statesman concern the same half century?

It is just fifty years since Lovejoy died, and since the city of Chicago was born. Up from southern Illinois still come stories of Egyptian darkness. But what a brightening of these moral skies, since the Alton riots of '37. Down from northern Illinois come startling reports of heathenism in the metropolis. Well, shall we for spiritual refreshment go back to Fort Dearborn and the scalp dance of the Aborigines? Notwithstanding these multiplying discouragements of the prairie and these thickening perils of the city, who does not envy yonder boy, who, fifty years from to-day, shall bear witness to the splendid achievements of Christian civilization within the commonwealth?

But the outlook which we take this afternoon must not be confined to our own state, or even to our own republic. Let what has been said merely indicate the time standard and spirit with which the world survey should be made.

FIRST. Are we entering a half century of war, or a half century of peace? Turn to the other

continent, and the political sky looks black with storms. For months, the air has been heavy with rumors of war. Many are affrighted. Confine attention to certain obtrusive features of the situation, and the general prospect is most alarming. The standing armies of the world cost two billions of dollars yearly. France, Germany and Russia are the three great powers that seem most eager for an outbreak of hostilities. France has half a million of soldiers ready for service. Within twenty days she could bring into the field two millions and a half of men well acquainted with military tactics. Germany cannot display forces quite as numerous, but she more than makes good the difference in numbers, by superiority in discipline. Russia enrolls, on a peace footing, eight hundred thousand soldiers, and on a war footing, four millions. Of the other two great European powers, Austria follows the lead of Germany, and England grows yearly more reluctant to engage in war. But even in the case of France and Germany, we may be misled by this great military display. With the former, it does not mean what it would have meant in the time of the first Napoleon. Then it would have looked toward foreign conquest. Now the chief aim is home defense. The Frenchman still loves glory, but experience has taught him that the way to glory is in consolidating his power, rather than in extending his territory. The nation is fortifying every exposed point in her domain, not to establish a base for aggressive warfare, but to make invasion impossible. France may go abroad to fight, but her preference is to be let alone and let others alone.

A united and independent Germany is Bismarck's

ideal. It is chiefly to insure that, that he preserves so belligerent a tone and attitude. That is the only safety of the nation, considering the exposure of her situation in all directions. Germany, like France, may go abroad to fight, but her preference, also, is to be let alone and let others alone. Great is the change which has come over the spirit of her dream these later years.

Russia only is possessed with the old craze for conquest. It begins to be evident to the world that with covetous eye she is looking beyond Turkey to the British possessions in India. Other nations will not permit this threatened overthrow of the balance of power. Even if through jealousy of Great Britain, they were ready to connive at the invasion, England is better able than ever before to defend her Asiatic possessions. The completion of the Canadian Pacific railway opens a new route to India, which in war would be worth more for the transportation of troops and military supplies, than would the Suez canal, hitherto so jealously guarded. In short, all of the leading peoples of Europe, with one exception, are growing weary of foreign conquest, and it is their common interest to curb Russia's aggressive spirit. The continental outlook, studied with this broad sweep of vision, is brighter than it was half a century ago. The tendency of the next fifty years will be toward the final establishment of national boundaries. When that is accomplished, the economic folly of spending two billions of dollars annually in military display, will lead to a general disbanding of the great standing armies of the world and their transfer to the various fields of peaceful and productive industry. Mankind are rapidly coming to the conclu-

sion, that the secret of national glory lies not in martial achievement, but in the promotion of trade, commerce, social science and moral reform. Such is, unquestionably, the prevailing world-movement of the age. Surface appearances may seem ominous of war, but the *mighty under-current makes for peace*.

SECOND. The coming half century of comparative quiet among the nations is to be a period of good will among men. Sectarian narrowness and bitterness are disappearing. Fifty years hence, jealous rivalry will be supplanted by generous emulation among the denominations. Energies once worse than wasted in strife will manifest themselves in a quickened philanthropy. Already public and private charities for the helpless multiply. Hospitals for the curable insane and asylums for the incurable, bear witness to the spread of Christian compassion. Institutions for the blind and for the deaf and dumb, from year to year make nobler provision for those that must walk in the darkness and in the silence. Fresh interest is shown in prison reform. I stepped into the House of Representatives at Springfield, last Thursday morning, ignorant of the order of the day, and the first words that fell upon my ear were from the lips of one of our honored college trustees, pleading for prison reform. While self-protection must continue to be the first law of society, the well-being of the criminal class is destined to receive greater attention.

We are entering on a new era in education, primary, intermediate and higher. The close of our half century will see our worthier colleges comfortably endowed for their beneficent work. Ere then our

leading universities will cease to blush in the presence of Cambridge, Oxford and Berlin.

The younger members of this audience will live to see somewhat of order and beauty growing out of the present chaotic relations of economics and ethics. Theoretical and practical social science will prove within fifty years, that commercial competition and Christian benevolence rightly understood are not antagonistic laws. There can be no social science worthy of the name that does not approach the relations of men to one another, individually and collectively, in the spirit of the New Testament. It is well to discuss the subject through the papers, in the reviews, on the platform and behind the pulpit. Rays of light are welcome from all these sources. But they fail to move the vast majority of mankind. The chief hope of social science for the next half century lies in the line of home evangelization and, especially, of city evangelization. Patriotism shudders for the fate of the republic, in view of the thickening dangers in our great centers of population. Police stations and school-houses and up-town churches, valuable though they be, are utterly inadequate defences. Alas for the nation, unless the ignorant, barbarian, incontinent, fierce rum-ruled hordes that are pouring in upon us, be speedily brought under the power of the Gospel of Christ!

Impending peril is awakening the churches to a sense of their responsibility. There is a vague feeling that something must be done, and done quickly. Noble efforts are made by individuals and by churches. But you nowhere discover comprehensive plans for steady, methodical, aggressive evangelization. Yet I believe that out of all the confusion of

this new spiritual awakening among God's people, there is to come upon the cities of America a more wonderful evangelistic movement than swept through the cities of Asia Minor in the days of the apostles. The next half century will not see Boston and New York and San Francisco and St. Louis and Chicago *Christianized*, but it will see them *Evangelized* to the *salvation of the republic*.

THIRD. Those of you who are here fifty years hence will look out upon a WORLD, not *Christianized*, but *Evangelized*. You have all seen in missionary charts and magazines that black diagram, which shows heathenism resting like a pall upon the vast majority of mankind. There are some whom such a study will arouse to fiery zeal to rescue the perishing. But there are others in whom it may produce a sense of depression and hopelessness, which will strike religious activity with paralysis. It is not well for such to brood over the suggestions of that diagram. Take, instead, an outline map of the planet; follow Bainbridge in his two years missionary tour around the world; set a silver star at every mission station, and, when you are done, hold your map where the sun can shine upon it. Night does shroud the moral firmament. Nevertheless, those same heavens declare God's coming glory. On islands recently reeking with orgies of cannibalism, Christ is King. Who would have thought it possible a generation ago, that we should see a Christian appointed minister of finance, in the Turkish empire? What is the meaning of a Christian college in Eden, where the race learned its first lesson of good and evil? Is there no inspiration in the sight of two thousand Sunday school children marching through the streets of

Lucknow, which not long ago witnessed the worst horrors of the Sepoy rebellion? Can we wonder, that even the positivist, St. Hilaire, in his amazement at the spread of Christianity among the Hindoos, is constrained to predict, that the whole population of India will at length spontaneously embrace the religion of her English conqueror? Only the other month, Christendom heard, with delight, the proclamation of religious toleration throughout the Chinese empire. There is no wildness in the prophecy of Dr. Williams, that, at the present rate of progress, fifty years will make China nominally Christian. That will be to our children no greater marvel, than is to you and me the fact, that, in the city on the Tiber, within sight of the Vatican, more than a score of spires rise toward Heaven—*protestant*.

Five thousand missionaries—thirty thousand native helpers—ministering to-day to half a million church members and to two millions of adherents!!! If this be the result, against the opposition of the world, what may we not expect, now that obstacles are disappearing, and the whole world grows clamorous for the gospel? Missionary enterprise presses the steamboat and the locomotive into the service of the Most High. The railroad train, which has already aroused India from her long Nirvana dream, is impatient to awake the Chinese empire from her sleep of ages. The steamers that are multiplying on the water-ways of Africa mean death to the slave-trade, as they carry from the interior to the ocean loads of ivory hitherto borne by captives to the sea-coast, and sold there with the victims of the trader's accursed greed.

But God has nobler agencies than commerce can bring into action. Men and women, with new eager-

ness, obey His call. The girl in the seminary, the boy in the college, the teacher in the academy and the pastor in the metropolis, with the same enthusiasm, set their faces toward Japan. Within a year, the dews of our own Mt. Hermon become a swelling stream, which is flowing to gladden the very ends of the earth. Our young men see new visions of a glory not of this world, and our old men dream new dreams of thy coming kingdom, O God. While the thought of the American college goes out to the realm of the Mikado, the brain and brawn of the English university are attracted to "the land of flowers." And is there no over-ruling Providence in the fact, that the China Inland Mission, the mission in special danger of becoming the prey of fanaticism, should, at this juncture of affairs, be strengthened by men university-bred, so that zeal may be better tempered with knowledge?

In harmony with this remarkable student movement, is the still more wonderful woman movement of our generation. While the religion of Christ recognizes no distinction of sex for the life to come, it is, in this world, of more vital importance to woman than to man. Recognizing the fact, her heart glows with ever increasing ardor for the regeneration of the race. Without forgetting that her first mission is at home, she realizes that she has also a most important mission abroad. Man likewise, is gradually forced to admit it, as he finds himself unable to gain access to the home life of Asia, while woman daintily embroiders a slipper, which, in her hand, becomes the "open sesame" to the zenana's of India. Did not a female physician in the Methodist mission bring back from the borders of the grave the

wife of the grand viceroy, Hung Chang, and through the influence thus obtained, save the Burlingame treaty from impending defeat? Not Siddhartha, but Woman, is "The Light of Asia."

We sometimes hear the lament that the days of Christian heroism are past, that we shall see no more Careys and Judsons, that the martyr spirit was buried with the heart of Livingstone, in the heart of Africa. Read the story of Father Damiens, the Apostle of the lepers on the island of Molokai. The history of the church does not contain a nobler example, than the consecration of that young priest to the service of those afflicted with a loathsome and incurable malady, through the contagion of which he himself dropping to pieces, little by little, day by day, has, at last, fallen into a compassionate grave. Bishop Hannington, of the church which is sometimes taunted for retaining the form of Godliness without the power thereof, died the death of the martyr, in Africa, not many months ago. Since then fifty Englishmen have volunteered to reinforce his mission there. "The blood of the martyrs is still the seed of the church."

"But alas," says some one, "there is no money movement to sustain all this new-born eagerness to preach the gospel to every creature; and ardor will presently grow cold, from lack of 'cash to balance.'" Such apprehension is natural. Remember this, however; while, within the last eight years, the number of ordained missionaries has increased fifty per cent., contributions have increased seventy per cent.; and depend upon it that this quickened flow of the heart will be followed by a quickened flow of the currency. We are entering upon a new era in the consecration

of money to the evangelization of the world. As last Sunday, I put into the contribution plate for this purpose my pittance, only sorry that it must be so small, but glad that it might be something, I was thrilled as never before by the thought of the rich man's opportunity, of his possibilities of unbounded joy, in the consecration of thousands and tens of thousands to this, the grandest enterprise of all the ages, now hastening to its consummation. One-third of the wealth of the United States is in the hands of Christians. God's people are no longer poor. The Master saith to his disciples, in a material, as well as in a spiritual sense: "Freely you have received, freely give." That command must be, will be heard and obeyed.

I emphasize once more the sentiment of this address: The world, not Christianized, but *evangelized*, in half a century. In Oxford University, the professor of Sanscrit, after the most exhaustive research, testifies that Christianity to-day outranks every other religion, in number of its adherents. Already, nearly one-third of the population of the planet recognizes the supremacy of the Redeemer. Who, now, are the chosen of the Lord, to lead the way in publishing the tidings of great joy throughout the earth?

France is making noble progress in the direction of religious liberty; but by the time she has emancipated herself from superstition and atheism, and qualified herself to be the herald of righteousness, the gospel will be preached to every creature.

Germany let slip the opportunity which came within her reach through the reformation of the 16th century. Rationalism is yielding rapidly to a reverent and aggressive faith, but the change has begun so

recently, that Germany, though she may bring up the rear most solidly, cannot lead the van, during the half century within which the world is to be evangelized.

America and England, representing the Anglo-Saxon race, are appointed of God, to be known in history as the nations that planted the standard of the cross throughout the realms of heathendom. To-day three-fourths of all the missionary societies are American and English. To-day two-thirds of all the funds given to missions come from America and England. Year by year the Anglo-Saxon contributions, both of men and of money, grow, relatively, larger and larger. This missionary mission is the crowning glory of the Anglo-Saxon. No other race has had so grand a religious opportunity. The *outlook* is upon a world expectant of *glad tidings*. The *uplook* reveals an open heaven and a risen Lord; the brightening prospects of whose kingdom are a new inspiration to his people.

Said Mary Somerville: "The time has come when I must go hence. I leave the world with only two regrets. Would that I could wait till the sources of the Nile are discovered by Livingstone! Would that I could live to see the distance between the earth and the sun determined by the transit of Venus!"

Akin to this scientific yearning, which would penetrate the mysteries that hang over the dark regions of the earth, and would discover the secrets that are hidden in the heavenly places where light abideth, is the spiritual longing of many hearts here this afternoon. Why cannot we who are older, as well as ye who are younger, tarry a little longer, to be-

hold what ye shall behold fifty years hence; all the benighted portions of the planet brought under the direct influence of Him who is "The Light of the World"—*Evangelized*; and also to be *Christianized*, in the fulness of time.

Young Gentlemen of the Graduating Class: Enter, with rejoicing, this half century which is to fill out your natural three score years and ten. Most fortunate are they whose manhood is bounded by a period destined to be so illustrious. The book that I loved most in childhood was an old red-bound volume which described the heroes of the American revolution. As I thumbed those pages over and over, it seemed to me that the world could never again look upon achievements so noble, generals so patriotic, commander-in-chief so magnanimous. How I used to lament that I had not lived just across the century line so that I could have witnessed those thrilling scenes, watched the principal actors therein, studied the benignant face of Washington and joined in the procession to Mount Vernon.

But the other week I went to Oak Ridge to see the final arrangements within the monument. There in the memorial chamber was the well-worn surveyor's chain; there was the old compass, with the needle pointing as it did when Lincoln ran the lines only a few miles from where we stand, and straight-way to imagination the muddy Sangamon became a more historic stream than the Scamander of which Homer loved to sing—and next the eye caught the blood-stains on the robe of Laura Keene, immortalized by that awful tragedy—and then across the field of memory swept the vanished half century with its moral agitations, its political revolutions, its mighty

march of inspiring ideas. And I said to myself, how short sighted was the boy who used to look backward and sigh that he could not have lived when the thirteen colonies published the Declaration and fought their way to Independence! It is better to have been a witness of the Re-generation. Bunker Hill and Trenton and Yorktown are less than Shiloh and Gettysburg and Richmond. Shall one be consumed with regret that he never saw the faces of Warren and Greene and La Fayette, after he has heard the voices of Grant and Sherman and Sheridan?

You also, my friends, have often said to yourselves, impatiently, why could not we have come to our manhood a generation ago? Why could not we have had some part in those grand affairs? Why need we be confined to these plodding, uneventful years? Believe me, yours is a still more exalted privilege. You are to see the *world evangelized*. Mount Vernon tells of a nation born. Oak Ridge is eloquent of a republic saved. But Gethsemane's cry is possible redemption for all mankind. And the half century which stretches out before you is the half century chosen of Jehovah for the proclamation of salvation to every race and people and tribe under the whole heaven.

And now, as we bid you an affectionate farewell, here upon the threshold of the untried, we solemnly charge you to heed the high calling of your half century. Choose that vocation in which you can do most for the coming of the kingdom, and be happiest in the King's jubilee.

BACCALAUREATE ADDRESS.

BEFORE THE CLASS OF 1888.

"And the house, when it was in building, was built of stone made ready before it was brought thither; so that there was neither hammer, nor ax, nor any tool of iron, heard in the house when it was in building."—I Kings vi: 7.

In the first struggling dawn of a winter morning, I was approaching the city of Washington. Drawing aside a curtain of the palace car, I saw in the distance, as if it were let down from heaven, what looked like a great globe, spectral-white. I studied it a moment in wonder, and then the thought flashed upon me that the seeming apparition was the lofty dome of the national capitol. The pulse quickened and the breath came faster, as the eye rested upon that silent emblem of the majesty of the republic. I realized the emotion of the moslem pilgrim, when Mecca breaks in view, and he exclaims in awe: "Allah Akbar!" "Gcd is great!" I sympathized with the devout Catholic, when he looks for the first time upon the dome of St. Peter. I understood, as never before, what must have been the feeling of the Jew, when he went up to the metropolis and gazed upon that temple, built without sound of ax, or hammer, or tool of iron, a voiceless witness to the blessedness of that nation whose ruler is Jehovah.

The completion of that structure was the crowning glory of the reign of Solomon. There is no more significant object lesson in history. The plan was unique in conception and in execution. The edifice rose before the world, a most impressive visi-

ble manifestation of the doctrine, that the Omnipotent chooseth secrecy and stillness for the accomplishment of his designs. It said to the eye under the old dispensation, what Jesus said to the ear under the new dispensation: "The Kingdom of God cometh not with observation." The rising of one stone upon another, without the sound of ax, or hammer, or tool of iron, was like the growing of the mustard seed, and the working of the hidden leaven. You cannot find a happier illustration of the unity of purpose between the Old Testament and the New.

And when you close this volume of written Revelation, you may discover the same doctrine in nature and in life.

The generation is mechanical. Wheels and cogs and iron bands preach their gospel with ceaseless clatter, rattle and clang. It is a genuine gospel. God forbid that we should decry the source of blessings manifold unto mankind. Dynamite and explosives of every description have their mission of beneficence. Worthless to the world is the recluse, who betakes himself to the solitudes, affrighted by the din and uproar inseparable from modern civilization.

Still the times do not demand an increase of the apostles of these noisy self-asserting agencies. There will always be sufficient Popular Science monthlies and Scientific Americans to crowd such instrumentalities to the front. But we are in danger of underrating those forces and activities which operate, invisibly and inaudibly. The passing paroxysm of the volcano and the earthquake, so engross our thought, that we heed not those far greater wonders of the planet, the quiet deposition of the

strata, in progress for untold ages, and the gradual preparation of the earth to become the home of ever-advancing types of life. The shriek of the steam whistle, and the revolution of the driving-wheel absorb the attention of the multitude, who never reflect upon the whirling of the nebulae, and the *secret* of the noisy, obtrusive spectacle, in the burial of the sun's light, heat and motive power, in the coal measures of the carboniferous era.

The cry of fire is heard. The engine thunders along the street. The hose is adjusted, and, presently, a stream of water is driven to the topmost story of the burning building. As the raging flames give way, you look with loving admiration upon the panting fire-king, and rightly exclaim, wonderful, wonderful power! Go out into the forest some calm summer day. The foliage is motionless. The stillness is oppressive. But, all around, innumerable force-pumps are driving the water up from its reservoirs, through trunks, and limbs, and leaves. Compared with this silent agency, how insignificant is the power displayed by that noisy engine! The latter quenches what is destroying one of the perishing structures of man. The former sustains the forest, that casts upon the earth, as it were, the very shadow of God.

From Alpine height, a ponderous boulder comes crashing down, to smite the glittering face of Switzerland's icy wonder, Mer De Glace. What cares the glacier? With leisurely contempt, it bears the monster on, to cast it off at the foot of the moraine. But that huge thing, in its first descent, frightens a pebble from its resting place, and drives it out upon that solid, shining river. And the pebble grows warm

from solar heat, and slowly settles beneath the surface; and rills of water come, and set it grinding there; and that pocket is worn larger and deeper; and, by and by, that tiny stone finds its way down to the very heart of the glacier.

Long years ago, a friend and I were spending a short vacation among the Coast Mountains. On Saturday, we reached Astoria, a town rendered historic by the enterprise of John Jacob Astor and by the pen of Washington Irving. The village is situated near the mouth of the Columbia, which, because of its wrathful waters, was called, by Theodore Winthrop, the "Achilles of Rivers." The stream is there seven miles in width. Across it extends a line of breakers, the dread of mariners. Upon that reef many gallant ships have been broken in pieces. There are but two narrow channels through which vessels may pass in safety. On the morning after our arrival, as we were not presentable for church, we went below the town to spend the hours alone. The shore was sloping, like the beach of the sea. Throwing our blankets down, and ourselves upon them, we turned our faces ocean-ward. As the current of the river swept west-ward, it struck upon that rocky barrier, and the water was dashed backward and upward, fifty, sixty feet. Then as the waves came rolling in from the Pacific, and threw themselves upon that defiant reef, they were hurled backward seventy-five, a hundred feet. We watched the sight awhile, in wondering silence, and then found ourselves talking naturally of forces material and forces spiritual, of political convulsions and of those who had figured in them; of moral revolutions and of the actors therein, our faces, all the time turned ocean-

ward. Meanwhile, slowly up that shelving shore, the silent tide was stealing. At last it touched our feet. That was the first intimation of its coming. In the rear there was a slight depression, and along that hollow path the noiseless water was creeping. The place where we are lying will soon become an island; the island will grow smaller and smaller; presently there will be no island. Ah! said we both, as we retreated to a higher station, the power is not all down there among those roaring breakers. Here is a mightier force in this voiceless tide. That battle of the elements can be seen and heard only a little distance. But here is an influence that is felt away up the river yonder, farther than eye can penetrate, or ear catch the sound.

The lesson is the same when you turn from physical phenomena to study the progress of civilization. What is the true philosophy of history? The question is usually answered in one of two ways. Macaulay and Carlyle are the best representatives of those who offer one explanation; Knight and McMaster are the best representatives of those who present the other. Macaulay selects brilliant epochs and striking characters, paints them with all the splendors of his marvelous imagination; and declares that such are the agencies which have decided the destinies of the race. Carlyle, caring less for rhetoric and stage effect, with extravagant ruggedness, exalts gigantic prowess, whether it be like that of a Samson or of a Frederick the Great, proclaiming that men like these rule their own generation, and lay down the law which governs the generation following. Macaulay and Carlyle are in substantial accord, inasmuch as they seek to trace the general course of

events to the few who have been conspicuous actors in the drama of the ages. On the other side, Knight and McMaster, while acknowledging the influence of those who have thus stood in the foreground of affairs, stoutly maintain that such men, though seemingly autocratic in swaying events, are really thrust into position, and held there by forces which proceed from the people.

These two conflicting views give the world two different kinds of histories. Contrast Macaulay's History of England and Knight's History of the English People, the materials selected by a Carlyle and the materials selected by a McMaster.

Is either philosophy of civilization complete in itself, and exclusive of the other? One certainly makes a more fascinating story than the other. The first invokes sentiment and romance. The second suggests no genius, except the genius of the commonplace and the homely. Either needs the other.

This is the true statement of the case. The farther you go back into antiquity, the greater is the power of a few individuals, remarkable, either for physical or mental endowments. With every added century, the importance of such individuals diminishes, and the importance of the multitude increases. The first principle would naturally govern in writing the annals of the Roman republic, the second in writing the annals of the American republic. The history of antiquity is substantially the history of the few. It will remain so. The history of the future will be substantially the history of the many. In olden times, the man made the era. Now the era makes the man. There is no reason to believe that in the days of Alexander forces were in operation which

would then have produced the same results, if he had been strangled in his cradle. It is not likely that there were many other cradles in which were lying possible Alexanders, some one of whom would have had Alexander's illustrious career, had he come to an untimely end. But, had that plot succeeded, which was formed to destroy Abraham Lincoln, on his way to Washington for inauguration, though the course of events would have been retarded somewhat, there would have appeared another, competent to work out the same political problem. General Grant once put the idea very tersely, at a banquet given in his honor. Said he, "I must dissent from the remark that I saved the country, during the recent war. If our country could be either saved or ruined by any one man, we should not have a country, and we should not be celebrating the Fourth of July. If I had never held command, if I had fallen, if all our generals had fallen, there were ten thousand behind us who would have done the work just as well."

To utter such sentiments does not belittle benefactors, does not aim a blow at hero-worship. It simply sets in bold relief the fact, that still mightier than the force which startles the world with grand display, is the hidden principle, noiselessly gathering its stores of power, till it must have expression, and then compelling the ready herald to arise and utter the proclamation, and the waiting chieftain, to enforce the message, with all the pomp and circumstance and horror of war. It is not denied that the representative men of modern epochs even, have a mighty reflex influence upon their times. Their freedom and moulding agency in the revolutions

which take place, are fully acknowledged, still the fact remains, that they are greater debtors to the movements of the period, than are the movements of the period to them. It is sufficient honor for any man, to catch the preference of his generation, adapt himself to it, divine its tendency, and have a noble part in shaping that tendency to ends most beneficent. Ill does it become such a one to magnify effects, and the importance of his own immediate agency, and thus seek not the great underlying ultimate causes, without which he would remain unknown.

The same principle finds illustration in the building of institutions of learning. They rise, like Solomon's temple without sound of ax, or hammer, or tool of iron. There are exceptions, like the proposed Stanford University in California, but they are so few that they only prove the rule. Palaces of trade and chambers of commerce are noisy in construction and obtrusive in their work. This is not said, as a ground of reproach. They thus best subserve the ends of their existence. Everything should be "after its kind." There is a prevailing law of life in agencies, human and divine. It is unwise to try to crowd one type into conformity with another. By favoring the freest development of each, we contribute most to the well-being of the world. The sound of hammer and ax and tool of iron in manufactories and rolling mills is presumptive evidence of their prosperity. Silence, there, means bankruptcy to the capitalist and starvation to the laborer. A furnace in blast gladdens the heart, for it speaks of productive consumption. It chills, like walking through a graveyard, to travel through a manufacturing region where the fires are drawn and

the smoke-stacks stand black and breathless. A full anvil chorus is the only music in harmony with the surroundings. Furthermore, let us not indulge in the common folly of trying to put a rolling mill into one end of the scale and a college into the other, to ascertain their comparative value to the world. The two are different in kind, and they must be measured by different standards. Instead of engaging in an endless and profitless debate, respecting their relative importance, why not, at once, acknowledge their discrete nature and rejoice in the blessings which both confer. *Give us the tongs of Vulcan, but bring also the harp of Apollo.* The human race needs both for its comfort and gladness. Neither should be degraded for the exaltation of the other. Let each have its day of celebration.

We, therefore, urge, this afternoon, the thought that tests which are appropriate, in the realm of mechanical industries shall not be applied in the province of ideas. It is in that province, that institutions of learning have their genesis and growth. The secret of their origin is buried in the heart of faith and hope and consecration. The precious things for their building are brought from many sources and from long distances. The process is slow and wearisome. There are self-denials which make no showy parade. Prayer and toil and precious life are invested in the structure, as the conception takes form and proportion, without the sound of hammer, or ax, or tool of iron. Single years attract no special notice. The growth is like the coral growth beneath the surface of the world's clamorous affairs. But the noiseless accretions fail not. From time to time, quiet hands bring and place there another stone,

the base broadens and the height increases, men scarcely know how. Other structures rise with loud acclaim, to crumble slowly into ruin, or to fall with sudden, deafening crash; but these abide from generation to generation.

Till within a half century, how little was there at Harvard to arrest the attention of those who judge only from the tangible and the startling! Go back of the recent period of ambitious display. How little does the world know of those two centuries of unobtrusive benevolence, when widows' mites and mothers' prayers, and laymen's contributions, and ministerial faithfulness, and teachers' poorly paid toil, were establishing massive foundations for the proudest and the most enduring structure between the two oceans! The echoes from Plymouth Rock and Bunker Hill may become fainter and fainter with successive centennials, but the voice of "Fair Harvard" will grow stronger, sweeter, more persuasive, till time shall be no longer.

A single seed planted in the soil of Massachusetts, like the Psalmist's handful of corn on the top of the mountain, bringing forth after its kind, taketh possession of every state and territory of the republic.

Moreover, while the edification of our colleges goes on without sound of ax, or hammer, or tool of iron, and while the standards for estimating their value do not primarily appeal to the senses, their influence is all-pervasive in whatever concerns the spread of material civilization. They foster, as does no other agency, the spirit of patient research, which insures scientific discovery and mechanical invention. They quicken the thought, which gives impulse to progress in agriculture, manufactures and commerce.

They inquire into the secrets of political and social problems, and quietly mediate between the antagonisms of men who are blinded by prejudice and selfishness. But their chief benefaction to the world lies in the moulding of individual character, the development of which is like their own, unobtrusive, yet excellent and, in its influence, wide-spread and abiding.

Edification in mental and moral power should be the governing idea in the life of every human being. The temple of Solomon is the type of the process and the product. Forget not the long years of preparation, before there was aught to attract the attention of Jerusalem. Unknown workmen who never appeared upon the streets of the capital, were getting ready the stones in the quarries of Lebanon, and searching for the noblest cedars in the distant forests of the mountain of the Lord. The ships of Tyre, withdrawn from their secular mission, were spreading their white wings up and down the Mediterranean, in the secret service of Jehovah. Thus, like the wise king, does the wise man always laboriously and patiently gather from afar the materials which are at length to fit into their appropriate places in the structure which shall rise acceptable unto God. Faith finds here her sphere for perfect work. We cannot see the uses of these preliminary mental and moral disciplines. Imagination refuses to take each block and beam at which we hew so wearily, and set it solid and fair in an inspiring picture of the future temple of the soul. But the divine architect has drawn for us, individually, a plan well-pleasing to himself. He would superintend its realization. Under his direction, no honest work, though it be done

in the loneliest solitudes of life, which seem so profitless, shall fail to contribute somewhat, in the fullness of time, toward the building of that structure, which shall rise, without sound of hammer, or ax, or tool of iron, and which the God of Israel shall honor as his dwelling-place.

Young Gentlemen of the Graduating Class:—This is an hour of inspection, an inspection of foundations. At graduation, the structure has risen no higher than the basement story. To many there would be more satisfaction in the examination of a completed edifice. But you have noticed that there are not a few, who take special delight in visiting any locality where a cellar is newly dug and the masonry begins to show above the surface. Imagination is highly gratified by using the suggestions of the ground work, to divine the builder's purpose, and in vision to anticipate the super-structure. Even the little that has been done says distinctly, either cottage, or mansion, or temple; whereupon appears some picture, with its prophecies of homely happiness, or of lavish display, or of inspiring worship.

So now to you is directed the eager attention of this sympathetic audience. All are inquiring what sort of foundations have these youth been laying and what are they going to build. Within the next thirty days, you will hear the annual Jeremiad over the worthlessness of a college education, and over another host of young men turned out upon a world, in which they are utterly incompetent to master the situation.

There are probably present a few who are looking on with a mixture of contempt for what they have been doing the last four years, and of pity for you, as

a fresh group of Innocents Abroad during the four years to come.

But very different is the prevailing sentiment.

Upon the countenances of instructors may be read approbation, congratulation and expectation.

The speaker, after the most satisfactory and delightful year of his life as a teacher, utters only words of benediction.

Yonder is a father who has occasionally seemed to you rather old-fashioned in some of his notions, you have been amazed that he should not always realize how much larger the allowance ought to be for the collegian of to-day than it was for the student of the last generation. Now and then, it has been hard to bear his incredulity about some of your statements, his independence concerning your opinions and his utter forgetfulness of what was due to Senior dignity. Nevertheless, he is this moment saying to himself, though he would not say it to you, that the investment is a good one, that the boy has made a hopeful beginning, that the fellow is growing manly, and, in fact, that the son bids fair to be a great improvement on the sire.

There is a mother pondering these things in her heart. She has always been doing a thousand services which you could not have got done for money, and which no other love would have thought of. You have taken them as matters of course, with scant appreciation. Sometimes you have chafed under her anxious watchfulness, and vented your vexation in words which you would not have uttered to your father. But she has forgotten it all this afternoon, and in her thought the past is sweet with

cradle song, the present lights up with pride, and the future glows with anticipation.

How big you look to the small boy in the family! And you will increase in magnitude till the complete transfiguration of commencement morning.

And not far distant is the sister. Because she was only your sister, you have failed to be gallant, now and then, yet, as she looks this way, her face expresses nothing but radiant faith in what you are to do and to be.

There, too, sits the sister of somebody else. She has never had occasion to suppose that a petulant word could fall from your lips, or a discourtesy mar your demeanor. She discovers no defect in the foundation. God make your hands clean and your heart pure, that you may be worthy of the inspiration, and build according to the fairness of the vision!

And while you listen to that voice bidding you build for *home*, harken, also, to the united voice of this great congregation, calling upon you to build for society, and commonwealth, and republic.

And, if there be one of your number, who, till this day, has neglected to lay the corner-stone of Christian faith, let him now, in this sacred stillness, without sound of hammer, or ax, or tool of iron, bring into place that head of the corner, without which there can be no building for eternity.

BACCALAUREATE ADDRESS.

BEFORE THE CLASS OF 1889.

THE COLLEGE AS A COMMERCIAL, CIVILIZING AND CHRISTIANIZING INVESTMENT.

Cotton Mather declared that the best thought which New England had ever had, was the Christian college. He made the assertion, in view of the services rendered church and state by the institution in question. But the claim would be valid on financial grounds also. No other property of the same amount has been worth so much in dollars and cents to Cambridge and the neighboring city of Boston as what is invested in Harvard. No other lines of business, with equal capital, have contributed to the wealth of New Haven as has the business carried on by the Yale corporation. A million dollars in fertilizers would not have given the Berkshire hills the real estate value imparted by Williams. In other parts of Massachusetts you ride for miles asking what is this region good for, till suddenly Amherst breaks upon the view, and you see what has made the railroad on which you have come. For its size, the richest plant in the city of Beloit is the plant of Beloit college. When men of strong faith knelt in the snow and dedicated to God the Wabash college that was to be, it meant a shower of gold for the Crawfordsville of the future. Financially it would be a less disastrous thing for Jacksonville to have her ten wealthiest men go into bankruptcy than to see Illinois College extinguished. What would prop-

erty be worth to-day in Grinnell had the cyclone blotted Iowa College out forever? Solely on a commercial basis, dollar for dollar, the Christian college is the best thing ever thought of, east or west.

And what is true for "town" is true for "gown." A college may fit a man to live, but it unfits him to make a living. He who would thrive in business has no business in any college except a business college. Such is the creed of the world, the flesh and the other party. Study the annals of the pulpit. The ministers who draw the largest salaries in the largest cities are college-bred men. No others need candidate. This church would never think of welcoming to its pastorate one who has not taken a degree at some reputable institute of liberal learning. In the country towns, also, this question affects both the call and the compensation. There is not in the house a college-bred minister who does not know that the training received at his alma mater has put more money into his pocket than he could have got in the ministry without that training. There is not in the house a minister deprived of such early advantages who does not feel keenly that the fact of the deprivation has always lowered his wages.

Other things being equal, the college puts more money into the pockets of the lawyer, big or little. Other things being equal, the college puts more money into the pockets of the physician, great or small. Such statements respecting the three learned professions will meet little opposition. But enter the province of politics, which borders upon the province of law. The facts fall less under common observation, and the brilliant career of some Henry Clay often blinds the multitude to the truth in dis-

pute. But read any history of England, written by whig or tory, radical or conservative, and you must acknowledge that the forces which have swayed the islands and the continents, have issued from the universities rather than from the people or the throne. If, however, this is not conclusive, because few except university men have enjoyed those splendid opportunities, study the subject in the light of American democracy. I need not recite the well-known facts concerning representatives, and senators, and judges, and governors, and presidents. They substantiate the assertion of Dr. Crafts, that the collegian has seven hundred and fifty times as many chances of political eminence as any other man. Still, as germane to the strictly financial view of the theme, remember that all the secretaries of the treasury for the first twenty-five years of our national life were college-bred; and that the same may be said of two-thirds of the secretaries of the treasury from the beginning until now. Salmon P. Chase, who filled that office so nobly during the darkest days of the rebellion, was a graduate of Dartmouth.

When you turn from the high places at Washington you confront the same fact in studying the great enterprises which have multiplied the wealth of the country a thousand fold. The prophetic spirit and the liberal hand of Chancellor Livingston, an alumnus of Columbia, gave Fulton the courage and the money to launch the steamboat on the Hudson. DeWitt Clinton, a graduate of the same institution, thought out for New York her first great system of internal improvements, and gladdened the republic by "wedding the lakes and the ocean." Morse brought with his diploma from Yale the quickened

brain which electrified the continent with the telegraph. In a recent *New Englander*, Rev. S. H. Lee makes the happy hit that Charles Francis Adams not only does not find the ancient fetich fatal to his own hold upon a Pacific railroad, but slyly slips into the best positions on the line the sons of that alma mater so roundly berated the other year. In a conversation of railroad magnates not many months ago, when search was made for the man who combined the most remarkable capacity for details and the most wonderful mastery of principles, the choice fell upon Aldace F. Walker, a graduate of Middlebury, now honored as the chairman of the inter-state railway association.

It is well-known in literary circles that within a quarter of a century, college men have become the managers of almost all of the leading publishing houses in America. Twenty years ago it was exceedingly difficult for a collegian to obtain a position upon a metropolitan journal. I am told that a favorite decoration upon the walls of more than one editorial sanctum, was the picture of a college sheepskin with a donkey's head protruding, and the degree of A. M. expanded into *Asinus Major*. But mark the change. I learn, by personal inquiry, that in 1872, on the business, editorial and reportorial staff of a leading secular paper in Chicago only two college men were employed, but that the number has been steadily increasing till now ten such men are employed. My informant states that this case is representative, that the same process has been going on in the other great dailies, and that it is safe to say, that the same proportion of college men have prominent places on the six most influential secular

journals in the metropolis. What is true in Chicago must be true in the other principal centers of population. The colleges are pushing toward the front in the editorial profession.

Follow the inquiry into lines of business seemingly more remote from the higher learning. Cyrus McCormick, Sr., would not have given his son a liberal education had he supposed that it would spoil that son for a partnership with himself. And is not Cyrus McCormick, Jr., able to handle as many machines as did his father? J. V. Farwell, Sr., took the same sort of risk with his boy. J. V. Farwell, Jr., is proving himself abundantly competent to occupy the place of his sire when the latter shall be called up higher.

Turn to the Yale catalogue for 1862 and you will see in the graduating class the name of Franklin MacVeagh, the great wholesale grocer of Chicago. Though he enjoys writing articles which the magazines are glad to publish, and though you might suppose that his literary sense would have destroyed his taste for syrups and sugars, and that his college discipline would have loosened his grip on tea chests and cargoes of coffee, go down to the corner of Lake and Wabash Avenue for enlightenment on the question.

Ask E. W. Blatchford, whether he would have made more money, or less money, in running oil mills and shot towers, if he had employed in some other way the four years spent at Illinois College. In Denver, only the other day, a friend informed me that he heard from N. S. Bouton, one of the foremost iron and steel manufacturers of the interior, the statement that college-bred men were taking the

lead of all others in the scientific manipulation of iron and steel. One of my own college professors is just now employed by a St. Louis syndicate as the chemist in perfecting a product which bids fair to supplant the Bessemer.

Did time permit, these illustrations might be gladly multiplied, but this portion of the discussion must be brought to a close, and I content myself with quoting a recent letter from Charles A. Pillsbury, the senior partner in the great firm of Minneapolis millers: "In answer to your favor, I would say that I have had several college graduates in my office. In every case they have given splendid satisfaction, as they learn the details much more rapidly, and seem to take hold of the principles of business in a more business-like manner. In every instance that I can think of, the college graduates in our employ have either been promoted to the heads of their departments, or have gone into business for themselves. I think a man with a good college education and a few years discipline in a well-regulated business office, is as well fitted for business life as it is possible for a man to be." Here, then, I rest the contention in favor of college training, as a rich money investment for every vocation in which the brain is supreme over brawn.

Next consider the college as a civilizing investment. It was shown in the beginning that institutions of higher learning create and sustain commercial values in the localities where they are planted.

But this is not their chief recommendation to those who estimate riches aright. If nothing more could be said for them the plea now made would ill-become

this presence. Colleges, while promotive of wealth, temper the merely mercantile spirit, and prevent it from becoming a curse within the circle where their influence is felt. They rebuke the greed of gain for its own sake, and teach the legitimate uses of money. In this division of the theme no reference is made to the demands of religion. Attention is confined to the province of social science. For the time we are interested in nothing but the most excellent worldly citizenship. In a strictly earthly sense there is nothing finer than a certain charm, better felt than described, about an old college town. You get suggestions of it in the vicinity of some of the better institutions of the interior. But in its perfection it is the product of generations and centuries.

Transport a man from the prairies to the neighborhood of an institution which counts its years by the hundred and he will at first rebel against a certain donnishness, snobbishness and priggishness which he encounters at every turn. But, let him remain a few days and he will discover, beneath these surface eruptions, a quality of life which he would gladly take back to his western home, but which he finds that he cannot separate from its surroundings, and that he could not transport and naturalize, if separable. This quality can never be either exported or imported. It has to be home-made. The agencies which produce it are always local. They issue from college centers. They are felt inversely as the square of the distance. And, though you never know how far they reach, they make a vivid impression only within narrow bounds.

In a democracy there is an irrepressible conflict between coarse quantity and fine quality. The for-

mer has immense advantages in the struggle. The chief hope of the latter lies in the multiplication of institutions of higher learning and their general distribution throughout the country. A few universities will not suffice. A few universities, with multitudes of colleges clustered around them at the great centers of population, will not suffice. The question is not now raised whether the individuals who resort to such institutions would or would not receive the education best adapted to their personal wants. Remember that we are at present considering the general influence of a college upon its environment. The centralization of educational forces in a republic cannot produce the highest civilization in a republic. Local contact between institution and people is indispensable. Fifty years ago the planting of western colleges was chiefly urged on the ground that young men on the frontier could not obtain an education at the east, because of distance, time and expense, but many now suppose that express trains have so reduced distance, time and expense, that the main argument has lost its weight, and the principal reason for the existence of fresh water colleges has had its day. But the great argument for the vigorous support of country colleges throughout the country grows more and more impressive with the carving out of every new territory and the admission of every new state.

Said Henry Ward Beecher: "I plead for colleges as the shortest way of pleading for the people." That colleges may most abundantly bless the people, they must have closest neighborhood to the people. Leaven works through contact. I would not under-rate the mighty influence of primary and secondary

education. Let our colleges heartily co-operate with the state superintendent of public instruction in his untiring efforts to dignify the district schools and the high schools of the common-wealth. The better they are the better will it be for liberal learning. The cause is one. At the same time I venture the assertion that there is not a man in the house who would subscribe more heartily than Dr. Edwards himself to this emphatic declaration by Charles Eliot Norton: "If our civilization is to be prevented from degenerating into a glittering barbarism of immeasurable vulgarity and essential feebleness; if our material prosperity is to become but the symbol and source of mental energy and moral excellence, it is by the support, the increase and the steady improvement of the institutions devoted to the highest education of youth."

Though these agencies are unobtrusive in their ordinary operations, they assert themselves with tremendous power in the crises of history. Lord Cornwallis declared that the American revolution would not have broken out till half a century later but for Harvard. Moreover, college men fought as they thought and thought as they fought in the war for independence. So was it in the rebellion. Our own war governor was the first graduate of our oldest college. One of Dr. Theron Baldwin's most brilliant reports showed how the splendid achievements of the gallant fellows who east and west forsook their classes for the battlefield, won the admiration of the country and poured seven millions of dollars into the treasuries of deserted institutions from 1861 to 1866.

Listen to similar testimony from a traveler in the

old world: "Robert College is the finest building on the shore of the Hellespont. Thither resort the young men of the first families of the east. They are of nine different languages, and of nine different religions. The result is that the administration of the east is coming largely into the hands of the men who have been trained in the college.

You would have had no successful revolution in Bulgaria but for the presence of these men. Indeed, an authority whom every one would respect, has said that, powerful as England is in Turkey, from the strength of her navy, and from the successful diplomacy of Lord Stratford de Redclyff; powerful as France is from the ingenuity of her diplomacy and the traditional respect which the Sultan's government has for the French; powerful as Austria is, from her contiguity and her rights on the Danube; powerful as Russia is because she has a policy which she will hold to generation after generation, yet the United States of America has more power in Turkey to-day than any one of these four great nations. And the United States owes that power almost wholly to the work of the young men up and down through the east, who have been under the influence of Robert College."

Concerning teachers thus engaged, hearken to the quaint utterances of Lord Bacon: "Their love of learning is not natural curiosity, nor inquisitive appetite, nor for entertainment and delight, nor for ornament and reputation; not for victory of wit, not for lucre, not as a couch of rest, not as a terrace for prospect, not as a tower of pride, not as a fort for command, not as a shop for profit; but to give a true account of the gift of reason to the benefit and use

of man, and to erect a rich storehouse for the glory of the Creator and the relief of man's estate."

There are in our higher institutions of every grade, sixty thousand youth. There are within our borders sixty millions of people. Sixty thousand to sixty million. One to a thousand. Gentlemen, in the advance of American civilization, the one leads the thousand.

In the third place, consider the college as a Christianizing investment. The three r's of the curriculum are reason, righteousness and revelation. The high places of the curriculum are not only the Aventine and the Areopagus, but also Sinai and the Mount of Beatitudes.

The sixty thousand youth are not only the hope of the republic, but also the hope of the kingdom. We often lament the fact that the colleges are sending into the ministry a smaller proportion of their students than at an earlier day. That fact is deplorable. But it does not warrant the conclusion that the institutions are abandoning the faith. Never before have they contained so large a percentage of religious students. Never before have the latter maintained Christian associations so vigorous.

When we are distressed over the shortage in pulpit supply, we may find no little comfort in the thought that, if the colleges have lost relatively as a ministerial agency, they have gained relatively as a general Christian agency. Formerly the ministry was the manifest destiny of the religious student. Latterly he recognizes no such law of moral compulsion. The conservation of forces prevails in the spiritual as well as in the natural world. What flowed in one strong current may diffuse itself and in lesser streams

reach the same destination. Subtraction from a single profession means additions to other vocations. Christian life in college for quantity and quality is superior to that of other generations. The picked youth of the nation are congregated within these institutions. And the selection is moral selection.

Statistics show that of the seven millions of young men in this country only five per cent. are church members. But of the sixty thousand pupils in these institutions from thirty-five to fifty per cent. are church members. The percentage of church members in the families of the republic is twenty. The percentage of church members in the colleges of the republic is more than forty. The boy is far safer in the average college than he is in the average home. He has more religious associates. He is brought under more religious influences constant and special. The chances are greater that he will retain his integrity, if upright, and that he will be converted, if a sinner.

In addition to the action of youth upon youth should be mentioned the relation of teacher to pupil. We live in an age of specialties. College faculties are not composed so largely of ministers, as in earlier times. Many conclude that the professor's influence has lost much of its spirituality. This does not follow. The specialist makes a stronger instructor than would the clergyman in most departments, and he is not, as a rule, less earnest in his religious life. The only difference is that he is not so likely to magnify the ministerial profession before his classes. I have no doubt that the theological seminaries are suffering, to some extent, from the fact that the specialists are crowding the ministers out of the college faculties.

On this score, but not on the score of general religious influence, do I lament the change.

Again, the curriculum itself is eloquent for God and Christ. This may not be evident in the earlier stages of the linguistic, scientific and mathematical discipline. But all such wearisome culture comes to rich fruitage in the later years. Our farmers sometimes assert that they can literally see and hear the corn grow, as it thrusts out the ear and pushes up the tassel. No less wonderful and delightful is it to watch the sudden expansion of the intellect and the transfiguration of the moral faculties as the youth pursues the last quarter of his course. The studies of the senior year are as profoundly religious as any in the technical school of the prophets. The views thus gained for the first time concerning matter and mind and spirit and Creator and Redeemer are the noblest preparation for Christian citizenship.

But while it is scarcely possible to over estimate the religious influence which the colleges exert upon the world by sending into all vocations those whom they have trained to love truth and righteousness, there is no other one way in which they manifest their Christianizing power so nobly as in the preparation of candidates for the theological seminaries. Without a liberally educated ministry, the church cannot maintain her supremacy over mankind. Let there be no attack upon Salvation Armies. Cast no contempt upon any genuine evangelistic movement. Bid Mr. Moody and others God-speed in their efforts to prepare laymen for special work in city and country. Enlarge the schools of the prophets, so that there shall be room for the training of those who have had limited opportunities, but who exhibit

marked natural abilities and boundless enthusiasm for the salvation of souls. Treat with the most brotherly affection all who, however poorly qualified, try to preach the gospel and to extend the kingdom of our adorable Lord.

Still the power behind the throne of God on earth is and is to be a liberally educated ministry. A fervid, undisciplined evangelism may sweep through a territory with astonishing results, and yet be powerless to hold the region which it has overrun. No religious conquest can be made permanent without a host of consecrated men thoroughly drilled in colleges and theological seminaries. A denomination which recognizes this as a fundamental fact and governs its course thereby will prosper. A denomination which neglects to recruit the corps of the reserve will find its supremacy declining and vanishing away. Ecclesiastical history speaks with no uncertain voice upon this question.

Methodism is the most instructive example. Though born at Oxford, on coming to America she concealed her university parentage and made her first conquests in the wilderness by the sword of the Spirit in the hands of enthusiastic, but illiterate, preachers. For fifty years she did not establish a single institution of higher learning on this continent. But then she discovered her mistake. She saw that if she would retain what she had gained she must bring her pulpits abreast with the best civilization. She began the planting of colleges. That was in 1815. Since then no other denomination has relatively made so magnificent progress in founding and fostering such institutions, and thus extending and consolidating her power.

Congregationalism laid the cornerstone of the first college on these shores nearly two centuries earlier. She has long borne the palm as the college building polity, but is she not in danger of losing her crown? Is it certain that some other denomination has not already taken it away? Our churches do not care for our colleges as they did in former days. Let the colleges languish and the churches will lose their grip on the western continent.

On commercial, civilizing and Christianizing grounds, these institutions stand approved.

The college!—The old apostrophe is justified :

“O, relic and type of our ancestors’ worth,
That has long kept their memory warm;
First flower of their wilderness, star of their night,
Calm rising through change and through storm.”

“Thomas Jefferson, the author of the Declaration of Independence and the founder of the University of Virginia!” Such was the epitaph written for himself by our wisest American statesman.

How consonant was the thought of John Bright, the best friend that America ever had in England! As in his old age he sat one day on the lawn of Goldwin Smith, at Oxford, looking at the towers and spires, listening to their chimes and yielding to the spell of the score of illustrious colleges clustering there, he was overheard saying to himself: “It would be very pleasant to be eighteen, and to be coming here.”

Fellow-citizens, reckoning the population of this state at three millions and a half, and taking the statistics of the last report of the commissioner of education, you will find that we have only one dollar

and twenty-two cents a head invested in the grounds, buildings, apparatus and endowment funds of all our colleges. No wonder that so few of our youth are inspired with a passionate love for liberal learning. No wonder that of the few so many seek their education in other states, which make munificent provision for the higher education. Is it not high time that we so equip the colleges of Illinois, that, in their beneficent presence, our sons shall be constrained to adopt the words of John Bright: "It is very pleasant to be eighteen and to be coming here."

Young Gentlemen of the Graduating Class:—Let these parting words follow the order of the address just delivered. You have been too well trained in logic, to find in the first part of the discussion any promise that the curriculum now completed will make you rich men. But you should cherish the conviction, that, no matter what vocation you may follow, you will get more dollars and cents out of that vocation, than if you had entered it without the training given by your alma mater.

In the choice of a profession, ask yourselves very seriously, in what calling you can contribute most to the best civilization.

The law is a noble profession. In itself, and through its affinity to politics, it is to an ambitious young man the most attractive of all the professions. It is, however, badly overcrowded. One person in nine hundred in the United States is a lawyer. David Dudley Field bewails this fact. He attributes to it the multiplication of scandals, divorces, and other abominations.

Medicine is a noble profession. Still I have re-

cently traveled through Illinois, Missouri, Nebraska, Colorado, Iowa, Wisconsin and Minnesota, and I have not found anywhere a scarcity of physicians. Doctors are hunting for patients, not patients for doctors.

But the whole region calls for farmers and teachers and ministers. The transformation of what used to be known as the Great American Desert, through irrigation and scientific cultivation, suggests what may be done by mixing brains with the soil, toward diversifying industries, and thus relieving markets now glutted with over-production in lines of business once lucrative. I have spoken so often of a better farming and of a more consecrated ministry, that I would emphasize at this hour only the call for teachers. Some one replies, "that is an easy thing for a college instructor to urge, but how would it be about going out and beginning with a country school?"

Young gentlemen, only a little while after I was standing as you stand now, and feeling as you feel to-night, I was teaching in Mud Prairie, on \$25 a month, and boarding around; and those were the most profitable weeks in my experience. Some of the money of which you have had the benefit in college, found its way, the other year, into the treasury, from the pocket of one of those Mud Prairie directors in 1858. When I came home one morning last summer, after long absence, the first thing to catch my eye was the funeral notice of a big-hearted, little old gentleman, whose latch-string was always out to the district school teacher in those days of boarding around; and I said to myself that all other business must stop till I could go and say a few words

over the coffin of Uncle Tommy Wright, of Mud Prairie.

Whatever you turn to as your life work, carry with you the purpose to dignify citizenship. Brother Hayden and I were entertained during the recent meeting of our State Association in Quincy, at the home of Mr. Edward J. Parker, a prominent banker. At the breakfast table, on the morning of decoration day, we fell to talking of our heritage of civil and religious liberty, and our host expressed the desire, that, on all memorial and festival occasions the stars and stripes might float above every school-house and college in the land, as an object lesson to the people. It was mildly suggested that we had on the Hill an admirable place for the display of the national colors. "You shall have the flag," responded our host. The tall tower of Sturtevant Hall is not a thing of beauty. Architecturally, it is fearfully and wonderfully made. The question has often arisen, what was it made for? The answer is, that we might fly the flag higher above the sea level than anybody else in Central Illinois. And so, on commencement morning, if you Seniors, with all the other fellows, should gather there, and as the new colors are run up for the first time, crack your throats a trifle with the college cry for Illinois and the republic, it would signify that our American colleges stand for what is best in American citizenship.

Higher than the flag rises the cross.

Next Tuesday evening the Christian Association will observe its first anniversary. The Alumni Society, the Sigma Pi Society, and the Phi Alpha Society hold their celebrations *triennially*. The Christian

Association will hold its celebration *annually*. It will then bring to the institution some gifted man from abroad, whose presence shall be the pledge unto God, that, every year, Christian doctrine shall have the first place of honor at Illinois College.

BACCALAUREATE ADDRESS.

BEFORE THE CLASS OF 1890.

"Behold I have given him for a witness to the people; a leader and commander to the people."—Isaiah lv: 4.

MORAL SUPREMACY: ITS SOURCES AND MANIFESTATIONS.

A rigid exegesis would confine the text to Christ and his earthly mission. Such were the limits of the prophet's vision. But it is legitimate to give the words a broader application. In describing the mastership of Jesus, the verse reveals the secret of all noble, spiritual dominion among men. Therefore, instead of making it our great object to exalt the King of Kings in this discourse, let us use his illustrious example, chiefly, to irradiate the general subject announced in the beginning. The theme should be one of absorbing interest to an audience like this, assembled on such a occasion.

Christ was a witness. He came from the bosom of God that he might make known unto men the very heart of God. For thousands of years the race had been perplexing itself over that one question: "What is the heart of God?" "How does he feel towards his creatures?" And poets and priests and philosophers had been giving all sorts of answers. Perplexed by the contradictions, people exclaimed: "These are only guesses after the truth. Nobody knows. Poets and priests and philosophers fashion their deities and then make them the mouthpieces of their own sentiments. Their communings are with their own imaginations, and not with an invis-

ible Creator." The prophets of one favored nation had caught glimpses of Jehovah, and had uttered some limited revelations of his nature and designs. But they had failed to get audience with mankind. Choice spirits of various lands and ages had been thrilled by the mysterious movement of a Power unseen, but adorable. Yet their doctrine gained no credence among the populace.

The world clamored for a *Witness*. At length the Witness came, and the evidence was for the first time satisfactory. The primary function of Christ was testimony. And the primary function of everyone who, in his name, would bless mankind, is testimony. Jesus wins the world by forcing the world to believe that he understands perfectly and reveals infallibly, the heart of God. There is no hesitation, no contradiction in his words. He does not deal in hypotheses. He utters nothing but spiritual facts, from personal experience.

Just there, by contrast, appears our weakness. Our testimony carries with it an indefinable suggestion of being traditional, or uncertain, or insincere. We have heard from the Holy Oracles, or from saintly men and women, that such and such are the dispositions of Jehovah, and we so proclaim them, but the utterance lacks the weight and impressiveness essential to insure conviction. That weight and impressiveness are impossible, unless the soul has been brought into intimate personal relations to God. Such nearness saturates, prints through so that the world *must read*. Men may try simulation, but it will be in vain. Some resort to affectations of familiarity. Appellations of endearment, suitable between man and man, or between man and woman,

are used in addresses to the deity. But the strain of unnaturalness or impropriety, defeats the purpose. A few are attracted, but more are repelled. * * * Others resort to affectations of awful reverence. Their cold and distant ritual is an offense to One who has bidden men call him "Father in Heaven," and it fails to gain credit for sanctity among those who are seeking access to that Father's presence.

The secret lies deeper. It is independent of all externals. The men that captivate us, and bless us, are those who come to us fresh from communion with our Lord. They tell us with a directness and unction admitting no doubt, what they have seen, and heard, and felt, as they have walked with God, and talked with God, and communed with God. It is this which lays hold upon us in the sermons of Bushnell, or Taylor, or Brooks, in the prayers of Beecher, or in the personality of a Simpson, of a Hall, or a Goodell. Scholarship, rhetoric and oratory have their influence, but the breadth and depth of the knowledge of God are the real measure of power over man. It is the meagreness and shallowness of such knowledge of God, that soon make us weary of so many who profess to be the spiritual guides of the people. We come to say "that is bookishness, or a trick of style, or a cunning vocal modulation." Such things wear out in a few months. But let there be some ever fresh suggestion of the secret things which the Most High is ever revealing to one who abides in his very presence, and we never tire of the witness.

You hear not a little about crossing the dead line and losing grip. These calamities are supposed to

be the result of old age, or of premature intellectual decline. This is sometimes the explanation, but still more frequently may the reason be found in the shallowness of the man's religious experiences. He has never fathomed the unsearchable riches of Christ. His spiritual wisdom is little deeper than that of those whom he addresses. He has repeated the same testimony till it has lost its brightness. It is evident that he has told all that he knows of the nature of Jehovah, and that he is learning nothing more. People have no further use for such a witness upon the witness stand; they bid him retire, and call another. The people are not to blame. These consequences may often be avoided by cultivating reverently, but resolutely, an intimacy with the Creator. That should be progressive. That ought to be the fundamental and constant study of those who seek moral supremacy over others. While a man continues to have some new and precious message from above, the world will care very little whether the speaker numbers his years by two-score, or three-score, or four-score.

Such testimony from the lips will have corroborating testimony from the life. It may not shine through the countenance, as did the revelation of Jehovah through the face of Moses, but a quiet spirit will remove deep furrows of anxiety, querulousness will die out of the voice, and the person will be surrounded with an atmosphere of gracious serenity. Original traits will remain. The knowledge of God does not transform a nervous temperament into a phlegmatic temperament, or a melancholy temperament into a sanguine temperament. But despondency will give way to a prevailing cheer-

fulness and a stimulating hopefulness. Moreover, when the consciousness of deity pervades the whole being, it imparts richness and sweetness to all other kinds of knowledge. There is a foolish notion that the cultivation of the closest relations between the earthly child and the Heavenly Father, will in some way narrow the faculties of the former, and hinder his acquisition of the most liberal and varied learning. But who that understands the constitution of the soul is ignorant of the fact that the exercise of the faculties upon any one great theme, enlarges their capacity for action in every department of investigation? The closer man gets to the heart of God, the closer does he get to the heart of science and philosophy; for these are only the partial unfolding of those truths which were in the mind of the Omniscient from the beginning. The spiritual is the most brilliant illuminator of the intellectual. There is no fine, mental attainment which may not thus be glorified. The more numerous the provinces of investigation mastered, the more valuable will be our testimony for God. Only let us begin with that which should always be first, the knowledge of Him. For, say what we will to the contrary, there is to-day no other knowledge which the world so much needs, no other knowledge which the world is so eager for.

And there is no other man who will command so quick attention, and draw so delighted an audience as he who, out of the depths of his own experience, can make some better revelation of what God is to the soul.

But, in the next place, there must also be a knowledge of man, to whom this witness is delivered. Christ knew man as well as he knew God. He thus

served as the easiest medium of communication between the two. But with him no study was necessary. He embraced within himself the fulness of each. A glance within revealed both instantly. But with us the learning, even in the human direction, is slow and laborious. In fact, the study of the finite seems often more perplexing than the study of the infinite. For the former, though insignificant, is a tangle of petty contradictions, while the latter, though so great, is one grand harmony. The training of the schools is necessarily in the knowledge of books, rather than in the knowledge of men. Though books reveal men through the recorded thoughts of the latter, still the information is at second hand. The picture in the looking glass cannot be so satisfactory as the face. Usually, also, the man in the book is not the common man whom you expect to influence, and with whom you should, therefore, be the most eager to get acquainted. In a general way, human nature is the same in every station; but our biographies are chiefly of those who walk life's high places, and their circumstances give them a different complexion from that worn by the struggling crowd. Biographies serve a better purpose as models, or ideals, for ourselves, than as studies of character among the multitude. Even in the humble childhood of Grant, the author is displaying real or supposed indications of manifest destiny, so that the boy figures as an uncommon common boy. If you would learn to be a leader of rail splitters, a day spent with some one who is working up white oak with maul and wedges, would give you much more light upon the subject than a day devoted to any life of the great rail splitter. So soon as one becomes

the hero of a book, an atmosphere of mirage gathers about his cradle, and it wraps him round all along till he sleeps in his coffin, and the king of terrors does not dispel it, even there.

There is the same trouble when you turn to history. The figures that pass before you are the larger figures, and they too, walk in an air of illusion. There is a haze that magnifies. Should men of ordinary stature appear, it is in great, moving bodies, so that no individual face is distinctly revealed. When an author like Knight, abandoning custom, sets about writing the story of the people, rather than of their rulers, he is only partially successful. You do get a better picture of the life of the multitude, but the colors run together, and only the great actors crowd to the front, so as to attract personal attention. Your interest centers in the man who wears the shoulder-straps and who commands to fire, and not in the uniformed body that bites the cartridge and pulls the trigger. The general philosophy of history may be mastered fairly well without any remarkable knowledge of ordinary human nature. Though the nation is made up of individuals, it is the calculation of general averages which shows the trend of national life. That can be figured out in the study, without mingling with the people. But he that would himself shape the movements of the multitude, must make himself familiar with the inner thoughts of the individuals who compose the multitude.

The case is still worse with those who try to learn men through polite literature, for that is even farther removed from the plane of ordinary experience. Polite literature manifests what is true of a

small, select circle. We ought to read Coleridge and Wordsworth, and Emerson, and Browning, but surely not with the notion that we are thus to learn human nature as it is found on farm, in shop, in store, up and down the highways and the byways of the world. The mission of such authors is blessed. They come to us in hours of seclusion with messages of inspiration, when we have withdrawn awhile from the crowd, that in the ideal realm we may refresh ourselves for the better service of mankind.

I am not a believer in that so-called realism in literature which is the rage of the period. It is of the earth earthy. Still it makes one very plausible plea for favor. It claims to withdraw attention from those lofty themes and exalted personages that have hitherto been far too prominent in the reading and the thinking of the race, to popularize every-day scenes and to dignify the ordinary men and women who are the actors therein. If the movement could be rescued from dirty manipulation by the French school of fiction, it might be made a blessing. A literature of common life, which should be kept clean and sweet, would prove exceedingly wholesome. It would be especially beneficial in bringing the upper classes of society to a better understanding of the lower. The study of such books would be a genuine study of man. It would help to quiet antagonism and to foster good will.

The drama is better fitted than any other department of literature to give this knowledge of human nature on which I am insisting. There is no other secular book so good as Shakespeare, for study by one who would become a leader of the people. Nowhere else do we find so complete and masterly

a treatment of the motives which sway all classes and conditions of men. Hamlet and the gravedigger serve the purpose equally well. The mind of the dramatist swings with perfect ease and impartiality from the soliloquy of the prince to the talk of the clown. The author seems to have no more fondness for the former's lofty speculation on life and death, than for the latter's homely philosophy, as he handles the skull of poor Yorick just dug out of the clay. You are made no better acquainted with Macbeth, and Lear, and Othello, and Richard Third, and Julius Cæsar, than with Quince, and Snug, and Bottom, and Shallow, and Dogberry. Still, notwithstanding this fidelity to nature without regard to rank or vocation, the setting of the sixteenth century is not the setting of the nineteenth century, and the whole procession of figures moving through the plays of Shakespeare will not give you so valuable an insight into life and character as you may get by the personal study of the men and women you meet every day.

Yet mark you this : the study must not be cynical, but sympathetic, if you would have it tributary to your moral supremacy. It is tender affection blending with clearest vision which is drawing all toward Christ as Master and Lord. On our part, worse than ignorance respecting human nature would be contempt for it engendered by familiarity with its weakness and wickedness. Said one to me who had had wide experience in dealing with all classes of people : "You ministers move about in blissful ignorance of the meanness, the malignity, and the rottenness of society. You paint pretty pictures of generosity, fraternity and righteousness.

They are rather attractive as fancy sketches, but what are they worth? They may please a few deluded optimists. The multitude, however, only laughs at your innocent simplicity, and goes its way, leaving you to your unsophisticated dreams of Utopia. If you would quit this realm of imagination where the women are so angelic, and the men are so saintly, and find out what miserable sinners and hardened reprobates make up the body of society, your sweet charity would turn to gall, and then your tongues might do something toward lashing the world into decency."

Now there is too much truth in the charge that ministers, shut up in their studies, and much given to contemplating ideals of moral excellence, endow carnal creatures with a spirituality wanting in fact. Such ignorance is deplorable. It ought to be removed. But God forbid that in the process of disenchantment, love should turn to scorn, and speech become a whip of scorpions. The last state would be worse than the first. Christ knew all about the woman that was a sinner and the man that was a thief. His nature recoiled as can no other from lust and crime. But what were His feelings and His accents, in the temple, and on the cross, when He said to the woman: "Go and sin no more;" and to the man: "This day shalt thou be with me in paradise!" We are all both far worse and far better than we seem. This should make us very strong and very gracious in our ministry. Overt acts may fall within the pale of strict propriety, but should we unmask the thoughts that come close and look eagerly upon the forbidden, when we are nevertheless restrained from transgression by some providence outside our-

selves, all the world would point the finger and cry *shame!* Such facts ought to make us most clement in dealing with those who have had no guardian presence to restrain them in temptation, and have brought upon themselves open disgrace. Two walk together up to a certain line, neither any better or any worse than the other. But that line is the brink of an *abyss*. One, unrestrained, goes over and is lost. The other, held back by an unseen hand, turns aside, and *society never suspects what he was saved from*. Has he any cause to glory in his superior virtue? Had that unseen hand been laid upon the shoulder of his companion, that companion would now be walking in the sweet upper light, and he himself would be an outcast in the nether gloom.

What spirit should this breed in us all? Not phariseeism. It ought to excite a yearning to rescue those who just now stood on the same social plane and the same moral plane as ourselves. Let there be no pity. Pity hurts, it does not heal. But *sympathy* never hurts, it often cures. You have read of the man who went to a convict, and said to him: "My dear fellow, I know all about your case. And but for the special grace of God I should be just where you are to-day." The convict looked up grimly and said fiercely: "You don't mean it, you hypocrite." "I do mean precisely that," replied the other. And the convict glared upon the man awhile. And the man met the look with a gaze that was honest and full of sympathy. And the tears began to flow from the eyes of the man. And the tears began to flow from the eyes of the convict. And hand sought hand. And the convict said, "Though prison walls must separate us, I am saved. I can be, and I will

be, once more a man, *because your heart has conquered mine.*" To be a savior, it is not necessary that you should commit the same crime as he whom you seek to rescue, but you must show that you have felt the same fierce temptation, and have barely escaped, and also that any sense of superiority is forgotten, so that you suffer with the criminal, almost as if you were yourself a reprobate. That brings you near, and gives you grasp, and clasp, and uplifting and transforming power. All these hair-breadth escapes from moral disaster, which you and I have hidden among the secrets that no other mortal knows about, are our best equipment for rescuing the perishing. We need not make specific confessions, but we must suggest enough, so that he whom we approach shall, with a start of surprise, say, "Why, this man whom the world calls immaculate, has just missed being what I am; he feels precisely as I have felt; he has come along the same forbidden path, only he stopped one step short of the chasm into which I fell; he knows all about it; he suffers with me; he cannot bear to have me lost; I will not be lost." This is the secret of moral leadership. These are extreme cases, but the principle covers the whole domain of trial, trouble, disappointment, defeat, calamity and anguish. The leader there must have his baptism of grief and of tears. It is the suffering deeply cut into the heroic face that makes you always turn for one more look at Lincoln's picture in history and Dante's picture in poetry. While in tragedy the central figure is that of the Man of Sorrows, whose lifting up on Gethsemane is drawing the world that way.

But we are all likewise far better than we seem,

and that fact opens other possibilities of leadership. The most plodding mortal is not forever walking in the dust and stumbling among the clods. He, now and then, gets well up the mount of transfiguration, and catches a glimpse of the shining ones, and, like Peter, and James and John, is bewildered by celestial voices. Such rare and fleeting experiences ought to be to us both benediction and inspiration. They deepen the conviction, that God is our heavenly Father; that the phrase is something more than a bewitching metaphor; that we are indeed his beloved children, having even here in the flesh some likeness to Him. And there spring up in the heart beliefs, hopes and aspirations inexpressibly precious. God give us a quicker insight, and a more joyous sympathy with these radiant characteristics of the people that we mingle with day after day. Trooping from morning-land comes a host of young men and maidens, eager to follow one who will interpret aright these vanishing visions and make them an abiding possession, temporal no less than eternal.

The world resists arbitrary power more and more. The independence of the individual was never before so stoutly asserted. The weak are learning to combine more successfully against tyrannical masters. Still there has never been a time when moral supremacy was so welcome. Society is eagerly looking about to find those who have a profound knowledge of God and of man, a rich spiritual experience, a cordial sympathy with others, in their struggle with the carnal, and in their aspirations toward holiness. Society says to such, be ye not only leaders, but *commanders* of the people. Those who would die before they would submit to a despot, be-

come the enthusiastic followers of one who rises above them in divine and human wisdom, in brotherly affection for the fallen, and in winged hope for those whose hearts are fixed upon the crown of life. They are not quite satisfied with words of counsel from his lips. They bid him speak with *authority*. Down, deep in their souls, men do love such a MASTER.

In lesser and in larger circles, there are thrones waiting for kings innumerable. God bids us all thus to be witnesses, and leaders, and commanders of the people.

Young Gentlemen of the Graduating Class:—Especially urgent is this divine call to those who have just completed the college curriculum. The studies of the Senior year encourage moral thoughtfulness and moral earnestness. Man, as an individual, as a member of society, and as a son of God, engrosses the attention. I rejoice that, in addition to the ordinary influence of the investigations which you have been pursuing, you, in common with your fellow students, have within the past few months experienced a gracious quickening from the Holy Spirit. With some, religious life has been revived; with others, it has just begun. Do you not feel at this hour a new sense of obligation, to go out into the world as "witnesses to the people?" Cultivate, then, first of all a profound knowledge of God as he is revealed in Christ, that your testimony may have convincing power.

In the second place, enter now upon a more comprehensive study of man. The college world is a very delightful world, still it differs greatly from the wide, wide world which you are to enter. Never

abandon the scholarly ideal. Join not the ranks of those who would betray liberal learning into the hands of the Philistines. Do not, on the other side, withdraw into a select literary circle, and dwell there in donnish exclusiveness. Seek to be "leaders of the people." Within a twelve-month you will find that they are in no hurry to follow the young college graduate. The winning ways which he has learned to practice with the college boy, or the college girl, prove a misfit when tried upon the multitude.

To the knowledge of the schools and books, and of those who live in the schools and books, precious as it is, add the knowledge of those who look with indifference, or suspicion, or hostility upon attainments which are, in your eyes, of supreme importance. Cultivate and manifest an interest in men as men, without regard to station or vocation. Study them, through close contact; amid homes and callings of every description. Convince them that this is not from idle curiosity, not from selfish motives, but from a genuine interest in their welfare. After such qualification for leadership, there will arise a temptation to expect too much in the way of personal appreciation from those whom you seek to serve. "Do good, hoping for nothing again," said the Great Leader. It costs grievous pangs to learn that secret. When you find that men are following mainly for what they can gain by so doing, and that they will desert when there is no personal profit in loyalty, it will hurt sorely, and there is danger that you may become bitter and misanthropic. Resist that bravely, and, in the course of years, to mitigate your disappointment, will come blessed ex-

pressions of confidence and affection from sources wholly unexpected.

The leader who keeps his faith unshaken, his hope buoyant and his love ardent, through this long and trying ordeal, must finally become a "commander of the people."

I do not hold up before you to-night the glittering prizes of private and public life. I do not know whether they would be obtainable by you all. I do not know whether they would be desirable for you all. But moral supremacy is possible for every one. Moral supremacy would be an unspeakable blessing to every one. Therefore, unto that aspire. Pursue the ideal with the studious fidelity which has been your distinguishing peculiarity as a class, throughout the college course, and, whatever your vocation may be, wherever your lot may be cast, you will, in this highest sense, be "commanders of the people."

BACCALAUREATE ADDRESS.

BEFORE THE CLASS OF 1892.*

"And it shall come to pass afterward, that I will pour out my spirit upon all flesh; and your sons and daughters shall prophesy, your old men shall dream dreams, your young men shall see visions."—Joel ii : 28.

THE INFLUENCE OF THE SPIRIT OF GOD UPON THE SOUL OF MAN: TRANSFORMATION!

This is only one of several agencies thus employed, but it differs radically from all the others, in the nature and results of its operation.

The life of the child is chiefly a life in the senses. Through touch, he derives his primary knowledge of the external world. At first, he literally apprehends, with his hand. Presently, smell, taste, vision and hearing begin to thrill him, with their peculiar delights.

It is a charming sight to watch him indulge in the various enjoyments of the wonderland which he explores. There is no more disposition to criticise the play of the child than that of the calf, the colt or the kitten.

But, before long, a contrast appears. It becomes manifest that this life in the senses is the only one

* Serious illness during the spring of 1891 prevented President Tanner from delivering the Baccalaureate Address, his place being supplied by Rev. Wm. H. Milburn, D. D. The sermon already prepared for that occasion, he planned to preach before the class of 1892; but another, the acting president, Dr. Harvey W. Milligan, read it for him four months after the writer was gone.

of which the animal is capable, and that, in a state of nature, he may be left free to follow his appetite, without any change for the better or the worse. Not so, however, is it with the child. Keep constantly before the animal an unlimited supply of all things eatable, and he will never damage himself. Instinct shields him from harm.

Yet, when you expose the child thus, he brings upon himself all kinds of sickness. He must be restrained by others, or taught by the pains of excess, to restrain himself. Let him continue living to eat and drink, instead of eating and drinking to live, and finally the sense of taste will transform him into a gross and carnal creature.

The senses of sight and hearing exercise little practical influence over brutes. You notice some sensitiveness to both color and sound, but, only in exceptional cases, can either beauty or harmony, be said to make, or mar, the happiness of beasts and birds. Sight and hearing are, however, mighty factors, in the weal or woe of the human race.

They have an office essentially nobler than that of taste. They cannot so easily be prostituted to baseness. They call attention away from the lower to the higher functions of the physical system.

They develop the aesthetic nature, and serve as a check upon appetite. Let them gain the ascendancy, and you will find that they have to some extent an expulsive power over the lower propensities.

The mere sculptor, or painter, or musician, ranks in the scale of being, far above the one who takes as his motto: "let me eat and drink to-day, for to-morrow I die." Sight and hearing may thus so far get the mastery of appetite as to transform a groveling

disposition, into one which delights in pictures and statuary and song. Still, you have not yet crossed the distinct boundary, which separates the realm of aesthetics from the realm of ethics. Neither separately, nor combined, can the senses effect a blessed moral transformation.

Now, will sin do it? This is a question which Hawthorne discusses, in that fascinating and powerful piece of fiction: *The Marble Faun*. He presents you, at the outset, with the picture of Donatello, a being with all the senses in perfect accord, a being that furnishes the missing link in the development theory, protected, by inherited animal instinct, from the physical miseries which ordinary humanity incurs through over-indulgence, and still of sufficient intellectual endowments, to get a moderate enjoyment from the reasoning faculties, but with the moral sense wholly dormant.

A love which is partly animal, partly human, takes possession of this strange creature. Instigated somewhat by his own fondness, and somewhat by the look and gesture of his beloved, he, in a moment of frenzy, hurls her persecutor down a precipice to destruction.

What had just before had no more moral quality to him, than to an eagle has the death of a lamb, for the feeding of her young, or the killing of any animal has to a mastiff, in obedience to the bidding of his master, suddenly arouses conscience, as it is struck by the fangs of remorse. The soul is torn by a mighty convulsion. What had seemed only the natural and legitimate death of a hated object, all at once shocks the eye as MURDER, written everywhere in characters of blood. That mangled body

at the foot of the cliff, will not stay buried by day. It cries out in the visions of the night. Donatello may repair to his former haunts in field and forest, but the fountains turn crimson, and Undine hides from sight. Timid animals steal out from their retreats to frisk about him as of old, but, as he beckons them closer, they detect a clot of gore upon his hand, and vanish. The birds began to respond to his call, but suddenly the music dies out of their throats, and they whirl and whirr back into the thickets. All the blessed harmonies of nature have become only a succession of cruel discords.

Human society affords no relief. Upon every man's face, there is either the cunning smile of the betrayer, or the scowl of the avenger.

From the very woman for whose sake the deed of darkness was done, the culprit feels a shuddering recoil, till, after distressing months of compassionate ministry on her part, a pitiful reconciliation is effected.

But this brings no happiness to either. In rustic scene and city carnival, the two do now and then try to forget their common woe, still a ghost tracks them in their disguise, and a death's head grins at them in the midst of their wildest pranks.

Instead of the animal frolicsomeness and the human giddiness of the earlier period, you behold a physical tremor and a self-tormenting spirit in Donatello.

You cherish a certain respect for the moral thoughtfulness and the merciless self-accusations of the wretched creature. You say justly, that there is in him more that is noble, than there was before he became involved in the tragedy. Out of a happy

animal, has come an unhappy man. Still, though you sympathize profoundly with the latter, and declare that he stands higher than the former in the scale of being, you would rather be the animal than the man, if no further advance were possible.

Sin has wrought a transformation, but it were better not wrought if the process must stop there. Sin working alone through remorse cannot bring peace. Sin in itself is not a benefactor.

I do not know precisely what doctrine Hawthorne meant to teach by the fiction. I presume that he intended to leave the subject enveloped in the haze of speculation, just as he refused to testify, whether the ears of Donatello were furry, or not furry. Neither naturalist nor spiritualist can make much of Hawthorne as a witness, in a case tried before a jury empaneled in the ordinary fashion. His subtle spirit delights in tantalizing all in court, by his bewildering hints and evasions.

But so much is clear in the light of the story. Sin may, through remorse, effect a sort of moral transformation, but not a happy moral transformation. It may arouse a giddy soul, so that that soul shall lose all relish for the sensual and sensuous gratifications which have hitherto been its delight. But sin has no satisfactory substitute to offer. It reveals the shallowness and the wickedness of the past life. It may awaken better longings, still it makes no promise of their realization. The victim is driven up and down the world by an accusing spirit, or, in an extreme case like that of Donatello, he may in despair confess his crime, and, tormented by an accusing conscience, end his days in a malefactor's cell. Sin is not, as some would have us believe, an angel

in disguise. Sin has no mission of mercy and beneficence. When we fall into guilt, we fall downward, not upward. The logical issue of sin is DEATH.

Now advance a step, and take from the realm of fiction another short study of the doctrine of transformation. Shift the scene from Italy to Egypt.

In the "Bride of the Nile," George Ebers very happily portrays the transforming power of woman over man. Orion is a youth of noble lineage, rich, handsome, gifted, the prince of good fellows, generously disposed and popular, but of lax morality in the gratification of every desire. He has been trained to think that the rights of others should be subordinated to his personal happiness. In his pursuit of pleasure, the sufferings of those around him, when caused by his conduct, excite no distressing upbraidings of conscience. He never raises the question, but that man was created to be the servant of his ambition, woman the victim of his fugitive fancy.

He meets Paula, his equal in rank and accomplishments, but trained in the school of adversity, and, in addition to a moral nature highly sensitive, taught by experience to respect the rights of the lowly, as well as of those in exalted station.

It is a case of mutual fascination and antipathy. Each is irresistibly drawn toward the other. Still both feel a strange repulsion. Orion is compelled to recognize in Paula a moral ideal which he has not seen before.

He is, one moment, forced to admit its excellence. The next moment, he is exasperated by its silent reproach of his own self-indulgent character. Though Paula reads him no lectures, he half-confesses her

superiority, and yet vows to humble her, because her presence disturbs his self-complacency. Paula, on the other hand, beholds in Orion great brilliancy, many shining possibilities, many manly qualities, by which she is not a little attracted, still these are so beclouded by his lower passions, that she is driven to take shelter from his presence, in womanly reserve.

Which shall conquer? Shall he humble her lofty spirit, which, by contrast, rebukes him and fills his breast with a sense of self-abasement? Shall she, abiding by her high moral standard, lead him little by little, to a finer conception of life? Can she ever succeed in inducing him to abandon his youthful weaknesses and vices, to heed the responsibilities of his birth-right, and to realize his splendid opportunities? For years the conflict goes on, but finally the woman prevails, and the man becomes the benefactor of the people in whatever pertains to material prosperity and physical well-being.

I cannot recall, in fiction, a happier illustration of woman's power, to bring man up to a recognition of his obligation, to subdue his baser propensities, and to promote the happiness of all within his sphere of influence. You may think of cases even more striking in the novel, or in real life, but you must admit, that, in the realm of fancy and of fact, woman, unaided, can not raise man above the line which separates the rights of the creature from the rights of the Creator. A woman may transform an immoral man into a moral man. But, if the process is to continue, and the moral man is to be transformed into a religious man, a still higher agency must operate, namely, the Spirit of God. It is true that

that Spirit may employ a great variety of means; He may work through instrumentalities animate and inanimate, still He remains the original source of power. The spirit of woman is the purest and most exalted of these instrumentalities, but it is after all only an instrumentality, when you pass from morals to religion. Remember that morals concern our relations to man, that religion concerns our relations to God. Woman, without God, can lift man to the plane of morality. Woman, without God, cannot lift man to the plane of religion.

I have dealt so long with moral transformation, that I might draw the distinction very sharply between that and the religious transformation, which is described in the words of the text.

Do not belittle what other agencies can accomplish. Magnify them to the utmost. Such fairness disarms criticism, meets the charge of narrow-mindedness, and enables you to set forth more convincingly the nobler truth which you seek to establish.

When, then, the Spirit of God is poured out, the transformation wrought is different, not in degree, but in kind. It is *regeneration*, and its product, *a new creature*. We have seen that sin can do no more than disturb spiritual indifference, and excite spiritual unrest. We have seen that woman, the purest and most exalted of created beings, can, at best, only lead man to a recognition of his duties to his fellow man.

But here is a finer and mightier agency, which can accomplish all that the others can accomplish, and can also bring the soul into harmonious relations to its Author, and fill it with the peace which passeth understanding.

This blessed influence encircles those in every period of life. "Of such is the kingdom of heaven," says Christ of little children. "Heaven lies about us in our infancy," says Wordsworth. The voice of the King and that of the seer are in happiest accord. Such is the general tenor of the gospel and of common experience.

The text, however, does not linger with those of that tender age, but speaks first of sons and daughters, boys and girls, those who are old enough to bear specific testimony to the change which is described. As a result of what has taken place, they "prophesy." Here, as often elsewhere in Holy Writ, the word does not signify to foretell events, but to declare that which is not the suggestion of nature; that which would have remained unknown, without supernatural intervention. This is not to claim that the change always takes place "with observation." The contrary is true in many instances. But, without discussing the question of dating conversion, it is sufficient for the present purpose to maintain that, after conversion, the boy and girl do lead a different life, do speak a different language, do bear witness to a different range of experience. This is most conspicuous in a season of revival. The view is clearer and the barriers of reserve are swept away, so that we look in upon the secrets of the soul. One encourages another to free expression. Sometimes, doubtless, this leads to impulsive over-statement, still proper care will enable us to discriminate between the fanciful and morbid, and the genuine and wholesome, in these revelations of the inner life. Throw out all that is fictitious and exaggerated, and there will remain what may be taken safely as the

substantial experience of those in question. You can not doubt that the declarations are sincere. You can not doubt that they fairly reflect what is transpiring within the heart. Now, it is very desirable that this freedom of expression should continue after the period of wide-spread religious interest has passed.

An unobtrusive, but confident avowal of what God is to them every day is most becoming in boys and girls. It acts as a safe-guard against relapse, first into indifference, and then into positive wickedness. It rebukes the doubts and confirms the faith of their associates, and of those more mature in years. The golden mean should be sought between undue reserve and undue exposure, concerning these sacred relations of the child to its heavenly Father.

The danger used to be in the former direction. The subject of religion was so presented that boys and girls came near it with bated breath and palpitating hearts, as they came near a haunted house, or a grave-yard after night-fall. They learned to speak, in holy tones, of shadowy fears and trembling hopes. Cheerful confidence seemed presumption, outspoken assurance, a profanation of the holy of holies.

Some think that we are rushing to the other extreme; that we are destroying reverence; that we are coarsening the relation between the finite spirit and the infinite Spirit; that the current of religious experience is no longer permitted to flow on deep and silent, but is drawn off into a broader but shallower bed, over which it spends itself in froth and noisy demonstration.

Such warnings ought to be heeded. We should

not forget the temptations to insincerity, pretension, cant and hypocrisy, to which the young as well as the old are exposed. Still, boys and girls whose hearts have been changed by the Spirit of God, should foster the habit of testifying modestly, but joyfully, concerning the preciousness of redemption. The young people's societies of various names are the normal training schools for such religious development. Let the churches withhold from them neither faithful caution nor inspiring commendation.

Thus shall not only sons and daughters "prophesy," but young men and women "see visions," not merely such visions as delight all, at this intoxicating season, but visions which blend the transient with the permanent, time with eternity. Visions of youth! What can be more entrancing? The pulse quickens at the mention. Childhood catches some idea of their full meaning from its own half suggestions of coming possibilities, and impatiently crowds forward that the tantalizing glimpse may be exchanged for the well defined pictures of a more mature imagination.

These visions may be terrestrial only, or they may mingle the terrestrial with the celestial, but visions of some sort youth must have.

Those of the terrestrial kind are earth-born. Some reveal shapes gross and carnal. Others display forms material but beautiful. Others still, shine with the brilliant creations of chivalry and romance. These reach the very border-land of the spiritual, and often seem to fetch the divine within their compass. After they have vanished, second childhood looks back to them as eagerly as first childhood had looked forward to them, and, in the retrospect, half

forgets its feebleness and forlornness. I would not speak contemptuously of these more radiant terrestrial visions of young manhood and young womanhood. Nay, I recognize in them the sweetest and most blessed gifts which this world has to bestow.

“The buried dream in life’s sluggish stream,
Is the golden sand of our young ambition,”

sang John O’Reilly. There would be a witchery in the smile of beauty, there would be an ecstasy in the voice of love; a halo would encircle virtue, and heroism would wear a crown resplendent, even were there no thought of the life immortal.

But, O young men and young women, hope of home, hope of society, hope of the commonwealth, hope of the republic, hope of human civilization, there is something better still. Once let the power of the Holy Ghost transform your hearts, and visions more glorious shall break upon the view. Nothing truly precious will fade out of what you have previously cherished.

The celestial will first transfigure the terrestrial.

Beauty’s smile will be more entrancing, love’s voice will thrill as never before, the halo of virtue will grow supernal, and the crown of heroism, hitherto resplendent, will glow in the light from beyond the stars. And then your vision shall sweep on beyond these bounds of time and sense, and reveal the now open secrets of the endless life—those things which the natural eye hath not seen, which the natural ear hath not heard, and which it hath not entered into the natural man to conceive. “I have kept well the bird in my bosom,” said Sir Ralph Percy, as he lay dying on the field of battle.

Believe me, these are no idle visions like those in

which opium-eaters and lotus-eaters revel. These bring the soul no aimless reverie. They are its inspiration to noblest activities. I hear you cry, "Thank God for such revelations unto us of what may be, must be, shall be realized, partly on earth, partly in heaven. Thank God that he calleth us to this blessed work for time and for eternity." Yes, welcome always whatever the Lord giveth you thus to see, as the divine intimation of what he would have you seek to be and to do. These are the visions of youth to which he biddeth you be true.

One precious reward of such obedience will be that these visions will gradually change into the dreams of old age. Such transition is tranquil and happy. The morning freshness, the impulsive eagerness, the irrepressible enthusiasm, the indefatigable activities of the earlier day may pass away, but the spirit of the vision will remain in the spirit of the dream.

Religious imagination paints the same pictures for the delight of the soul in old age. The outlines are not so sharp, the figures in the foreground do not stand out in colors so vivid and bold; but there is greater depth of perspective, a mellower atmosphere, a more tranquil hope. And the dream is no more idle than was the vision. Though the movement has become less tense and nervous, it is never intermitted. The tides of physical life have spent their violence, but they maintain a steady ebb and flow. Spiritual activities happily adjust themselves to these changed bodily conditions. Labors of love in the service of man and for the glory of Zion, though less conspicuous, are no less acceptable to him who seeth in secret, and who awardeth special honor to those silent

forces which are the great reserved power in the kingdom of nature and in the kingdom of grace.

And thus old age may journey down its glowing west, dreaming its inspiring dream, and fulfilling its beneficent mission, till it reaches the peaceful sea and joins in the parting song:

“Twilight and evening bells,
And after that the dark;
And let there be no moaning of farewells
When I embark.

“For though from out the bourne of time and place,
The floods may bear me far;
I hope to see my PILOT face to face,
When I have crossed the bar.”

“SCATTERETH YET INCREASETH.”

“There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth.”—Prov. xi: 24.

A young man of twenty-three has fought his way through college, has finished the study of law and is ready for practice. He is very poor. A dollar looks big.

Just then, to him in that Boston office, comes the offer of a county clerkship, at two thousand a year. Father and mother bid him accept the position. Never before had it seemed so easy to keep the fifth commandment. He rushes excitedly into the presence of his teacher, for congratulation and a parting blessing. But the latter, with frowning brow, reads the letter and hands it back, remarking, “Your mission is to make opinions for other men to record, and not to be a clerk, to record the opinions of courts.”

Objection after objection is met, and the appointee sets out for his New Hampshire home, pledged to decline the situation. The worst is to come. He is welcomed at the threshold with embraces and kisses, by those whose old age he can still surround with ease and comfort. The struggle is fierce. Before him are pleading suggestions of filial affection, of a tranquil life, of a liberal income and of assured respectability. But, above him, there is a voice in the air.

He makes known his resolution. An angry scene ensues. The father dismisses the son, exclaiming: “Silly, crazy boy! Daniel, you have come to no-

thing." And the youth goes and rents an office at \$15 per annum, and hangs out a cheap sign, and, at the end of two full years, the sum total of his fees is less than \$40. Where are the \$4,000? "*Scattered.*"

A quarter of a century has passed. The occupant has moved out of that dingy room in the old red store. The senate chamber at Washington is brilliant with beauty and graced with genius, beauty and genius entranced as never before within these walls. Webster is answering Hayne.

"There is that scattereth and yet increaseth."

The outer leaf of biography often infolds another, stamped like itself, and written over with similar meaning. Said one to the sage of Marshfield, "Was that speech extemporaneous?" Replied Webster: "Young man, there is no such thing as extemporaneous acquisition." "The materials for that speech had been in my mind for eighteen months." Such was the fact. The subject had been carefully studied for another expected emergency. That occasion did not come, and those papers were laid away as labor lost. But such toil is never wasted. Watch over the right with sleepless eye. Equip yourself for her defense, on the first suspicion of peril. Though the alarm prove false, and you unbuckle your armor unused, that armor is consecrated to holy service. It will hang without tarnishing, in the temple of truth. You shall prove it in battle some other day. Said the orator: "When Hayne took the floor, if he had tried to make a speech to fit those old notes of mine, he could not have hit it better." "No man is inspired with the occasion."

Let us open another biography, rich in kindred instruction. Again we enter a lawyer's office. The

student has left his note-book on the table. Turn to the first page and read the words of Coke: "*Holding* this for an undoubted verity, that there is no knowledge, case, or point in law, seem it of never so little account, but will stand our student in stead, at one time or other." And again: "A lawyer must know everything. He must know law, history, philosophy, human nature; and, if he courts the fame of an advocate, he must drink of all the springs of literature, giving ease and elegance to the mind, and illustration to whatever subject it touches."

This is the key-note of a career illustrious in American history. Is there any flattening in the tone? Strike again the text with its silver tines: "There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth." We are still in tune.

Thus opens the way to a chair, as associate instructor with a Greenleaf and a Story. But the youth cannot rest easy, even there. He starts up, restless with visions of "Men, society, courts and parliaments." His thoughts will take wing from quiet Cambridge, now to Paris, now to London, now to Rome. He must go and know. He must meet, face to face, those whose word is law, in the realms of art, literature and politics. Friends remonstrate. President Quincy tells him that Europe will spoil him, sending him home with a mustache and a cane." But his resolution is inflexible. Wonderful is the story of the reception given everywhere upon the continent, to this young republican, as yet unknown to fame. There has been nothing else like it in our annals. He returns. For two years he does nothing. He seems surfeited. His friends are distressed. His life, say they, is to be a splendid failure. For

three years more, they watch the case with only trifling encouragement. But, across the sea, in the very midst of that old world bewilderment, a big idea had entered a big brain. There, was first revealed to Charles Sumner the dim outlines of "The True Grandeur of Nations." It took six years to give it distinctness and full possession of the soul. Then dawned July 4th, 1845. And the man broke the silence, and the republic and the world clapped hands. That oration was to Charles Sumner, what the reply to Hayne was to Webster. Each proved the decisive effort of a life-time. Each gave its author immortality.

For the present purpose it is needless to continue these biographies, Thus far they furnish happy illustrations of the doctrine of the text, in the lower zone of its application. They show us how the words, "There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth," in their majestic sweep take in such mere worldly success as is noblest. These examples are not caught up at random, but are chosen with a definite end in view.

It is manifest to one who studies the present drift of college life, that our youth are attracted more and more toward law, which, in turn, becomes the stepping stone to political power. Patriotism says, put the destinies of the country into the hands of men of the most liberal culture, men who have been schooled from boyhood to sacrifice the present for the future, the expedient for the true, the transient for the permanent. It is to be more and more the mission of the American college to furnish, not only ministers of church, but also ministers of state. Her office in the first capacity has often been lauded

most worthily. The suggestion, to-night, of the dignity of her calling in the second direction, needs no apology. Let, then, our young men who are aspiring to public station, learn to "scatter" like a Webster or a Sumner, that such may be the increase.

Thus far all has been praise. To say no more, however, would leave a false impression. We are not at liberty to call up the shades of the great departed, and dismiss them with fulsome panegyric.

We have, up to this point, been walking on the plane of what the godless world would call success. On that level there has been nothing to censure. Thus the kings of men get their crowns. But there is a higher realm of spiritual excellence where the crowns are incorruptible, and when these two famous diplomatists are put on trial there, they are found found wanting. They cease to be an example. They become a warning.

Webster's view of the divine majesty was exceedingly noble. In hours of retirement he sometimes seemed to stand, as it were, in the very shadow of Jehovah. There was then a dignity in his utterance to which ordinary speech is a stranger. Said Immanuel Kant: "Two things fill me with awe, the starry heavens, and the sense of moral responsibility in man." To such a sentiment the orator was ready to bow his head, and respond with a reverent Amen. It is easy to picture him, waiting as an august ambassador in the outer court of the Almighty, ready to read some great state paper at the foot of the throne. There is no occasion to criticise his attitude, when he appears face to face with God. Banish the world from sight, then catechise him concerning the attributes of the Most High, and you would find no fault

with the upper outlook of his creed. But that was the sum and substance of his religion. It was only a thing of the clouds, a gifted Lucifer's passing dream, vanishing before the seductions of carnality and the terrible strain of that presidential ambition, which tantalized till death.

Webster's enthusiasm for self killed his enthusiasm for humanity, and the Nones of March were to him as the Ides of March were to Cæsar. An exalted intellectual conception of God is well; but it will not atone for trampling on the rights of the humblest man.

Sumner, on the contrary, never proved false to the rights of man. His heart remained true to his kind. With him it was the upper outlook that was obscured. Let him speak for himself: "I do not think that I have a basis for faith to build upon. I seldom refer my happiness to the Great Father from whose mercy it is derived. Of the first great commandment, then, upon which so much hangs, *I live in perpetual unconsciousness.*" A life-long service in the cause of liberty is well, but it will not atone for insolently waiving the claims of a Heavenly Father's love.

I have wished to make emphatic the political bearing of the doctrine, seeking, both by the commendation and the condemnation of two illustrious examples, to present the ideal statesman, not as he has been, not as he is, but as he shall be, when love to God and love to man have recognition as the common law of government on earth.

This will explain what might seem an undue prominence to one division of the sermon. There is this additional advantage in such a treatment of the sub-

ject: the examples held up before you so long are remarkable for scope of illustration. They ray out in all directions. They enlighten the whole province of truth covered by the text, so that it is unnecessary to expand the thought with equal pains in other departments. A single suggestion will enable the mind to pass rapidly and easily from vocation to vocation, till the compass of the idea is seen to be universal. "There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth."

Take the principle into business. Thus princely fortunes are made. The trading posts of an Astor are "scattered" from the Hudson to the Columbia. The steamers of a Vanderbilt go ploughing up and down the Gulf Stream, while the long fingers of that iron hand are thrust out to find the very heart of the continent. So far, imitate. Thus a world's resources are to be developed. But what did either millionaire care for God or for man? And what does God or man care for either of them to-day?

In the department of literary criticism, the two brightest names of the century are Macaulay and Sainte Beuve. How far-reaching is the plan of the former, when he decides to become a public censor. He would be impartial in judgment. But his fortune is humble, and he recognizes the danger of being warped in his estimates by pecuniary considerations. So, bidding adieu to country, and all thoughts of early fame, he sails for distant India, to gain there a competence that he may be independent of party and above suspicion of servility. That was a weary "scattering," but it is all forgotten as you read this tribute to his memory: "Macaulay never wrote a line that would degrade honor, or liberty, or

virtue." Why *could* he not have kept down that monstrous egotism, that great I Am, that always seemed to walk between him and a still greater "I Am," and to make him utterly oblivious of the thoughts and feelings of other mortals?

You will find nothing more admirable of its kind than the literary workmanship of a Sainte Beuve, both in exhaustive research and fineness of finish. There was no province too remote for his thought to explore. No shining sentence might go forth to the world so long as diamond dust would add to its lustre. Yet, though the most discriminating critic of the masters of pulpit eloquence, he had no knowledge of Jehovah, and died and was buried as a heathen.

It is possible to live thus, just above man, and just below God.

The tiny fingers of a child of five grasp an artist's pencil. Through the day the boy sits alone in his little room, studying, marking, erasing, and at evening takes down in triumph to his father, the picture of an African lion. It is the beginning of a notable career. From that time the child roams over the fields, not like his fellows, chasing butterflies, but catching after colors which float on wings of light. Or, when his young feet weary in following the evanescent, he casts himself upon the shore and rests, dreaming such dreams as are only ocean-born, dreams such as Homer knew, when he sang of the "many-voiced sea."

As time passes on, you may follow the man with his note-book and staff all over Britain and Europe. Thus, for fifty years, does his genius, with pillar of

cloud and pillar of fire, lead him up and down the world, to the land of the artist's vision. "There is that scattereth and yet increaseth." So it is written on the canvas of William Turner, the chief of landscape painters.

But what of the character behind the canvas? Through life, it seems like that of Sir Walter Scott, belittled, degraded by avarice; yet when the seal of his will is broken, and all those savings are found to be left for the benefit of needy brethren in his profession, even such restricted love for his kind, casts a softening light over what appeared repulsive. Surely through the sustaining power of a purpose so noble he may die with a song. Look upon him, however, as he lies, week after week, alone and melancholy, watching the ever-flowing river, the ever-disappearing sails, the ever-varying clouds. These have been the joy of his imagination: but what are river, and sail, and cloud, to the soul that for seventy-five years has, in the glories of creation, forgotten the glory of the Creator?

Pass, now, from art to science. By many, the scientist is looked upon as nothing but a blasphemous Shimei, casting stones at the Lord's Anointed. He is often spoken of, as if his modern prominence were due only to the notoriety which springs from opposition to written revelation. There are good men who never think of measuring John Tyndall by anything but a prayer gauge. Let them, however, forget for the time this theological odium, and study his work in his own domain. His patient research is enough to put to the blush the bold assumptions and hasty generalizations of many who claim high rank as re-

ligious priests and prophets and sages. Follow him through all that tedious and, seemingly, blind experimenting, to get at the exact truth, no matter what the cost, no matter though it may bring down in ruins the fair structure of previous speculations, and compel him to begin all over again. Such "scattering" gives increase. Confining the view to the material world, the century has not produced a more shining name. In the domain of sight, the world has no more wonderful seer. But to the yet higher domain of faith, he has never found the way. I make no reference to those grosser attacks upon a belief which is infinitely precious to such as love to bend the knee and say: "Our Father who art in heaven."

Simply contrast the peace of the Christian, in the communion of the still hour, in the felt presence of God, and the unrest which the quick ear may detect in the musings of the materialist, on the mountain top, face to face with the clouds. "Did yonder formless fog contain, potentially, the sadness with which I regarded the Matterhorn? Did the thought which now ran back to it, simply return to its primeval home?"

Misguided philosopher! The primeval home thereof is not in the nebulae, but in that personal God, in whom you live and move and have your being.

I must not weary you by unduly lengthening this chain of illustration. Let theology close the circuit. Four years in college, three years in the seminary; how can I wait so long? Such is too often the exclamation of the boy whose heart turns toward the pulpit. The present may well listen to the past. A youth has made the cross his banner. He has completed the common course in the college of his

native town. But there is no unseemly haste to minister at the altar. We read awhile ago, upon the standard of another, the prophetic words: "Men, society, courts and parliaments." But upon the cross of this one there is a strange inscription: "A God, a Christ, a bishop, a king." That he may realize an ideal so grand, ten other years are devoted to laborious study of theology, and to preparation for speaking on sacred themes. And, by and by, the king gives him audience, and bishop's robes await him, and the love of a Christ and the majesty of a God are the inspiration of his tongue. "Scattering and increase!" It is Bossuet, the greatest pulpit orator of France. Another has said that on the fly-leaf of his noblest discourses you may read: "Preached before the king." Suggestive words! They tell a double story. The conception is high. Speak royally, so that Louis Fourteenth and his brilliant court shall hear.

But there is a higher conception. "Preached before the king!" Yes, the Thorn-crowned, whose supreme test of pulpit excellence is this: "The poor have the gospel preached unto them."

Webster, Sumner, Astor, Vanderbilt, Macaulay, Sainte Beuve, Turner, Tyndall, Bossuet, — monumental men, in politics, business, literature, art, science and theology, but unfinished structures, all, with broad and solid earthly foundation, and differing altitude, some displaying little more than a massive base, some half complete, some lacking only the capital.

A broken column is in itself a sermon. We get instruction from what is, and from what is not. The mind feels the tangible, and then the imagination

runs the visible up into the invisible, and though we turn away saying:

"Of all the sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these, it might have been,"

still the lesson is most impressive, pervasive and abiding.

FAITH.

"And now abideth faith."—I Corinthians xiii: 13.

I happened to be "on change" in Chicago one day when the wheat market went to pieces, creating great excitement.

With a commission merchant, I watched the course of events. In the general babel, there seemed to be nothing to hold men to their contracts, except an interjection, a nod, an outstretched finger or fingers, and a pencil mark upon a card. Said I to my friend: "In this wild confusion of profit and loss, are the safe-guards sufficient? Will there not be disputes and wranglings over alleged blunders and misunderstandings?" "No," he replied, "such things rarely occur. Mutual interest compels us to regard every nod, gesture and entry, as we would a bond in court. The moment it is admitted that faith may be broken here, this whole system of exchange goes down in ruins."

With that answer there flashed upon me a new view of that old subject, faith. Thence comes the sermon this morning. Even where we look for her least, Faith appears, and, furthermore, she does not come as a transient guest. She establishes her home and remains there. In a great association, made up mainly of honorable men, but embracing not a few, whose honesty is secured solely by self-interest, there has to be one steadying, unifying principle, to prevent the dissolution of the organization.

That principle is abiding faith. That magnificent

building, where fortunes are constantly made and lost, where nothing seems secure, where the weak and the strong meet for the struggle, where too often the loss of the one is the gain of the other, where too often the fall of the former is the rise of the latter, where day by day men are wild with excitement; rent, torn with a craze for wealth, like those possessed by the evil spirit—that magnificent building, apparently fit for a shrine of unrighteous Mammon only, proves to be a temple which must be kept sacred to Faith, also, or stand empty and desolate.

There is no other place in the world which seems so pervaded with an atmosphere of insecurity, distrust, selfish greed, recklessness, and wild chance utterly regardless of any rational law of supply and demand, as the merchants' exchange in a great city. Yet, after all, paradoxical as it may sound, a board of trade would be an impossibility, but for an ever-abiding faith among its members. Wall street would vanish should Faith, in utter disgust and despair over what she is compelled to witness, abandon the world.

The same principle rules all departments of business. Banks can not be conducted without it. Free banking rests on the belief that the issue of bills will be kept within a safe ratio to cash and available assets. Our national banking system rests on a general confidence, that the government will make herself and her people financially safe. Whenever a man offers a deposit, and receives only a ticket or a book entry, his act is an act of faith. As he leans upon the counter, that counter is an altar of faith between the contracting parties. Whenever you buy a draft,

there is a double testimony. You declare your confidence in the banker and the banker declares his confidence in his New York or London correspondent.

Say what we will about cheating and swindling in buying and selling, though the practice is shamefully common, there does prevail a substantial faith between the great body of merchants and customers. Though the former may adopt the cash system, they find themselves compelled to give credit, more or less, every day. Though the latter may profess to have no confidence in a salesman's statements, there is scarcely a purchase which has not been expedited by the salesman's representations. Notwithstanding all the knavery of the world, notwithstanding the numerous impositions to which we are constantly subjected, there is an ever-enduring faith of man in man. It is in the blood. It will stay. So strong is this propensity, that no matter how many times we have been deceived, we can not help believing, just once more.

Even stronger is the tendency in man to believe in woman, and in woman to believe in man. Secret and open iniquities do abound. Scandals fill the public prints. Low life and high life reek with uncleanness. But each sex will cling to its faith in the other, though it may grow skeptical of all else on earth. Such is God's law written in the heart of hearts.

Destroy the faith of man in man and you paralyze trade, you stop the wheels of exchange, you prostrate commerce, you spread financial ruin everywhere.

Destroy the faith of man and woman in each other and you profane the holy of holies. Home

goes. Society goes. Government goes. Barbarism and anarchy take possession of the world.

Now, our faith in one another and our faith in God are bound to stand or fall, together. When we give up our confidence in the Creator's image, we are far on the road to giving up our confidence in the Creator himself. When belief in the Father whom we have not seen, vanishes, belief in the brother whom we have seen is doomed to destruction. The German atheist very consistently recognized this fact when he declared that the object of his so-called science was: "To destroy all ideals and to show that the belief in God is a fraud, that morality, equality, freedom, love and the rights of man are lies."

After Professor Clifford's spasmodic efforts to write God with a little g and humanity with a capital H, we find him asserting at last that men may all be made "cut-throats for money."

Then, as we love the world, let faith remain,—faith in man, faith in God.

Transfer the thought, next, from business, home and society, to science. It is a very common claim that science does all her walking by sight, none by faith. But this is a great mistake. Take those materialistic philosophers, who scoff most loudly at the doctrine. Said Lionel Beale, as president of the Royal Microscopical Society—"It would indeed be difficult in any other department of human knowledge to find anything to equal the extravagance of the hypotheses recently advanced, concerning living matter and its properties." So true is it, that the worst victims of credulity are those who boast that they have abjured all faith. When a man makes a great parade of skepticism, you may expect from him in the

next breath the wildest assumptions, unsupported by a single fact. And the most amusing part of the performance will be his perfect ignorance of the spectacle which he is exhibiting. Just in proportion as genuine faith is driven out, in comes its counterfeit, credulity. The most preposterous things that we are coolly asked to accept, are the speculations of those who are intolerant of beliefs which have been cherished since the dawn of history.

This shows that the characteristic in question is imbedded in the human constitution so deeply that you can not get rid of the former without destroying the latter. It is one of the few things that stay forever. The wisest science, that which has brought most abundant blessing to mankind, has always reverently and joyfully accepted this principle, and made it the source of inspiration to effort.

The astronomer's telescope pointing heavenward to find the undiscovered star which must be there, has always been one of faith's most impressive witnesses. Were it not for his unfailing trust in the supremacy of constant laws, amid a thousand wonderful transformations, the chemist would abandon his researches and quit the laboratory.

In short, not one of the inductive sciences is possible, except as faith abideth.

This principle is also most beneficent in literature. The novelists and the poets of largest faith have given the world the wholesomest food and the sweetest benediction. I am speaking now with the freer sense, not insisting upon the creeds and dogmas of any church or churches. George Eliot has less influence than she had a few years ago. Why? Because of that strain of unfaith which comes up as an

undertone from whatever she wrote. It depresses. People say: this is all strangely fascinating, but there is that about it which leaves us with a sense of hopelessness. It is beauty, but it is *hectic* beauty. Give us something more robust. Lungs that take in plenty of oxygen, and blow disease out of the blood, and make cheeks plump and rosy, and voice exultant with faith, and an eye that brightens toward the invisible!

That other woman, who not long ago, was trying to roll back the stone to the door of the sepulchre of Christ, and to seal it fast with the stamp of her genius, could do nothing more than win a year of notoriety by such profanation of the tomb of *Him who is risen*.

The seer who believeth all things, sings the song that wins the world's heart, and insures immortality. Listen to two representative voices from modern poetry:

"The sea of faith

Was once, too, at the full, and round earth's shore
Lay like the folds of a bright girdle furled.
But now I only hear
Its melancholy, long, withdrawing roar,
Retreating to the breath
Of the night wind, down the vast edges drear,
And naked shingles of the world."

This wail of unbelief is prophetic of Matthew Arnold's waning fame. * * *

"If e'er when faith had fallen asleep,
I heard a voice, BELIEVE NO MORE!
And heard an ever breaking shore
That tumbled in the Godless deep,
A warmth within the breast would melt
The freezing season's colder part;

And, like a man in wrath, the heart
Stood up, and answered, I HAVE FELT."

This undaunted strain will give Tennyson a hearing in the millennium.

Still it is the fashion, now-a-days, in some literary circles, to canonize Thomas, the doubting apostle, to set him up as the patron saint, in the temple of mind. But who would ever have heard of Thomas, had it not been for his associates, the heroes of the faith, who have brought him along down the ages in their company?

It is a bad blunder to suppose that doubt is the trade-mark of genius. I was sorry to hear, not long ago, concerning an able young man, that he had been captivated by this foolish notion; that he was a pronounced agnostic; that he took special pride in the fact; that he was training himself to speak of faith with the most studied contempt, and to make doubt his guiding star for the future. As if faith were not

"The master-light of all our seeing."

It would do no good for a minister to remonstrate with that young man; for the latter would take the words as only so much shop talk. But, from his own standpoint, he ought to give weight to the regretful testimony of Niebuhr, the great apostle of modern destructive criticism; who, in his maturer years, deplored the skeptical spirit which he had cultivated until it had become a second nature; and who declared that it should be his first object to train his son to faith, as the one thing constant.

Yet, in deploring a pert, flippant, conceited affectation of skepticism, we should not lose our sympathy with those whose doubts cost them the deepest

anguish of spirit. We may agree with such a sufferer that "God" is a great word. He who feels and understands that, will judge more mildly and justly of those who confess that they dare not say that they believe in God. There are moments in our life when those who seek most earnestly after God, think they are forsaken of God; when they hardly venture to ask themselves: Do I believe a God, or do I not? Let them not despair, and let us not judge harshly of them. Their despair may be better than many so-called creeds.

Still, while we look upon such men with respect for their sincerity, we regard them with more compassion than admiration. The combination of spiritual greatness and spiritual weakness excites the profoundest pity. Those who exhaust themselves thus, in their own internal conflicts, have little strength left to help their fellow men; few words of cheer for a "creation that groaneth and travaileth in pain." Contrast the depression when you hear such a confession of semi-despair, and the exhilaration when you listen to Paul's description of the victories of faith, in the eleventh chapter of Hebrews.

Unbelief is pulpy, flabby, nerveless. Belief is muscular. It grips. It grasps. It throbs with momentum. It rolls the tides.

Skepticism lacks *esprit de corps*. She talks grandiloquently; but she rears no temples in honor of her apostles.

Lick, the California millionaire, wanted to build a splendid monument to Tom Paine, but far-seeing friends persuaded him, that, if he would immortalize himself, he must lay his foundations, not on the shifting sands of infidelity, but on the bed-rock of

faith. And so that money has gone to establish an astronomical observatory, and to set up the largest telescope in the world, that the heavens may more abundantly declare the glory of that very God whom silly Tom Paine thought to dethrone.

FAITH ABIDETH.

Faith is the radical principle in Christianity. Religious life begins in it, and is impossible without it. Like the root of the tree, it works in the darkness and deals with the invisible. It is as preposterous to claim that you must *see* how faith rears and sustains character, as it would be to claim that you must see how the roots rear and sustain the elm yonder.

Moreover faith works silently. Do not expect to hear it. As wisely might you go to the foot of the oak and put your ear to the ground, to ascertain what was going on below the surface. All is still as ghost-land; and yet there are a thousand literal sappers and miners busy pushing out in every direction; a thousand fibrous rootlets, greedily honey-combing the earth for hidden sweets, that with them they may refresh the monarch of the forest.

Now, whenever you look upon a grand Christian you may know that his soul is fed, just as that oak is fed, from faith's secret laboratory. Faith, by a sort of divine instinct, seizes and appropriates what she wants most, what will give richest life. Bury some bones on one side of a grape-vine, and go there two or three years afterward, and you will find the roots on that side densely matted, round and sleek; those on the other side few, lean and shriveled. Faith, blind and dumb, keeps groping around until

it touches what suits it necessities, and then you can scarcely tear it from its feast.

But suppose that instead of bones, you bury a block of granite. The roots of your vine can get no nourishment from that; still they turn it to account. They feel their way around and encompass it with network, and cling to it with such tenacity that a giant could not pull up the vine. Give faith a stone instead of bread, and it will utilize the stone. There are some hard experiences which the Christian can not draw much life from, but faith clasps them round, down in the darkness, and so they help the man to stand the storm; they hold him steady when the hurricane sweeps by.

The same lesson comes directly from human life. Here is a boy that never has a day-dream, never sees anything which is not painted on the retina. Give him Aladdin's lamp and he would sell it to the highest bidder. You can not make him believe in what he can not see with his eyes, and touch with his hands. Talk to him of things that lie out farther, up higher, and you plunge him into hopeless bewilderment. But here is another child who will sit upon you knee by the hour, in open-eyed wonder, drinking in whatever you tell him. Stretch your imagination as you may, nothing is too marvelous for him to believe. Fairy-land is his home. Shining possibilities ever beckon him on. Nature's voices speak to him out of space. Solitude is thronged for him with ten thousand friendly forms. He feels, though he may not be able to word them,

“Those obstinate questionings
Of sense and outward things,
Fallings from us, vanishings:

Blank misgivings of a creature
Moving about in worlds not realized."

This is the one, that, by and by, will write the songs of the nation, or be to it prophet, or priest, or king. The first child is the type of the skeptic. The second child is the type of the believer. He only who listens in the spirit of the latter to the revelations of God, can become great in the kingdom of heaven.

Some periods of history are characterized by unbelief; others by belief. "We shall go down into the black valley, where we shall hear no more hal-lujahs." Thus was voiced the despair of the Dark Ages.

Let us climb the Mount of Transfiguration, where under the open heaven, we may talk with Moses, and Elias, and the Son of God, is the exultant cry, already half-articulate upon the lips of the oncoming twentieth century. That century is your century, young ladies and gentlemen. Anticipate its spirit. Unbelief is transient. Belief is permanent. Skepticism ends in confusion of face and undying shame. But faith abideth, now and forever.

Yes, *now*, as well as *forever*. Put emphasis there. The tense is present. Do not let the doctrine go ballooning away among the stars. Tie the thought down to this lower sphere; assert the continuity between the earthly life and the heavenly. Paul was often caught up into the seventh heaven by his fiery fancy; but he never lost sight of this world, and of the relation of time to eternity. Listen:

"By faith, Abraham, when he was called to go out into a place which he should afterward receive for

an inheritance, obeyed. *And he went out, not knowing whither he went.*"

That was all very human. There is in it a common every-day, worldly sound, which comes home to your heart and to mine. The old worthy may have had some passing glimpse of a New Jerusalem, which should descend out of heaven, by and by, across his path; but that which mainly filled the horizon of anticipation was an earthly Canaan, that lay somewhere out there in the unknown. "He went, not knowing whither he went;" yes, but the faith principle, that which God puts into the soul "to abide," kept saying: Forward! Place! Inheritance! Every fine fellow who has set his heart upon the noblest success, takes the meaning and, on the instant, across the centuries, recognizes his kinship with Abraham.

Garfield knew not, and yet did know, whither he went, when he opened the academy door in Chester that morning, in the fall of '49, with only a sixpence in his pocket. And when, the next day at church, that sixpence went into the contribution plate, Faith was there. And as, at odd hours and on Saturdays, he looked up jobs of carpentering, Faith followed him in the quest. And, as he boarded himself on thirty-one cents a week, Faith abode with him, making that coarse fare sweet. And then, at the end of the term, Faith pointed to the sixpence, and lo! it had turned to three silver dollars, as some solid "substance of things hoped for."

The old story makes us no promise of a Canaan, as an inheritance. The modern story is not the pledge of a White House by and by. But Faith,

“abideth” still, here, now, for you and for me, as we keep going out we know not whither. Therefore, trustfully, lovingly and enthusiastically, once more we commit our way unto thee, O Lord!

“KEEP THIS MAN.”

“Thy servant went out into the midst of the battle: and behold a man turned aside, and brought a man unto me, and said: keep this man; if by any means he be missing, then shall thy life be for his life, or else thou shalt pay a talent of silver. And as thy servant was busy here and there, he was gone.”—I Kings xx : 39, 40.

The context has been read in your hearing. The narrative teaches the general truth, that, however repugnant to our feelings, the duty which God requires of us *must be performed*.

In harmony with this universal doctrine, the parable contained in the text inculcates a more specific lesson, which shall be our study this morning. The view dissolves. Instead of the plains of Aphek, where the battle was fought between the host of Syria and the children of Israel, appear the peaceful scenes amid which we are dwelling. Instead of a stranger bringing us a captive for punishment, comes our best friend, committing to our care an acquaintance, whom we are bidden to shield from eternal harm. This acquaintance we are commanded to to keep in safety, *under grievous penalty*, in case of failure. How are we discharging our sacred trust? *Keep this man safe*. But is he not a free agent? Yes. Is he not accountable for himself? Yes. Is not his destiny in his own hands? Yes. Can he not thwart all my efforts? Yes. Have I over him any power of moral compulsion? Not absolutely, and yet the command is absolute, **KEEP THIS MAN SAFE**. You are never at liberty to relax your watch-

fulness over him. When he shows signs of solicitude, strive to deepen that anxiety. Should he be stolid and indifferent, with loving patience set before him his danger. If he grows reckless and defiant, cast yourself between him and self-destruction. Study every changing mood, adapt yourself to varied situations, convince him that nothing this side of death shall diminish your vigilance, and that, if he will rush to ruin, it shall be by trampling under feet your counsels, your warnings, your tearful entreaties.

Such devotion is the nearest possible approach to compulsion. It often brings salvation. When it fails, you are guiltless. How few of us thus keep our brother! * * This man is in danger *from himself*. He has appetites and passions, which conspire for his destruction. He may be ignorant of his peril. He needs some one to make him a faithful study, and then to reveal him to himself, and to show him in loving confidence the maelstrom whose outer circle he has entered. The case demands human tact, and wisdom from above, in rare combination. A minister never faces an audience like this, without seeing some countenance which starts the question: who will save that man from himself? The class-mate, or the room-mate, or the business associate, or the nearest neighbor is the one who most clearly understands the situation, and who best commands the avenues of approach. Will he have the moral courage to do his duty? Will he dare to say to the imperiled soul, "My dear sir, you are your own worst enemy in disguise. Your carnal desires obscure your mental vision and enfeeble your will. You are committing moral suicide. STOP."

Or, the man may be in danger *from others*. In good company, or, even if left to himself, he would be true to his better nature, at least he would not fall into outrageous sins. But his love for society, in itself commendable, puts him into the power of his associates. They hurry him from transgression to transgression, without giving him time to rally for resistance. How quickly badness recognizes its natural victim, and how swiftly it rushes to the accomplishment of its purpose! Save this man from the foes who wear the garb of friendship. It is often harder to warn one against companions, than it is to warn him against himself. He will attribute your course to jealousy of their influence, and cling to them the closer. You shrink from this charge of undermining others. You feel that you can scarcely escape the stigma of meanness. It takes a *big heart*, to forget all this, to remember only the peril of your brother, and to thrust yourself bravely between him and those who are leading him to ruin.

But again, it is not sufficient, in such a case, to break up old associations. To keep this man safe, you must fortify him round about with good companionship. He is weak. It is not his nature, to make his own standard, and conform to its requirements. He borrows his moral ideals, and looks to others for help in their realization. In impatience and contempt, you want to say: "Now that he has been delivered from vicious surroundings, let him henceforth assert his independence, if he will not do that, he is not worth saving. But, did you ever reflect how few would be saved, if that principle were made universal? Would any of us dare to say: "Take away religious environment, remove the helps

to righteousness on every side; break up and scatter the Christian circle in the center of which I stand, I am abundantly able to work out my own salvation?" May God deliver us from such fool-hardiness! Let no one despise these blessed influences which inspire us toward the attainment of holiness. The odds are fearfully against any man who is left standing alone. When God says: "save this man." he means, "so encompass him with all forms of loving watchfulness, that it shall be well nigh impossible for him to break through them, and return to his old surroundings."

BUT, IF HE BE MISSING? "Then shall thy life be for his life, or else thou shalt pay a talent of silver." Through the letter, read the spirit of the text. We are not taught, either here, or elsewhere in the Word of God, that if we fail in duty to our brother, our life shall be forfeited with his, but we are threatened with serious loss. Failure to discharge the lesser trusts here, will debar us from the larger trusts of the hereafter. The same principle works in earthly and in heavenly affairs. We cannot escape the law of probation, in this world, or in any other world. In every calling, there is going on a process of selection. Those who are found faithful in lower positions are bidden to go up higher. Those who are recreant to duty, are made to give way to such as have borne the tests of inferior station. Accident, or favoritism, may put a man into the wrong place, and may keep him there awhile, but time will finally rectify the blunder. Nepotism is too expensive, to become very prevalent amid the fierce competitions of modern life. It supports, here and there, an ornamental figure-head, but every business is obliged

to sift, and sort, and grade, and pay, according to proved efficiency and the natural expectations thus excited.

Tacitus crushes the crown of one of the Roman emperors with a single blow, when he exclaims "capax imperii, nisi imperasset." A man who would always have been thought fit for the throne, if only he had never ascended the throne! Such a stunning verdict is just, now and then, in the high places of responsibility in all vocations, but it is the rarity of the instances which makes them so conspicuous. The appointing power in great corporations is too careful of its capital, to risk it, without most searching investigation into the capacity and fidelity of those who are to have its management. You have often heard it said, that the affairs of our railroads are chiefly in the hands of the nephews, cousins and brothers-in-law of the directors. But, usually, the directors are the largest stockholders, and stockholders are not very likely to risk *their own stock*, in the hands of their incompetent kinsfolk, for relationship's sake. Examine the pay-rolls of our best railroads, and you will not find them filled with the names of incompetents, put there and kept there, on account of their blood. The places of responsibility are occupied by those who have been tried, and never found wanting.

I was talking about this one day with a railroad superintendent, who began as a brakeman. He scouted the notion that the managers of such corporations considered it their main business to support a retinue of relatives in the offices of the line. He declared that from the first time he sprang to his post, on the whistle of "down brakes," he had found

somebody on the lookout, to call him up higher, as fast as he was fit to go. The people who talk loudest about nepotism in business are usually those who have lost situations through incapacity or negligence. Depend upon it that the capital invested in the gigantic enterprises of manufactures, trade, transportation and commerce is inquiring for brains, and not for pedigrees. A business syndicate which should make the care of poor relations its first law must presently find itself in the hands of a receiver. In all this there is no hardness of heart. It is the only way to keep the world from universal bankruptcy. Thus is made the money to take care of the various poor relations that we encounter everywhere.

Now Christ teaches, both by parable and directly, that God recognizes the same principle in spiritual affairs. He carries on the enterprises of His kingdom through human agents, and conditions promotion on faithfulness to trust. To him that hath is given. From him that hath not is taken that which he seemeth to have. He that is faithful over a few things is made ruler over many things. The analogy between the method of worldly business and the method of religious business usually holds good even in the present life. God picks his men for the accomplishment of his purposes, just as would any wise human manager of complicated interests. Favoritism and spiritual good luck have no part in the administration of these grand affairs. He who keeps his brother, *finds brethren multiplying*, for him to keep. He who does not keep his brother, loses further opportunity.

This law of time passes over and becomes the law of eternity. Its importance there is measured by the

comparative length of time and eternity. The language of Revelation concerning the employments of the future life is highly figurative.

We may speculate as to their nature, but all that is clearly made known is, that there will be blessed activities, and that men will be assigned their respective parts *according to fitness made manifest during mortal probation*. He who will not keep his brother safe on earth has proved his unworthiness of any of the larger trusts of heaven, of whatsoever sort they be. There is a wide-spread and mischievous notion that if we can only gain entrance to the abodes of bliss it is of no special importance in what condition we secure admission. Doubtless, the chief question is, acceptance or rejection. That is the issue which must, in every case, be made first and settled first.

But, after that point is decided, which is presumed in the present discussion, it concerns us deeply to inquire what will be the comparative loss from religious negligence, and the comparative gain from religious faithfulness. In this view, greatly to be deplored is any present remissness in duty, which, even in a slight degree, contracts the horizon of opportunity for the endless ages. This should not excite any suspicion of arbitrariness on the part of God. We know that he will confide to our keeping forever all that we have shown that we can be trusted with. Nothing less and nothing more would precisely satisfy the moral sense of mankind. When we read that they who turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars in the brightness of the firmament, we say, that is as it should be. But, if it were added, he that did not keep his brother on earth, shall also

shine *as brightly*, we should say just as decidedly, that would *not* be as it should be.

Still, objects some one, though I admit that one star should differ from another star in glory, it seems to me that the consciousness of opportunity lost forever must fill one with unavailing regret and thus mar his happiness in heaven. The objection is natural and plausible. But, upon inspection, the difficulty becomes insignificant. As a young man, you had an opportunity to invest a little money in Minneapolis or Chicago. If you had only done so you might be to-day a millionaire. Your resources for honor, usefulness and happiness would be vastly increased, still that fact does not disturb your serenity, does not becloud life with unavailing regret. From the other life one may look back to the scenes of time; he may clearly discern neglected opportunities, he may know that through letting them slip he has lost many chances for heavenly preferment, and still suffer no positive unhappiness from the situation. Moreover, he may experience enjoyment to satisfaction, in the comparatively restricted sphere to which he has limited himself by his own voluntary course during probation. Nevertheless, the larger orbit would have been preferable, and by unfaithfulness in the lesser trust, the man has brought upon himself serious loss for eternity.

Do not reply: Revelation assures us that all shall be perfectly happy in heaven, therefore it makes no practical difference whether or not we improve every present possibility.

To this I answer: Suppose that you now contract your moral capacity, and that God, in his goodness, does hereafter fill it with enjoyment, would that be

as desirable, as if you should here enlarge that capacity to the utmost, and then God should make it brim over with blessedness forever?

It is our duty to accept with cheerfulness our natural endowments, whether they are great or small. A humble satellite may be as perfect as the central sun. But, when the choice is offered of being a star of inferior magnitude or a star of superior magnitude in the moral firmament, a most holy ambition responds: give me the larger body and the ampler space, world without end!

How, then, is it that we neglect the condition essential to the realization of that holy ambition? We have seen that that invariable condition is faithfulness to our trust during earthly probation: *Keep this man!* Our failure is the failure to obey that plain injunction. How is it that we let the man escape from our watch and care? "And as thy servant was busy here and there, *he was gone.*" That last part of the text reveals the secret. "As I *was busy*, here and there." That business is legitimate: it must have attention. Still it becomes so all-absorbing, it keeps us running here and there so constantly, that we forget to look after the man committed to our keeping, and, suddenly, we find that he is gone, we know not whither. It was for this reason, that Christ warned us so earnestly against "THE CARES OF THIS LIFE."

Our criminal negligence is not chiefly due to our indulgence in forbidden gratifications, but to our intense devotion to commendable pursuits. If you are a clerk, faithfulness to your employer requires that thought and energy shall be given to the advancement of his interests. You fall into the habit

of saying to yourself, these other subordinates behind the counter must look after themselves. My time and attention are all due to the establishment. I have no right to use for the benefit of my associates what belongs to the house. And so, while you are busy here and there, day after day, the clerk at your side, for whom you are morally responsible, is GONE.

If you are a student, your parents rightly expect that the prosecution of study will be your main employment. How many of you are constantly pleading this fact, and letting slip some of life's finest opportunities for the salvation of souls! God says to every one "there is that man, that class-mate, that seat-mate, that room-mate, that associate, KEEP HIM SAFE." You may not be guilty of a single sin of commission, you may merely be busy, here and there about things in themselves highly praiseworthy, and, all at once, be startled by the announcement: "HE IS MISSING!—GONE FOREVER!" If you are a teacher, your activities ought to be largely devoted to the preparation and hearing of lessons. But there is a pupil over whom you have more influence than does any other member of the faculty. You may always enter the class-room with the subject of the day fully mastered, you may crowd every minute of the hour with rich instruction, you may keep this up from September to June, year after year, and still, when it is too late, find that, while you have been thus busy, here and there, that man whom God brought unto you saying, KEEP HIM,—is missing, GONE FOREVER. If you are a capitalist giving employment to few, or to many, paying the highest market price for labor, and following only the most

honorable methods in the conduct of your affairs, so far all is well. But there is a workman whom God has brought to you saying: KEEP HIM. What is wanted is only five minutes of your precious time to-morrow morning. But you hurry by. You are so "busy, here and there." And, to-morrow night, that man will be missing, GONE FOREVER.

If you are in authority, so that you say to one, come, and he cometh, and to another, go, and he goeth, and, yet you are careful that no command shall be arbitrary and cruel, that is well. But there is a subordinate, who is having a desperate fight with the world, the flesh and the devil. God has put that subordinate there for you to KEEP. A smile and an encouraging word, once in a while, will suffice. But you neglect to give them, through absorption in what seem weightier interests. And, while you are "busy, here and there," he is missing, GONE FOREVER.

You are the mistress of a family. You are devoted to husband, children and friends. That is highly commendable. But there is your maid-servant. It is not your duty to make her your drawing-room associate. Still, she has, in common with your own daughter, social desires which need guidance and indulgence. Your experience and position qualify you to caution her of danger, and to direct her in the choice of companions. But you are so busy here and there. * * * Missing! A vial of laudanum, and the sleep that knows no waking!

"Mad from life's history,
Glad to death's mystery;
Swift to be hurled
Anywhere; anywhere
Out of the world."

Oh the CARES OF THIS LIFE ! Who shall deliver us from their blighting, destroying power !

God grant that, when we stand before him for judgment, and are called to account for the one committed to us with the injunction: KEEP HIM, HER, SAFE, we may not be compelled to answer with shame and confusion of face: "Lord, while I was busy, here and there, HE, SHE, WAS MISSING ! GONE FOREVER !"

PERSONAL ACCOUNTABILITY.

"For every man shall bear his own burden."—Galatians vi: 5.

The second verse of this chapter reads: "Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfill the law of Christ." At the first glance, the two texts seem to embody antagonistic doctrines. What propriety is there in telling us in the same breath, that we must bear one another's burdens, and that every man must bear his own burden?

There is, however, no opposition between the two injunctions. In the art of putting things, Paul was a master. He took delight in startling people by apparent contradictions, that he might arrest attention and lead them to think for themselves. The writings of the apostle are a constant, spiritual irritant. He did, on one occasion, put Eutychus to sleep with a long sermon, but, as a rule, he keeps up such a steady cross-fire that all are on the alert, wondering where and whom he will hit next.

Notice his skill in the present instance. He commences by bidding Christians bear your burdens for you, and then, just as you are settling down, and beginning to regard yourself as badly abused, because Christians are so remiss in duty, he turns upon you, saying: "None of that, there is no escape; you must bear your own burden."

Without invalidating, in the slightest degree, what he calls the law of Jesus, the apostle would bring before our minds very distinctly the fact, that after believers have done all that lies in their power for

one another, each will have his own burden to bear, that this, also, is a universal law under the government of God.

Let us try to look this idea squarely in the face, and, if possible, to ascertain its meaning. In the first place, it is the Creator's design that every human being shall have a burden of toil—that work, and work only, shall create value. The attempt to evade this law produces many of our financial crashes. Much of the business of Wall Street is legitimate, and highly beneficial to the world, but the gamblers there are all the time trying to get something for nothing and, every now and then, the penalty must come in the form of wide-spread ruin.

The same vice manifests itself, though less plainly, through all the ranks of society. Even the child who, on the railroad train, buys a package of prize candy, is in a small way imitating the grain swindler in Chicago, and the stock swindler in New York. He stakes twenty-five cents, hoping to find a dollar in the paper. The idea is to get seventy-five cents that do not belong to him, and do belong to somebody else; and to get them for nothing. It is at this point that speculation ceases to be legitimate business and degenerates into gambling. It is simply betting on chances. There is no exchange of values. As soon as that principle is lost sight of in men's dealings with one another, you may know that fraud, in some form, is lurking thereabouts, however hard it may be to tell precisely where it is hidden. It is perfectly right for a man to put his money into stocks, hoping for a heavy percentage from the operation of the ordinary laws of trade; but the moment that he begins to play the "bull," or the "bear,"

in the market, in order to create fictitious values by falsehood, or to depreciate real values through fright, his proper place before the moral law, if not before the civil law, is in the penitentiary. It is perfectly right for a man to put his money into grain, expecting to realize largely from the operation of the ordinary laws of demand and supply; but, as soon as regular transfers cease, and he merely lays a wager as to what the price of wheat will be on a certain day, and forms combinations to secure a "corner," he sinks morally, so far as that transaction is concerned, to the level of the ordinary gambler on a Mississippi steamboat. It is perfectly right for a man to put his money into land, if he thinks that he foresees a rapid development which will double or quadruple his investment; but, if by circulating false reports and exciting groundless expectations, he gulls the purchaser, that moment he crosses the line which separates an honest man from a cheat.

I know that it is very commonly said that you cannot distinguish between what is legitimate and what is illegitimate in business, but this is not an impossibility. If every man would remember that it is God's law that he must pay an equivalent for whatever he receives—an equivalent in honest hand-work, or head-work, or money, which is the accumulation of the two—if he would remember this, and then never try to get something for nothing, knavery would disappear from this world with astonishing rapidity. Now, if you search for the root of all these gigantic forms of fraud, you will find it in the determination to be free from God's great law of

labor, of equivalents, of something for something, instead of something for nothing.

To make the matter personal, let us not confine attention to brokers' offices, and grain elevators, and wild lands in Dakota. Are not you and I guilty of the same thing, on a smaller scale, every day? Are we not forever trying to shirk work, to get something for nothing? It is at this point that the text hits us all. Here is one of the burdens which God puts upon us to bear. His design is to test us, to show of what stuff we are made, to ascertain whether there is in us material enough for him to shape into heirs of immortality. Look, then, upon the burden of labor as God-appointed, and ask his help to carry it cheerfully. In the whole circle of my acquaintances, there are not more than twenty persons who do not grumble about having so much to do. And I blush to say that I can not claim to be one of the twenty. Is it not a weariness to the spirit, to listen to the pitiful cry on every side: "Oh, I am so busy!" What if I am? I ought to be. That is precisely what God put me here for. And shame upon me, if I have not the grit and the grace to meet his requirement, without burdening you with my complaints, and trying to make you and others believe that I am the hardest-worked and poorest-paid man in the community. If I am rendering my fellow-men and the cause of Christ such invaluable services, the people and the Master will be very sure to find it out, and to furnish suitable compensation, without my fretting myself and worrying my associates with my Jeremiads. That is my burden, and I have no right to thrust it upon others.

We look upon the little part which we have to

play in this world's drama, through a glass which magnifies a thousand diameters. Consequently, that part seems to us a thousand times as big as it does to those around us, who view it with the naked eye; and so between our estimate and theirs the contrast is laughable.

Now, if we will quit this folly, and simply take upon us the burden of toil which God has appointed, and carry it as he wants it carried, we can bear it cheerfully, nay joyfully, to the end. We can fill that labor, not only with prayer, but also with song. We can make it all worship, from Monday morning until Saturday evening. We must learn to spend less time and energy in examining the packs of others, to see whether we are not carrying a few pounds more than our share. You can not tell how heavy my load is; I can not tell how heavy your load is. God only knows. But of this we may be certain, that he commands every one of us to work with our might. If we have been doing too much, he bids us do less. If we have been doing too little, he bids us do more. This is wholly a question of individual accountability.

When, therefore, we come to view the subject aright, we shall be thankful that we are under this universal law of labor. Without it, we should cease to create value for others, and in ourselves. What is the inhabitant of the tropics worth to the world, or in himself, as he sits in the shade, eating the banana and the bread-fruit, as they ripen and drop from the branches above his head? What would become of human progress, of Christianity itself, if they were confided to his keeping? In character, he is nerveless, pulpy, like the fruits that he lives on.

He does nothing to put stamina into him, and to make him a power among men. It is in the zones where nature is less bountiful, where men are compelled to dig, and delve and sweat, that those forces are generated which carry the race onward and upward.

Constituted as we are, with this bias toward indolence and shiftlessness, that is not a tyrannical mandate, but a merciful injunction, which declares that "Every one must bear his own burden." We are bidden to help one another in all the ways which sweet charity dictates; but, when that has been done, the voice rings out loud and clear: "Work! work! Stand up under your load like a man!" Thus contribute what you can to the general store, and vindicate your right to the title of sonship before God.

Again! We are called upon to bear a burden of trouble and suffering. We are wont to complain because this burden is so unequal. Yet I believe that the more carefully we study the matter, the more equal the distribution will seem. Take anxiety about our ordinary affairs. There is the hod-carrier in the street. How shall he, with his dollar and a half a day, buy bread for all those hungry mouths, and shoes for all those little feet at home? And suppose he falls sick, how will his wife be able to manage, and where shall she get the money for the doctor's bills? Why can he not rest easy on these questions, like the man he sees writing at the office window yonder? But, at that very moment, he at the office window is preyed upon by things that harass him just as fearfully. How shall he meet his engagements here? How can he quiet clamor there?

How can he ever clear himself from the meshes which his own indiscretion or the craft of others has woven around him. In the matter of anxiety the hod-carrier is no worse off than the capitalist.

Here, too, is the poor man with children to educate. How shall this great end be accomplished? It is the struggle of a life-time; but, by and by, that girl develops into cultivated, queenly womanhood; and that boy fights his way up to heights of influence and usefulness. But yonder is the rich man. With him the question is not how to get money, but how to keep what he has got from ruining his children. The daughter cares for nothing but Vanity Fair, and the son is given up to indolence and dissipation. The two go out into life, fitted for nothing but squandering their inheritance. Is not the weight of anxiety as heavy on the rich man as on the poor man?

Walk along a crowded business street, now looking in at the doors, and now watching the faces of those who throng the sidewalk. The story varies very little. Care and anxiety are about equalized. It is hard to tell which carries most, the banker, the farmer, or the chimney-sweep. Each has laid upon him a proportionate burden. The sweep has his worries, but they are cooped in by the walls of the flues which he cleans. The farmer seems to lead a freer life, but you must remember that, as the boundaries of his liberty extend, so do his perplexities increase. The banker appears to be still more independent, but notice how the telegraph lines from New York and London, keep his nerves in a constant quiver, his mind in a feverish fret. Take everything into the account, and these ordinary annoyances and

vexations are found to be very evenly distributed.

When you pass on to the province of sorrow, the case is not materially changed. There are exceptions. We often speak of this person and of that person, as especially afflicted. But, if you will extend your scale of measurement, and study the history of families, you will see that, in the long run, the proportion of suffering to each, differs little. It is the same old history of sickness and death, with every generation; *just about so many shrouds, just about so many coffins!*

Now, there are three ways in which we may meet this stubborn, universal fact:

We may rebel against it. We may fight it as long as we live; but we can not change it. The struggle will only make us the more miserable.

Or we may submit to it in sullen stoicism, declaring that it is useless to battle against fate, and that it is the part of wisdom to bear the inevitable, heroically.

Or we may recognize the merciful hand of God's providence, trying to lead us out from the confusion and distress which human transgression has brought upon earth, into those serene realms of resignation, faith and hope, in which it is the Christian's privilege to make his home.

Let us now ascend to a more elevated and expansive province of contemplation, and examine the burden of personal accountability unto Jehovah. That idea I want to set vibrating in every breast here this morning. *God and I,—what are his claims upon me?*

God lays upon you the burden of responsibility for right thinking. By right thinking is not meant

right thinking in every department of truth, or even in every department of theology, but concerning your relation to him through Jesus Christ.

To this end, he would have you cultivate a reverent affection for the Bible, as the depository of his revealed will. In doing this, it is not necessary for you to suppose that there is truth nowhere else, or to reject, as false, whatever falls without the province of your own experience, or the teachings of this Book. Nor, on the other hand, is there any virtue in eagerly subscribing to every thing which *seems* to have some connection with Bible history or doctrine.

A woman had a son who was a sailor. As was natural, she took great delight in her boy's descriptions of his voyages. After his return from a long cruise, he was amusing her, one evening, with accounts of fishes and fishing. Among other things, he told her how, on the Mediterranean, he had seen flying fish rise out of the water, like birds, fifteen or twenty feet, and sail through the air hundreds of feet. His mother, having never before heard of anything of the sort, concluded that he was drawing upon his imagination. So, as soon as he got to a period, putting her spectacles back, she began: "Oh, John, John, this sea-life is going to prove the ruin of you. You used to be such a truthful boy, and here you are trying to palm off this nonsense upon your old mother."

After endeavoring in vain to convince her that he had not stretched the facts in the least, he gave it up, saying: "Well, mother, that was a pretty tough story; but now I'll tell you one that you'll like: a few months ago we went fishing over in the Red Sea, and, would you believe it, the very first time that we

cast the net, we drew up a chariot wheel, made of gold, and inlaid with diamonds, and we all agreed that it must have been one of the wheels that came off from Pharaoh's chariot, when he was drowned in pursuing the Israelites, about four thousand years ago."

"There, there, John," replied she, with a sigh of relief, "that sounds better. That is more like what I used to read to you from Exodus, when you were a little boy. Tell me such stories as that, and I'll believe you; but don't let me hear any more about your flying fish."

Now, some who call themselves scientific people, would have us think that John's mother is a fair representative of the Christianity of the nineteenth century; that the ministry would make everybody just so set against the facts which lie outside the sacred narrative, and just so credulous about anything which seems to have even the remotest connection with the scripture record. To give it no harsher name, that is a gross misrepresentation. I do not know of any religious teacher who wants men and women to set themselves against a truth, simply because it is not stated somewhere between Genesis and Revelation, or to catch up any statement merely because its phraseology has a kind of Bible smack. It is our business to preach faith, not credulity. With this faith, the right thinking which I maintain that you are accountable for, has a most intimate connection.

It is well to entertain correct views about baptism, election, perseverance, perfection and other such doctrines; but, after all, those views do not form a part of that burden of responsibility which I am ad-

vocating. What you are bound to do is, to come to the Bible, and more particularly to the New Testament, and most particularly to the Gospels, with reverence, candor, and confidence, determined to find out the relations in which you stand to God, through a crucified Redeemer.

Open to Matthew, and you read: "Whosoever, therefore, shall confess me before men, him will I confess also before my Father in heaven." Turn to Mark, and this is the testimony: "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved." In the next chapter, Luke speaks: "To give knowledge of salvation to his people, by the remission of their sins, through the tender mercy of our God." And next, from John is heard the same glad proclamation: "I am come a light into the world, that whosoever believeth on me should not abide in darkness."

And then, from the Acts of those apostles, who left the narrow limits of Palestine, and went forth to spread the joyful news throughout the world, breaks the announcement: "In every nation, he that feareth God and worketh righteousness, is accepted with him."

Whereupon, from the lips of the last speaker, Paul catches the message, and cries to the Romans: "This gospel is the power of God unto salvation, unto every one that believeth." And next, the Corinthians hear it: "Thanks be unto God for his unspeakable gift." And presently far away Galatia listens to the new story: "Jerusalem which is above is free, which is the mother of us all." And on the streets of Ephesus, which once resounded with the shout, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians," there is another voice: "One Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God

and Father of all." And from Philippi, but yesterday idolatrous and degraded, this is the strain: "Our citizenship is in heaven." Colosse, too, joins in the thanksgiving: "There is neither Greek nor Jew, circumcision nor uncircumcision, barbarian, Scythian, bond nor free; but Christ is all in all." Thessalonica, likewise, hears the assurance: "God hath not appointed us unto wrath, but to obtain salvation through our Lord Jesus Christ." From Timothy and Titus cometh the same blessed truth: "If we be unfaithful, yet He abideth faithful." "He gave himself for us, that he might redeem us from all iniquity." Nay, more, in the short epistle to Philemon, even the poor fugitive slave, Onesimus, is recognized: "Not now as a servant, but above a servant, a brother beloved in the Lord."

In the letter to the Hebrews, Christ for all, is still the central truth. Through him, God says to sinners everywhere: "I will be merciful to their unrighteousness, and their sins and iniquities will I remember no more." And next, James and Peter and John and Jude range themselves side by side, and thus they speak: "Humble yourselves in the sight of the Lord, and he shall lift you up." "For Christ hath also once suffered for sins, the just for the unjust, that he might bring us to God." "The blood of Jesus Christ his son cleanseth us from all sin." "Keep yourselves in the love of God, looking for the mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ, unto life eternal."

And then, as we close the Book, Revelation speaks: "The Spirit and the Bride say, come. And let him that heareth say, come. And let him that is athirst, come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely."

And, now, with every book in the New Testament crying, free grace, salvation to all, pardon, peace, heaven, to every man, woman and child, that will seek them through Christ, how dare you say that you are an exception, that there is no hope for you, or that God has no claims upon you?

Do you reply, that I have been picking out isolated passages, here and there, to sustain my argument? You are mistaken. Early one morning, I opened my Bible, and began at Matthew, and I kept turning leaf after leaf, and when I got through it was noon. The same glorious doctrine shone all along the way. The trouble was not to find the proofs, for they were spread out everywhere. The perplexity lay in making selections from the hundreds and hundreds of verses that cried: "Take me—make me your witness for Christ."

I do not deny that you can quote some hard, ugly texts. But bring them here, every one. Heap them as high as you can; and, then, mountain high above them, I'll pile the testimony from the lips of Jesus and his apostles, to show that your conclusion is false.

With all this evidence within your reach, you are responsible for right thinking on this question. From the tremendous weight of that burden, there is for you no escape.

Finally, God bids you put right thinking into right acting. That burden multiplies the pressure of the other, and you can not roll it upon the shoulders of any body else. Are you trying to rid yourself of it, in that old, old way? Are you pleading the inconsistencies and iniquities of church members as an excuse? Are you scornfully pointing to the hellish

scandals that sometimes settle down around the pulpit?

That has nothing whatever to do with the case. Suppose that church members are as bad as you claim; suppose that they are a thousand-fold worse. Nay, more; suppose that there is not living a solitary professor of religion that is not a hypocrite, or a solitary minister of the gospel whose character is not blacker than Francis Moulton painted the character of Henry Ward Beecher,—what then? Does that change, one iota, your personal relation to God? Is not your heavenly Father saying to you, individually: “Here,—now,—I want one genuine Christian in this world. I call upon *you* to be that one?”

SYMMETRY IN THE MINISTRY.

"Take heed unto thyself, and unto the doctrine."—I Timothy iv: 16.

Notice the conjunction: "Take heed unto thyself, *and* unto the doctrine." The clauses are co-ordinate. Culture and creed stand before us hand in hand, twin brothers. Let no quarrel arise. Let neither, in derision, leap over the walls which the other is building for the Eternal City.

Paul had no conception of a faultless manhood and a faultless orthodoxy, as two separable and antagonistic possibilities. With him, religion found nothing too common for the touch of consecration, nothing too ethereal for faith's firm tread.

In sympathy with his view, and following the textual order, we inquire what is meant by the words: "Take heed to thyself."

First, take heed to the *physical nature*. The connection is so intimate between bodily, mental and moral health, that it should not be disregarded by any one and, least of all, by the preacher. There are two extremes, either of which is to be avoided. It was the monastic notion that the body should be whipped and mortified into subjection to the soul. But, taught by sad experience that the body can not be kept under by the lash, men have latterly come to court its good graces with most flattering caresses. You may hear, on every side, loud-voiced apostles of muscular Christianity. Let us have more sinew, and we shall have less sin, is the burden of the new gospel. Trade your commentaries for a

health-lift, if you would help men on to holiness. Dyspepsia and liver complaint are the bane of theology. Cure those, if you would secure soundness in this.

What, however, was Paul's doctrine? We find in his teachings no sympathy with asceticism. He deals considerably with physical weakness. He prescribes thoughtfully for Timothy's bodily infirmities. Yet he, at the same time, guards him against the notion that he must make the Greek ideal of physical development his ideal in the ministry. In the chapter before us, he says boldly: "Bodily exercise profiteth little." What avails it to pile up the muscle on your arm, till you are equal to a boxing bout with old Pollux himself? Will that iron hand come down any heavier for truth? Should the preacher put himself in training till he becomes a brawny Charon, stout enough to scull every waiting soul across Acheron?

In the heroic age, Homer could find no more complimentary terms than "Horse-whipper," and "Horse-tamer." With these he greets his favorites in every encounter. But, is there, to-day, no danger that the ponies may run away with the pulpit? Shall we rush upon the field, crying with Richard III: "A horse! A horse! My kingdom for a horse!" Is the ability to drive "tandem" or four-in-hand, to be henceforth regarded as one of the chief clerical accomplishments? The church used to put the lash into a man's hand, and bid him use it on himself. Shall we retain the lash, but substitute horse-flesh for human flesh? Seriously, can we never learn to treat the body, neither as a slave, nor as a master;

but as a loving servant, that is to be kindly trained to do the bidding of the soul.

Unto the minister so much bodily exercise is profitable as is necessary to keep bile and brain on the best of terms with each other. Beyond that, the cultivation of muscular tissue is a waste of force that is needed elsewhere. The steadiest moral nerve and the clearest spiritual vision may be looked for when the pulse is full, soft and regular. It is only then that a man is in condition to preach.

Next to health comes *mental breadth*. When Paul wrote to Timothy, mental grasp would have been the better term. Christianity and heathenism had just met for their first fierce encounter upon the arena. They stood face to face, like two gallant wrestlers of the earlier day. It was a question of grip and throttle. But, now, science has broken up the circle of the amphitheater, and rimmed us round with an ever-receding horizon. Grasp is still wanted in the ministry, but breadth yet more. May we be delivered from that narrowness which would bring on a miserable duel, when temperate arbitration might settle the difficulty. It is wiser to learn from the spirit of Geneva in the nineteenth century, than from the spirit of Geneva in the sixteenth century.

There are several cheap kinds of sermon padding; but the cheapest of them all is the indiscriminate attack upon the naturalist, as necessarily the high-priest of naturalism. If you would have a model of the forcible-feeble style of discourse, give a man a bad theological scare, and a plentiful supply of adjectives, and then cry Huxley and Darwin in his ear.

One great hindrance to the spread of the gospel, is this apparent anxiety in the church, lest the foun-

dations of the faith may be undermined in the search after the secrets of nature. So long as the keepers of the temple manifest such trepidation, the multitude will suspect that the building is insecure, and stay outside.

Earth's alluvium is rich. Let the investigators work there in peace. No matter what their motives, we shall be the better off for every discovery. And, if some excavator does, now and then, shout to the surface, that he has found the bottom fact, that he has touched the Ultimate Cause, we can afford to wait patiently, knowing that when the laborers have gone down through the alluvium, they will but come to the Rock of Ages.

The telescope is ours. It sweeps the azure. We can not afford to lay down the instrument which God has given us for all this wide survey, this OVERLOOK, and fall to quarreling with him, who, microscope in hand, is trying to get the UNDERLOOK.

We foolishly suffer from the apprehension that he will not teach just what we want taught; that he will not use the old theological crucible. We are a little doubtful whether to trust truth to come out truth, whoever manipulates. We are all the time whispering innuendoes against him who uses the microscope. We, lawyer-like, besmut his character, so that we may weaken his influence, should he come into court with some perplexing circumstantial evidence, in the so-called case of Science versus Revelation.

Or, if we do not do this, we commit another piece of folly. We, whom God has commissioned to search into the wonders of the spiritual sky-blue, abandon the observatory, and, borrowing the microscope, after brief superficial study, essay to enlighten the world,

in orthodox fashion, on the relation of Genesis to cell genesis, and of Revelation to protoplasm. Such breadth means nothing but thinness. It weakens the minister's influence quite as much as the narrowness already described. He who preaches the gospel to save souls, can not afford the time for learned researches in the various departments of science. He will become the laughing-stock of the savant, if he makes the attempt with the limited resources at his command. Furthermore, he will fritter away those energies which should be used to compel men to come into the kingdom of God. That breadth of mind which he needs, is the ability to see that all important truths are not clasped between Bible lids, and to welcome fearlessly, thankfully, every discovery made by the specialist in the many fields of investigation, even though it may perplex him for awhile to reconcile that discovery with the time-honored creed.

Again, the minister must give heed to his *manliness*. Let there be no trifling with self-respect. The graduate leaves the seminary with the determination to seek a good life rather than a good living; but he often finds the living so poor that it impoverishes the life. To better the living, he unconsciously begins to cast about him for what are called in the world's markets, "preacher's rates." But he never asks for a minister's discount without discounting his own ministerial influence. He can not look the tradesman quite so steadily in the eye. There is a semi-mendicancy in the transaction which tells against his Sabbath message. An unregenerate butcher can hardly see why he should be called upon to furnish clerical roast beef at twelve cents

a pound, while the ordinary worldling pays fifteen cents without any grumbling. The preacher who would stand erect in his pulpit, must be able to walk through shop and store without stooping. Of course, nothing is said against such free-will offerings as come spontaneously from parishioner to pastor. These open the heart of the former and bring no degradation to the latter. They are not to be looked upon as an affront. Let such favors be accepted, gracefully and gratefully. Still, there is danger that they will presently be regarded in the light of church dues, or parish perquisites; that, if they fail, the minister will look upon himself as not quite fairly treated, or that, if they are furnished, they will be taken with scant courtesy.

Did you ever know a brother who, when a country parishioner had put a bag of Bell-flowers into the cellar of the parsonage, would meet him at the top of the stairs, and look at the size of the sack, as if making an estimate, whether all the tithes had been brought in. The pulpit can better bear the charge of being musty and cob-webby with antiquity, than the suspicion of becoming spongy.

A second essential element of manliness is *naturalness*. There is a foolish habit of gauging speech and deportment, by the question: "Is it ministerial?" To that we fall to trimming word and action. The consequence is a style of spiritual affectation, which excites prejudice against the profession. There is too much clerical primness, though, with gratitude be it acknowledged, there has been a marked improvement, within a quarter of a century. So small a matter as the discarding of the regulation white hat and stock has helped to humanize the clergy.

The wearing of such a uniform gave a ghastly look, and the man naturally fell to cultivating cadaverousness. When such a one held out his hand for you to shake, you felt like saying, with old king Lear: "Let me wipe it first, it smells of mortality."

Still, you may see a remnant of the ancient idea, in the way in which many seek to banish humor from the pulpit. No censure can be too severe for the preacher who plays the buffoon behind the desk. May the profession be forever rid of ministerial Merry Andrews. But, if the Creator has given a man the faculty of impaling on a witticism all forms of spiritual flunkeyism in the church, or of dissolving in humor, nauseating truth, so that people can and will take it, that faculty is from God and is to be used for God, as freely and fearlessly as any other mental endowment. We cannot afford to surrender this divine gift to the press, the stage and the forum, or to permit its use to the clergyman on secular occasions, and deny it on the Sabbath.

Max Muller says wisely: "Humor is a surer sign of strong convictions and perfect safety than guarded solemnity." Yet, how people do dote upon that same guarded solemnity, and the more unnatural it is, the more supernatural they take it to be.

A third essential element of manliness is *self-forgetfulness*. One of Virgil's most wonderful pictures is that of two dragons, which, in the temple, coil their bodies and hide their hissing heads behind the glittering shield of divinity itself. And those ugly twin monsters, pride and ambition, are always watching their chance to steal in here.

There are many in the average audience whom

this trouble in the pulpit may not harm. The young and the thoughtless may not be repelled by its presence. But not so is it with those who have grown old and hardened in sin. You go fishing. You may walk along a trout brook in plain sight, and catch a kreel full of fish. But they are all young fry. There is a wily veteran, just under that big, moss-covered rock. You may try him with every fly in your book. He rather fancies the bate, but he does not fancy you. You come again the next day. You stoop and get behind the rock and cast a line. That brown hackle is the morsel; but, just as he is going to rise, he changes his mind and glides away. Why? He caught sight of a hat and a pair of eyes,—and they took away his appetite for brown hackle. The third day, you put your hat into your pocket and advance on all-fours. You now go by faith and not by sight. You would not have the least shadow on the stream so much as give a hint of your existence.

A butterfly, with wings of bronze, drops upon the surface of the water. Strike! Let him play! That's a three-pounder! So is it in fishing for MEN.

Sympathy with common experiences is no less important. There is a great danger that we shall confound sentimentalizing with sympathizing; that we shall pattern after Rev. Laurence Sterne; that we shall look pathetically through the window at the captive; but be very careful never to get upon the same side of the bars with the captive; that we shall make the whole journey from Jericho to Jerusalem a merely sentimental journey.

Did you never go forth from some pen-picturing of distress, and find yourself in the condition of Pip, in *Great Expectations*?—"with a whole gallon of con-

descension, and only a pint of ale," to cheer the distressed. In training the imagination, to catch a Tennyson's "voice of shipwreck, on a shoreless sea," there may be a kind of opium ecstasy, which unmans the soul, for shoving its life-boat out into a sea with shore breaker-white, and for bending to the oar to rescue the perishing. We may so accustom ourselves to mounting to the attics of fancy, as to have no heart, to drag our weary feet up the rickety stairways to the top story of the tenement house.

The parish is the natural corrector of the study. It gives us an exquisite thrill, to wring some imaginary hand of distress,—a hand that is delicate and white; but he that would successfully minister before God unto men, must have such interest in the common-place work, temptations, and trials of life, that he is always eager to clasp the hard and sweaty palm of the clown, that he may lead the clown up to a crown.

Focalizing, now, these few separate rays which we have been trying to throw upon this part of the subject, we see that, with physical health and mental breadth, and a manliness that is self-respectful; natural, self-forgetful, and heartily sympathetic, the minister is, on the manward side, in readiness for effective work. So essential are these qualifications, that there would seem to be no danger of their being unduly magnified. But, when a generous, cultivated, brilliant humanitarianism comes forward at this point and declares that no more is necessary—that character is everything, that creed is nothing; that if a man be a living epistle known and read of all, it matters little what theories he advances from the pulpit,—it is high time to re-read the second part of

Paul's pastoral charge to Timothy: "Take heed unto the doctrine." Equip thyself upon the Godward side.

Present limits permit the notice of only two particulars. The first is a fearless *radicalism*

The minister is called to set himself against what Lowell characterizes as, "a feeble-minded piety, which dreads the cutting away of an orthodox tumor of misbelief, as if the life blood of faith would follow, and would keep even a stumbling-block in the way of salvation, if only enough generations had tripped over it to make it venerable."

Good men have unwittingly introduced the poison into our theological systems. Good men have unintentionally dropped mischievous things in the path of life. But that is no reason why we should use fomentations for the tumors, and cover up the stumbling-blocks with our mantels of charity. The knife for the one, and the fire for the other! Then shall we be ready for the treatment of heterodoxy.

There are two sides to this question. Radicalism has a call in both directions. We desire not, to hush the talk about the old tumors of orthodoxy. Expose them all, and give them all heroic treatment. But use the probe, impartially. Try it upon the "other -doxy," and you will find that, of all tumors, the oldest and the deadliest is the one implanted in human speculation, when heterodoxy first became articulate, in the words: "Thou shalt not surely die."

But sin does KILL. Psychology says so. History says so. Paul says so. Christ says so. We shrink aghast from the ruin which the soul may bring upon itself, and there is an impulse to take refuge in the tempter's utterance: "Thou shalt not surely die."

There may be remedial virtue in sin, if not here, then, perhaps, elsewhere. Is not heterodoxy trying to inoculate orthodoxy, with the virus of that same old tumor? He only is kind to his brother and true to his Master, who tenderly, but plainly, recognizes the badness of the case. "Take heed to the doctrine."

We are here at the root of things, the tap-root. Dare to be radical. But do not rest satisfied in dealing with those fibrous roots that run laterally, near the surface. Such work is easier and pleasanter. It gives less offense to others. It disturbs your own pity less. But it does not meet God's requirements. You must find sin's farthest reach. That goes down, down, to DEATH, a death the end of which we can not see, strain our tearful eyes as we will.

In this development theory of evil, there are no "breaks." It is from bad to worse all the way, till vision touches the border land of darkness, about which we know nothing, unless we accept Revelation.

In the name of reason, how can we discard present experiences and analogies, and picking up, here, a possibility on supposed conditions, and, there, a perhaps under existing conditions, try to construct a situation which shall abolish the death penalty under the government of God. Such speculation is cruel. Under the guise of mercy, it palliates guilt, belittles righteousness, loosens the bonds of moral obligation, and leads the soul to trifle with its own eternal destiny.

Sin is the radical problem. And that is only a pseudo-radicalism, which would dismiss it with sundry surface guesses, dignifying them by the name of an answer. Who is the genuine radical? Which

shall we trust, the feminine, or the masculine lobe of the brain? Which is the more grandly compassionate, the weak pity which hides, or the white-lipped resolution which lays bare the terrible ruin wrought by perverted free will?

Lastly: *Preach Christ*. Sin means death. Christ means life. The reach is infinite, either way. Moral evil is upon us. We cannot solve the mystery of its permission. Our subtlest conjectures are only partially satisfactory. That impossible task is not required. Our commission is to herald salvation from ruin. So much we know, that, as permitted evil was in God's thought from the beginning, likewise from the beginning in God's thought was the Logos who took bodily form at Bethlehem. The insinuation of malevolence is met by the gift of divinity incarnate.

The heart throbs and swells, as we again catch sight of the great tidal wave of Christian thought that flows and ebbs through nineteen centuries. It is embodied in that word, which one party pronounces ATONEMENT, and the other party pronounces AT-ONE-MENT. And each is partly right. When you look heavenward, and God's righteous law towers upward in all its majesty, the cross does mean ATONEMENT. But, when you look earthward, and see the Father's arms thrown around his prodigal boy come home, those blood-red letters change to characters of golden light, and the word grows syllabic, and the inscription on the cross reads AT-ONE-MENT.

All these theories that give us some hint of the fathomless meaning of the life and death of Christ call for gratitude. But all creeds combined, from ECCE HOMO to ECCE DEUS fall infinitely short of declaring the humanity and the divinity of Jesus.

Boundless theme! Our inspiration and our despair!

Yet, when the scoffer points to Calvary, and asks, what more can you make of it than the central gibbet of the universe?—the heart flies to the rescue with the answer: "SOME-HOW IT SAVES."

And the risen Redeemer speaks: "Go, disciple all nations. Lo I am with you alway, unto the end of the world."

"With us alway," Our Master,—what need we more! Let our walk be closer with thee in our toils, closer with thee in our trials, closer with thee in our joys, closer with thee in our sorrows, closer with thee as the burdens of years increase, closer with thee as we near the bounds of life, closer with thee as we go down into the valley of the shadow, closer with thee as we climb the Heights of the Everlasting—and that will be Heaven—Amen!

MEMORY AND IMAGINATION.

“Forgetting those things that are behind, and reaching forth unto those things that are before.”—Philippians iii: 13.

Memory and Imagination—Prime Factors in the Problem of Life! This is the theme which invites our study to-day. Says an objector, however, the text does not commend remembering, but forgetting. You can not, therefore, legitimately use the verse in the manner proposed. So it might seem at the first glance, but a moment's thought brings relief. It is obvious, that the Apostle can not advocate the *blotting out* of the past, leaving there *nothing but utter blankness*. That would be to destroy all the materials for that very progress which he everywhere enjoins. What he desires is, that we should learn to *discriminate* between those things which will hinder and those things which will promote our advancement, and then forget the former but remember the latter. This is a constant puzzle. The feeling is like that which we have in taking up a daily paper. We are perplexed to know what to skip, and what to read. So, here, the first difficulty is to decide what to banish from the mind, and what to retain in the mind. Now, we ought to carry from the past into the future, whatever will be helpful there, and drop everything else. The division may be made by picking out the bad and leaving the good, or by picking out the good and leaving the bad. Either method involves the other. And so it is proper to use the text to cover the theme proposed.

Consider, therefore:

I. Things to forget.

II. The use to be made of things remembered.

We should train ourselves to *forget animosities*. To cherish these, is the distinguishing characteristic of barbarism. To nurse the desire for revenge was considered one of the noblest virtues among the ancients. Gratitude for kindness was not more highly esteemed. Modern savagery subscribes to the same creed. Such is the inspiration of the scalp dance, among the aborigines. Such is the sentiment of the pioneer, who steadies his rifle, with the doctrine that the only *good* Indian is a *dead* Indian. Whoever harbors resentment and bides his time for retaliation, is no better than a Vandal, or a Comanche, or a border ruffian.

Such a one does not belong within the pale of civilization, much less within that of Christianity. Still, this detestable trait clings to us all most obstinately, and under most deceptive disguises. Even the devout believer, who fancies himself under the dominion of the Beatitudes, is suddenly shocked to discover the war paint on his face and the tomahawk in his hand; or, if the picture is not so startling, he will detect, under what seems to be zeal for the Lord of Hosts, a lurking purpose, to gratify his own personal hostility.

You may read this, between the lines, in the biographies of almost all the world's great reformers. And rigid self-examination will reveal the same fact, in your own humbler experience. The ugly spirit will insidiously worm its way into religious talk, or prayer, or sermon.

Now, these animosities must be banished from

our recollection. We are not to sort them over, with a view to retaining some, and expelling some. All must go. The presence of any will be a curse to other people and to ourselves. This will require the most patient and persistent discipline of the will. Our mental philosophies abound in directions for training the power of memory. But there is also a training to forget, which is sadly neglected, both in theory and in practice. This is more under the control of volition, than we commonly suppose. So strong is the passion for brooding over our vindictive feelings, that we say that it is ungovernable; that, possibly, we may *forgive*, but that we *can never forget*. Are we, however, so helpless under the tyranny of passion? If, instead of taking it for granted that our attention must set steadily in that direction, we would resolutely seek to divert it to other activities, we should be surprised at the mastery which would come, in the lapse of years. Of course, the older we are before we open the struggle, the more protracted it will be. This science of forgetting is begun too late in life. The child ought to be taught at the outset, that it is just as necessary for him to learn to forget, as it is to learn to remember; that there are certain things which he must discipline himself to withdraw his attention from, just as there are certain other things which he must discipline himself to fix his attention upon. Much may be done through the direct action of volition. Still more may be accomplished, indirectly, by occupying the mind with loftier purposes, by keeping it so busy with nobler employments, that the latter will thrust out, and keep out, the resentments which clamor for hospitality. Test thus, I pray you, the expulsive power

of benevolent thought and beneficent action. Never till you learn to *forget*, as well as to forgive, can you know the fulness, the beauty and the sweetness of Christian liberty.

Forget failures. Respecting animosities, the rule has no exceptions; but respecting failures, the injunction is less sweeping. We should consign to oblivion only the failures which would be a hindrance, if remembered. There is a brooding over defeats, which unnerves resolution, and discourages fine achievement. It lowers the tone of mental and spiritual life, and sinks the doxology into the dirge. Who has not looked upon this raven, and listened to its doleful *nevermore*? Are we, then, unable to shake off the dismal spell? Multitudes yield themselves unresisting captives, and, thenceforth, clank the fetters of hopes always dying, but never dead. You meet such people daily, you hear their inarticulate cries, your heart goes out to them in sympathy, and yet you are powerless to rescue. The only remedy lies in themselves, in their consigning to oblivion this wretched past, which they carry about with them like a body of death. A man may decide very quickly, whether a failure should be forgotten. So soon as he finds that to recur to a defeat, weakens his confidence in his power to succeed in any worthy department of effort, he may know that it is his duty to withdraw his mind from that occurrence, and seek to break up the laws of association, which will be most likely to suggest that portion of his experience. At first, the very effort not to remember, will seem to fix the matter more firmly in mind, just as in insomnia, the resolution to expel an agitating thought, will sometimes send it whirling through the

brain chambers with increased velocity. But persistent resolution will finally banish the unwelcome visitor, or thrust it into the background through the introduction of more pleasing guests. No one has gained a proper self-mastery, until he is able to *shut and lock the door* upon any memory which will discourage him in striving for nobler attainments.

Be on your guard against a morbid passion for going back to the different battle grounds, on which you have been overthrown, and living your miseries over again. There is only one class of people who succeed in making that practice profitable. It is composed of such poets as turn their woes into verse, at so much a canto. They may convert into cash the opening of old wounds, just as professional beggars subject themselves to all sorts of inflictions, that they may the more surely excite the pity of the passer-by.

But the best that most of us can get out of an old hurt, is to get well of it as soon as possible, and to get away from it as far as possible. Usually, the most dangerous thing that we can carry into a present encounter, is the picture of a previous disaster. It secretly takes the stamina out of us, so that we are panic-struck at the first shock of arms. What is true of physical and mental courage is equally so of moral courage. For this reason, in the Christian life, it is wise to forget the sins of the past which fill us with apprehension of our future triumph. Yet many seem to regard it as a sort of virtue, to impede their spiritual progress, by loading themselves with the recollection of transgressions, which God himself has promised to remember no more forever.

Forget successes; not all, but such as fill the mind

with a sense of satisfaction, and tempt you to relax your efforts, and to erase *Excelsior* from your banner. It is often said that college valedictorians seldom run an illustrious career. The statement is false; still there are too many cases in which a young man bends all his energies in a single direction, until the day of graduation; and, thenceforth, gives himself up to admiration for his one achievement. But, while he is engrossed with that bright memory, his competitors, forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, lay hold upon the grander prizes of life. Laurels won begin to wither the moment that they encircle the brow. The world has little use for him who has nothing to offer but the faded flowers and time-stained cards, which testify that he was the hero of a happy day in the long ago.

In estimating the value of any man, you need to know whether there is material in him to carry him on to a certain point where he will sit down to enjoy what he has gained, or whether there is a reserve of ambition and energy, which will urge him forward so long as life shall last. In carrying on any enterprise, this idea is highly important in your calculations. There are so many persons who do fine service under conditions, who lose momentum the instant the conditions are removed. How often a business firm has been disappointed on admitting to partnership a subordinate who has been working for years on probation. His fidelity and zeal have made themselves felt in all directions. But now that he has come into the new relation, the throb in the movement of affairs disappears. The draught dies away, as if some check damper had been

closed. That is a very anxious moment when you remove any special pressure which has been brought to bear for years. You hold your breath to see whether the ordeal has used up all the stuff that there was in him, and whether he, who has hitherto lived in anticipation, will now begin to live in memory; or whether he is still full of enterprise, so that the present attainment will be an incentive to more eager endeavor. That is a rare manager of any interest, who has an insight which gauges men correctly, knows how much there is in them, can calculate whether the supply will last till a certain date, or can discern some secret fountain which will flow perennially. Alas for him that has nothing to depend upon but spent forces, memories, shadows of a past, however illustrious!

Did you not admire the spirit of Charles Francis Adams, who, on being introduced as the grandson of his grandfather and the son of his father, made a graceful bow to his ancestors, but declined to be a mere voice from the tombs. I have a friend whom I delight to introduce as the nephew of his distinguished uncle. The expression of his countenance is a study. It seems to say: Forgetting those things that are behind, I reach forth to those things which are before.

In this outline of what we should train ourselves to forget, I have incidentally touched upon what we should remember. There are failures and sins to which it becomes us to recur from time to time. They are such as give us salutary warning, point out danger in a way which does not unman us, but shows us, with the peril, the method of escape. Was it not the defeat at Bunker Hill which revealed to our

forefathers the possibility of successful resistance, and gave them courage to publish to the world the Declaration of Independence? So the Union disaster at Bull Run, settled the fall of the Confederacy at Richmond. By losing many a hard-fought battle, both Peter the Great and Frederick the Great, finally, learned the secret of all their conquests. In the long struggle for emancipation from the dominion of sin, it is wise for us to recall, and carefully study those transgressions which indicate our special dangers, foster that humility which is one of the sources of strength, and lead us to cry for deliverance to Him who is mighty to save. So subtle are the wiles of the Adversary of Souls that we can not anticipate them and guard ourselves against them, unless we take experience as our guide and interpreter. The enemy makes us an individual study, and lays plots against our peculiar weaknesses, so that the detection of these plots is the shortest road to that self-knowledge so essential to self-protection.

As we look backward, and see the pitfalls into which we have blindly plunged, we are able to look forward, discover the treacherous places and avoid similar moral disasters. Such memories of evil are blessed. Cling to the recollection of every experience of evil which waves both the danger signal and the flag of deliverance.

Remember victories; such victories as inspire the soul to still more splendid achievements. I have dwelt upon the danger of concentrating the energies upon some object, and relaxing effort, the moment that object is attained. Suppose that a minister should decide that he had accumulated a supply of sermons, so that he need not write any more. The

moment that he began to fall back upon that old stock, and to cease production, he would begin to die, as a mental and spiritual force. What would be your feeling if you should call a pastor, and should afterward see him sort the contents of "the barrel," and hear him say to himself, that he should not have to do anything but pastoral work for the next five years? The prospect of warmed-over sermons would be about as inviting as the prospect of warmed-over victuals for the same period. Although I doubt the wisdom and am a trifle skeptical about the sincerity of the minister who, on assuming a new charge, assured his people that in looking over hundreds of manuscripts, he had concluded that there were not half a dozen discourses good enough to preach to them; still it spoke well for the freshness of the man's ministrations, and his prospective growth in breadth and depth of thought. The most commendable course would be to make such use of the best of the old, as would insure time and strength for the most productive effort in the new field of labor. If one has been engaged in long and faithful service, he will have garnered some grain which should not be thrown away with the abundant chaff. That kind of satisfaction with past achievements which encourages indolence, is one thing. That which invigorates and inspires for more enthusiastic endeavor, is another. The memory of the best that we have done, should be a revelation of still better things to do.

You will come short of your noblest possibilities, unless you learn to maintain a stout heart and a steady resolution, by the frequent recall of victories in other days.

Do you say that this will be to surrender to memory the province of *faith*? Do you say, that God commands us not to be anxious about the future, that he would have us trust him to carry us through whatever may be in store, and that to try to keep up our courage by bearing in mind the deliverances of the past, is to substitute a human device for the plan of God? * * * Your position is untenable. You are not asked, to substitute memory for faith, but to press memory into the service of faith. Where, in the Scriptures, are we forbidden to employ means for the confirmation of faith? Faith is grounded in reason, and reason depends upon memory for suggestion. You are commanded, to trust God for the future. The command would be in itself sufficient ground for obedience. But, when events in your life reveal the hand of God, can you exhibit any more reverent and acceptable faith, than by saying: "As thou, O my Father, didst give me the victory in those well remembered struggles of the past, so thou wilt lead me to victory, in the gathering conflicts of the coming years?"

There is in this no element of offensive self-sufficiency. - It is a grateful recognition of the doctrine of divine and human co-operation. Amid the fierce competitions of the 19th century, which render men and women more apprehensive than ever about their personal success or failure, it becomes us to re-assure our anxious hearts from experience, in conjunction with Revelation. The unmistakable presence of God with us, in certain emergencies of the past, italicizes and emphasizes the promises of His presence in the crises of the future. What

greater folly than to throw away these treasures of precious recollection !

I have brought out so fully two of the offices of memory, that they need no further elucidation. Harken to these blended voices of warning and of encouragement. But the treatment of the subject would not be complete, without the crowning recognition of the union of memory and imagination, in the transfiguration of life. When the mind has been trained to examine its acquisitions, one by one; to discriminate between the bad and the good; to throw away the former and to preserve the latter; it is prepared to furnish the imagination with the richest materials for those ideal creations, the realization of which exalts character and glorifies God. The power of the imagination is wonderful, but it is not absolute. Though her magic wand sweeps the universe, *memory* is the original source of those marvelous manifestations. Memory might have performed her essential functions, without the existence of imagination, but imagination could never have begun her ministrations of beauty and beneficence, without first receiving, herself, certain endowments from memory. Imagination creates. She creates, however, primarily, not out of nothing but out of something, a something furnished by memory.

Now, it is obvious that the finer the treasures which memory offers, the richer will be the ideal of life and character fashioned by the imagination. Furthermore, though we always fail in the full realization of the ideal, we are, or are in the process of becoming, essentially, what the ideal requires. When, then, the imagination receives such winnowed recollections as have been brought to view in this

discourse, and expands them, and exalts them, and floods them with splendor, till, beyond us and above us, the distance is filled with forms of light, that smile and beckon and entrance with song, the past loses bulk and substance and outline and color, and vanishes away. Meanwhile, the *future* is, little by little, cleared of blank misgivings. There is a revelation of shining possibilities, possibilities, which at first seem too far away, too ethereal.

But, presently, you feel that this is not a mocking vision, that it is the ideal of what even you, may be, should be, must be. The creative imagination has discharged her noblest office. Taking your best attainments of other days, respecting your individuality, guided by your personal peculiarities, she has fashioned an ideal adapted to your capabilities, so that you may recognize a certain kinship to the real. At the same time, she has so magnified and transfigured every excellence, that, catching the inspiration of the promise and the prophecy, you are ready to exclaim with the enthusiasm of the Apostle : " Forgetting those things that are behind, I reach forth unto those things that are before."

REDEEMING THE TIME.

“ See, then, that ye walk circumspectly, not as fools, but as wise, redeeming the time, because the days are evil.—Ephesians v: 15, 16.

The literal meaning of circumspection is, looking around. According to the text, there may be a foolish circumspection and a wise circumspection. Solomon says that the eyes of a fool are in the ends of the earth. Such looking around encircles the round world. It belts the planet in its favorite quest. That quest is for all manner of illegitimate gratifications. Against such a course, the apostle first puts mankind on their guard. The fool's circumspection often seeks sensual pleasures, as the chief end of life. The pursuit may for a time be successful, but satiety finally sets in, and the bodily organs themselves lose responsive power. The delights of the senses are not to be contemned. When moderated, kept incidental, and regulated by the rights of the individual and of society, they promote health and happiness, even down to old age. But the fool, in his all-absorbing eagerness to gratify appetite and passion, defeats himself. There can be no more pitiful and loathsome sight, than that of a worn-out debauchee, consumed by cravings, which he is impotent to satisfy.

Or the passion may be for mere money-making; years may only add to its intensity. The chuckle of the miser is heartiest at four score. But he is at last smitten with the paralysis of the words: “What shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world, and

lose himself?" "Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee."

Is the same word too severe to apply to such a scheme through life for political preferment? What has been the testimony of those who, like Webster and Clay, have trod the high places of power, concerning the hollowness of their careers? In view of these facts, what shall we say of the spectacle of two old men, whose average age is more than the three score and ten allotted to mortals, anxiously watching the result of the balloting at Springfield, week after week? We respect both too highly, for other reasons, to call them fools, but is it not a somewhat foolish thing, to try so feverishly to snatch one more honor, just beneath the scythe which Old Time is swinging around to cut them down? If this be true of those who strive for so glittering a prize as a senatorship, how ridiculous is the circumspection which is on the lookout, year by year, for ten thousand petty offices throughout the land.

Other kinds of foolish circumspection might be enumerated, but these are typical and will suffice.

We study next the circumspection which the apostle commends as wise. It is that which "redeems the time," that which wrests time from ignoble uses and devotes it to the noblest purposes. The search will reveal things to be avoided, and things to be pursued. There are many practices, harmless in themselves, which a wise man cannot afford.

Various amusements might be specified. Billiards, chess and whist may be grouped together, as games which are sometimes wholesome in their influence. The first develops physical dexterity and mental concentration. So far, it may be considered a bene-

ficial recreation. Chess and whist, also, combine attention and study, with sufficient of uncertainty to give them zest. So far as the three are played without stakes, and with a moderation which robs neither regular work, nor more invigorating out-door diversions, they may be justified. But the moment that any one of them becomes an infatuation to the player, it also becomes one of the things which he can no longer afford. Such infatuation, however, is so exceptional, that these games do not deserve the sweeping condemnation which they often receive. Good morals will be best subserved by discriminating. Billiards is the most dangerous of the group, because of its common associations. Billiard tables in a private house, or in a college gymnasium, with no liquors near, seldom do any damage, after the novelty has ceased. They work their own cure. It goes without saying, that whist parties, with wines and late hours, are an abomination. The inveterate chess player is so rare an exception, that he hardly deserves to be held up as a warning.

The more common games of cards fall into another group. They call the intellect into action less, and arouse the sensibilities more. For this reason they are more likely to run to excess. The element of chance in them is always an exciting element. Experience clearly proves, that it is very difficult to secure moderation. A soldier in a frontier fort, without books, and without anything better to busy mind and body with, would be excusable for while away the heavy hours at euchre. If Robinson Crusoe and his man Friday should every day try to relieve thus the desolation of their island life, the recording angel would not write it down against

them. *But card playing is a practice which a college student cannot afford.* The principal reason is the fearful waste of time which should be devoted to other purposes, to games that invigorate and build up the body, and to studies that strengthen mind and make manhood. This is not Puritanism, or cant, or superstition, or old-fogyism. It is a direct appeal to your personal observation. It is the standing case of paste-boards versus books. The two cannot be reconciled. I call upon Crampton Hall yonder to be my witness. There is in our institutions of learning no other practice, which so generally lowers the recitation grade, as this widespread practice of card playing. Gentlemen, redeem from this your time, as you prize scholarship.

Apply the same general principle to the dance and the theatre. Do not split hairs in trying to decide about the right and wrong in the amusements themselves. Simply ask yourself what, not as fools, but as wise, you can afford. Make your own rules, in view of what you owe to yourselves and to others. Do not try to escape this discipline in life, by asking somebody else to formulate a code of laws, with a specific "thou shalt," or "thou shalt not," for every case. You certainly cannot afford anything which will corrupt your imagination, or lower your moral tone, or waste your energies, or lead others into peril. Circumspection will soon settle the tendency of such practices, and that tendency will soon settle the question of obligation. Most beneficial is the moral thoughtfulness produced by a personal review of all these debatable subjects, and the decision of your duty in the premises.

Be circumspect in companionships. There are associ-

ations which you cannot afford. You owe much in the way of service to those who are degraded in rank and character. You are not at liberty to exclude them from your presence, but you must seek them, with the deliberate purpose of lifting them to a higher level. That purpose will be your personal safeguard. But it is a very different thing when you court their society, simply because you find there certain fascinating evil traits, which derive their charm from a curious blending of good and bad. There is a strange infatuation on the part of many, who do not intend to give up their moral principles, in hovering around others, who are known to be not quite reputable characters. It is like the disposition of boys to skate around a hole in the ice, and see how near they can go without getting in. Like the boys, they never give it up till they do get in. It is marvelous how much moral exposure a man can meet without harm, in labors of love. He is like the physician, who moves about securely in the midst of all manner of contagious diseases. But let him abandon his benevolent purpose and, somehow, he will be as susceptible as any to contamination. There is in the minds of many who do not intend ever to cross the bounds of propriety, a prurient curiosity about some forms of vice. They conjecture about such shapes of evil, and dally with them in imagination, till those shapes of darkness seems almost shapes of light. To those of this disposition, one who has seen a little more of this wicked world, but who has not yet become gross and repulsive, is invested with special charms. He has had experience from which they half-shrink, and to which they are half-attracted. They would like, at least, to listen

to his talk, and to learn somewhat more without much personal peril. This flatters the object of their admiration. He serves up in seductive style what facts he has, and supplies from his imagination whatever may be lacking, to gratify the eager listener. And it is not long before the latter finds his better purposes relaxing, and his passions sweeping him on into sin. Dickens is a master in depicting the way in which the inexperienced lad is thus corrupted by one who is a little older in vice, but who retains so much of the fairness of earlier life, that he does not startle and repel the other, by outrageous immoralities. Your heart is moved with compassion toward both. The older has many lovable traits. He has no set purpose to ruin his associate. He would honestly resent any such charge. He is mainly influenced by a passion to pose as a man of the world before the younger, whose open-eyed, open-mouthed wonder is such sweet incense to vanity. You feel that, though he is culpable, he is not totally depraved, and you are at a loss how to proceed to convince him of the damage which he is doing to his companion. If you turn to the latter and try to put him on his guard, he can scarcely realize that his curiosity is perilous, or be made to believe that his associate is chargeable with moral ugliness. Now, if any of you younger lads are forming intimacies of this sort, believe me you are doing what you cannot afford. Be circumspect, not as fools, but as wise. Redeem your time from this fascinating, but ruinous companionship.

Be circumspect in your reading. Redeem your time from many books and papers, for these days are evil in temptations of this description. Without any

sympathy with the cry of the "good, old times," it must, nevertheless, be admitted that there was never before a period when the perils in print were so numerous and attractive. It is stated, and I suppose correctly, that, by some perversity in our postal laws, in connection with certain publishers, Zola's novels, the most corrupting of their kind, are carried in the United States mails at *one cent a pound*, while Bibles, histories and scientific treatises are carried at the rate of *eight cents a pound*. I need not repeat what has been said before, this year, concerning the pestilential nature of the French realistic school of fiction. There is probably very little of this vile stuff in circulation in this vicinity. One such book in a community is just one book too many. But, besides publications of this description, which are outlawed in decent society, there are others which wear a semi-respectable guise, receive a sort of endorsement from the literary world, and so find their way into the hands of multitudes, who are damaged by their perusal. Time is wasted, but that is not the worst. The imagination is subjected to an unhealthy strain, literary taste is perverted, discontent at common experience is engendered, and a morbid state of the sensibilities becomes the chronic malady of the reader. "Be circumspect." Put all such reading into the list of things which you cannot afford. Moreover, in the highest and best range of fiction, there is constant danger of excess. To-day, *ten* of you are suffering from too many good novels, where *one* is suffering from their lack. Most of you break the law of proportion, and give to fiction what ought to be devoted to biography, history, poetry, essays, and scientific and philosophical treatises.

Again, the modern newspaper is a combined blessing and temptation. It has become a necessary of life. Still, with all its rich miscellany of information, who is there that does not waste precious hours in skinning material which is worse than useless to himself, and to the interests which he is put into this world to promote. Procrastination must give way to the newspaper as *the* "thief of time." Memory is enfeebled. The power of concentrated and consecutive thought is dissipated. Verily, the days are evil.

Such are some of the loudest calls for circumspection. I have indicated in the way of amusements, companionships, and reading, a summary of the things which you cannot afford. Redeem from these your time, and devote it resolutely to the pursuits which should engross attention.

We profess to be students, but how few of us know what hard study means? We may spend time enough over open books, and try to dignify that as study. Does it, however, deserve the name? An hour of fixed attention is worth more than a day of dawdling. Oh, the listlessness and mental vacuity, which we call "search after truth!" There is plenty of literal "circumspection," that foolish looking around, first mentioned in the text. But how few of us know what Newton meant, when he said: "I keep the subject constantly before me, and wait until the first dawnings open slowly, little by little, into a full and clear light." Bulwer made it a rule not to study more than three hours in the twenty-four, but that long shelf of volumes from his pen, shows what he meant by study. Dickens is often supposed to have been a genius above all drudgery. But he declared

rigid attention to be the secret of his success. Said he: "It is the one serviceable, safe, remunerative, attainable quality, in every study and every pursuit. My own imagination or invention, such as it is, I can most truthfully assure you, would never have served me as it has, but for the habit of common-place, humble, patient, daily, toiling, drudging attention." Gentlemen, genius and talent and mediocrity are under the same law. If you leave college without having acquired this power of concentrating thought, your years spent here will be of little value. The small fund of miscellaneous information which you may have picked up in a desultory way in the classroom, in conversation and in rubbing against books, will only make your weakness conspicuous in the competitions of life. But, if you have acquired this power of concentration, it is of comparatively little consequence how scanty are your acquisitions of facts, how limited your range of general reading, how few opportunities you have had for travel, and a knowledge of men and affairs. You possess the open secret of success, wherever your lot may be cast. You can utilize facts, you can turn books to account, you can quickly master a knowledge of men and affairs.

And now, redeem time for eternity. We have thus far laid the stress on that which pertains to the earthly life. But do not, I beseech you, confine this intense thought to these winged years. Never before have the days been so good, and, also, so evil. The last decade of the nineteenth century is the most inspiring decade in human history. There was never such zest in existence as in this Columbian period. What expectations gather round the coming months!

But do not our anticipations of the glory of the city by the lake, drive from mind anticipations of the glory of the city by the Sea of Glass. Enthusiasm in temporal affairs is laudable, but such absorption in them grows perilous. Mortality obscures immortality. But what is this momentary throb, however ecstatic, compared with the power of an endless life? When the twenty-first century breaks, of what consequence to a single soul here, will all this fine fleeting show be, except as it has told upon our destiny, amid yonder invisible scenes, which are eternal! Yet this is the despair of the preacher, his inability to make vivid that which everybody knows is inevitable within a hundred years. The cry of a child, the bark of a dog, the dip of a sparrow's wing, will dissipate the most attentive seriousness in a most earnest discourse, concerning the issues of life and death eternal. Is it too much then, to declare these entrancing days EVIL, when they lead us to jeopardize most precious interests of infinite duration? A student, above all others, should naturally be persistently thoughtful, on these higher themes. His daily training tends to foster in him the habit of disregarding present ease and immediate results, for distant good. All this undergraduate toil, looks to post-graduate achievement. Why can we not lengthen the radius, till we fetch within our compass somewhat of the life beyond the grave? O lads and young men, check your giddiness, check your devotion to the shams and shows of Vanity Fair, moderate your absorbing pursuit of whatsoever perisheth, be *circumspect*; *look around, away around, make the circle big*. You cannot put a girdle about eternity, but you may take in so much thereof, that this little life

which is "rounded with a sleep," shall seem very petty, yea, utterly contemptible; except *as the deeds done therein, settle your destiny forever*. Oh, redeem the time, REDEEM THE TIME!

KEEPING THE GOOD WINE.

"Every man, at the beginning, doth set forth good wine; and, when men have well drunk, then that which is worse: but thou hast kept the good wine until now."—John ii: 10.

It is a common characteristic of human nature to set forth the best first. You need not travel far for an illustration. How many sermons disappoint you in this very way? The exordium is mellow wine, the peroration, "that which is worse."

The principle is sound for the festal board, but false when applied to mental and spiritual gratification. Yet multitudes of speakers follow it, although they know that in so doing, they violate the law of climax, which is one of the plainest rules both of common and of sacred rhetoric. You often listen, with interest, to the first ten minutes of a discourse; then attention relaxes, and the faculties grow drowsy, or take wing to and fro through space. Sometimes, you alone are to blame. Sometimes, the minister is chiefly in fault. If you go to church from mere habit, indifferent, expecting to sleep, or to give yourself to day-dreaming, do not seek to throw the responsibility upon anybody else. If, however, you are there with ears to hear, if you listen readily for awhile, and then find yourself yielding to a mesmeric spell, or wandering aimlessly in your thoughts, it is likely that the speaker has exhausted his good wine, and is giving you something cheaper. This was the worst defect in one of the most suggestive sermonizers that I ever heard. He seldom failed to have good wine in the first half of his discourse, but he was so prod-

igal of it at the outset, that he often left you dissatisfied, at the conclusion. The reason lay upon the surface. His most vigorous ideas on a subject would flash upon him in the beginning. He would dash those off with tremendous energy, and exhaust his vigor, before he had reached the ordinary sermon limit. Instead of having the end in view from the start, he wasted his reserve. If such a speaker would give you his thoughts, in very nearly the reverse order, you would receive them all with steadily increasing interest, and the final impression would be profound and lasting.

But do not suppose that the gospel of Christ is to be hampered by rhetorical forms. I have in mind another minister, whose sermons all seemed to be written with more reference to a particular text book than to the New Testament itself. As a consequence, they were artificial, unimpassioned homilies, correct in syntax, but utterly unfit to touch the heart and change the life. If we must have either this style or the other, the other would be preferable. Good wine only at the beginning, would be better than wine diluted all the time, though it might improve somewhat toward the last. Still, the best for the close, is the rule which your taste approves.

Again, you will often see the temptation to strike twelve, first, illustrated in book-making, and that too, in authors whom you would suppose too wise to yield. I had not read Washington Irving much for twenty years, but, some time ago, I thought that I would renew his acquaintance. And so I got his masterpiece of humor, Knickerbocker's New York. The first third proved a sparkling delight, brimming over with quaint conceits, the rest, so much flat

champagne. The secret of the most successful composition is, to catch attention in the initial chapter, and yet save that which is richest for the conclusion. The intellectual palate is not satisfied without a dessert to crown the repast.

Leo employed Leonardo to put a grand historic scene upon canvas. The artist immediately set about preparing his finishing varnish. The pontiff, deserted by his usual shrewdness, was vexed at the sight, and exclaimed, that nothing could be expected of a man who began where he ought to leave off. Yet the painter understood his art all the time, better than did the pope.

Pass, next, to society. What is your experience? In dealing with your ordinary acquaintances, do you not find that they bring out the best, first? Almost everybody fits up a show-window, in the secret hope that people will admire that, without prying into the back room. There is in the world an infinite deal of fine acting which never comes upon the theatre boards.

Two strangers meet, and, as a rule, each will try to make upon the other a favorable impression. Each will take pains to exhibit his more attractive qualities, and to hide whatever is repellant. When they part, it will be with a higher mutual estimate than facts would justify. No harm is done. Indeed, it is better for society in general, that its members should make some little effort to win one another's regard, by displaying the agreeable in the foreground, and keeping the disagreeable in the background. Even thus, we shall find out enough that is bad, enough to put us out of conceit with human nature.

There is always prevalent in the community, a spirit of detraction, which will see to it that no individual shall get more credit than he deserves. If you succeed in putting yourself a little above par with an acquaintance, you may be sure that he will meet some mutual acquaintance who will discount that over-estimate, so that, in the end, you will pass for no more than you are worth. Society is a self-constituted board of equalization, which, in general, settles quite fairly the value of all. It is amusing, to watch this play and counter play, to see the individual busy with his fine self-parade, airing his excellencies, and making his handsomest bow, this way and that, to the passer-by, while society, behind his back, quietly jots down his short-comings, his half-hidden meannesses, his unconscious vanities, and spreads all upon the record, for the world to read.

Bring the same idea to bear upon the smaller circle of friendship and intimacy. Recall the lessons taught. All your life, your soul has been reaching out and trying to cling to other souls. In some instances, it has not been deceived; but, in too many cases, it has been finally driven back in disappointment upon itself. You have repeatedly said to yourself, I have at length found the friend whom I have so long sought in vain. This one will be to me as David to Jonathan. He will sympathize with me in my aspirations, counsel me in perplexity, help me in trouble, stand by me in peril, cherish my good name as his own, dispute the whispers of calumny, watch over my interests, plan for my advancement, tell me lovingly of my faults, be quick to encourage excellencies, and rejoice in my successes, as if they were his own. I can read all these things, in our first in-

terview. For awhile, anticipations seem realized, but, some day, you tell him whatever is in your heart, you keep back no fear, desire, hope. There is a moment's pause, and then, though the response is, in form, satisfactory, your intuitions tell you that there is something lacking. You miss you know not what. You wish that you had not gone so fast; that you had not said so much. You have given more than you receive. It is in the exchange of that which pertains to this inner life, that the soul feels bitterest about being cheated.

Or, again, it may be that in your day of disaster, you look that way for comfort and an uplifting hand, and you receive only such stereotyped words of condolence as are kept in stock, ready-made for any applicant; while aid is given in a mechanical, perfunctory fashion, which hurts more than it heals. Or you learn that when your good name was assailed, your supposed friend simply said nothing, because he lacked courage to face abuse, and thus, by his silence, helped on the calumny. Or, perhaps, at some turning point in your history, when he might have done you invaluable service, he failed to do so, simply because he did not think of it, and you know that he would have thought of it, had he been what you supposed. Or you hear of his mentioning to others those faults in you, the existence of which he has never so much as hinted to you, faults which he ought to have put kindly, but plainly before you, in some hour of sacred confidence. In the same connection, you notice a puzzling reticence about letting you know that there are in you growing excellencies in manhood, that your work in life is gaining in weight and bulk, or that, if not increasing in quantity,

it is taking on a finer and more spiritual quality, year by year. Moreover, when you go to him ingenuously and impulsively, with some little triumph, supposing that of course your joy will be his joy, there is just a half-perceptible coldness, which sweeps over you like an ague chill, and sets you to calling yourself a fool, for not keeping your thoughts at home. Now, how came you to get into such trouble? How did that man secure your unlimited confidence? The text guides to the secret. When he met you, he set forth his good wine first. You took it eagerly. It intoxicated your senses. You thought that a fair sample of an exhaustless stock in store. You gave yourself up to the delusion, which was delightful enough, till the day of revelation.

Now, consider the contrast in our experience with Christ. He furnishes the best for the last. There are believers, who are always sighing, and singing:

"Where is the blessedness I knew,
When first I saw the Lord?"

But reasons are not difficult to find. In these instances, the emotional nature is predominant. The transition from death to life is attended by a convulsion of feeling, which makes a profound impression upon the individual. He recurs to it, and magnifies it as the crisis of destiny. He belittles everything else in comparison. He depreciates the gradual unfolding of Christian truth, and the steady development of religious character, till, in time, the couplet quoted is an accurate transcript of his inner life. The longer he perseveres in this habit of contrasting all else with the vivid experience of the hour of conversion, the less likely is he to become a useful, ag-

gressive Christian. Both saints and sinners weary of one who can do nothing but wring his hands, and bewail an enthusiasm which was born and buried on the day of regeneration. They feel that spiritual infancy should put off its swaddling bands, and grow toward fullness of stature in Jesus.

A clear and dazzling view of the Redeemer's love, in conversion, is an occasion for thanksgiving, provided it does not blind the soul to future displays of the Savior's infinite grace, and hinder the individual in the practical manifestations of a religious life. You see, now and then, a Christian, who, like Lot's wife, is always looking back at that from which he escaped. Such a one may become a pillar of salt, but it is by no means that salt of the earth which the Master desires. It is savourless, worthless for his uses among men.

There is a much more wholesome conception of religion. What takes place when the heart is given to God should arrest attention, but not bring us to a halt there, in wonder at its happening and in regret that it cannot be repeated. Suppose that we may never have again the same spiritual sensations, that is no indication that there is nothing better in store. Christ would never intoxicate the soul with bliss and forever after give it poor wine. He may let you taste of blessedness in the beginning, but you are foolish to think that you drank it all, the first hour. He always keeps for you that which is better than what you have had. This is the only true and satisfactory view of the relation of Jesus to the believer.

Notice more particularly the method of his revelation. "He that doeth his will shall know of the doctrine." At conversion, you are little more than a

child with a block alphabet or an illuminated spiritual primer. It is a new thing. You are happy as you spell out a few words or exhibit your highly colored pictures; but, surely you are not going to be content there. As you grow older, you will not keep up a lament that you can not still sit upon the floor and put together your A B C's, and thumb those gaudy prints over and over. The course marked out for you by the Great Teacher is progressive. He expects you to advance, from grade to grade, in the knowledge of Himself. At the outset, he appears to you chiefly as the forgiver of your individual sins, as your deliverer from condemnation, as the promiser of a place in heaven hereafter. Thus a strong appeal is made to gratitude. But presently you are overwhelmed with a sense of your personal unfitness for such a state of being, and an intense desire springs up for the formation of a character, which shall be in harmony with your surroundings, when you pass from this life to the other.

Thereupon, the character of Jesus begins to unfold before you as both model and inspiration. Where you are weak, you find him strong. Where you fail, you see him succeed. You detect a shallow place in yourself, but when you take soundings in him, just there the depths are fathomless. You tell him, all that is in your heart, and never regret the fulness of your confidence. He is not so occupied with his own affairs that your interests are forgotten. When you go to him with your little triumphs, instead of betraying some trace of coldness or jealousy, he meets you with cordial congratulations. Furthermore, you find that all your draughts do not diminish the supply. What he is to

you, he is to every individual in the Christian brotherhood.

Take the noblest specimen of merely human nature and it can meet the demands of only a limited number,—Mr. Moody falling to sleep on his knees in the inquiry room. Man is a cistern, soon pumped dry; Christ is an unfailing fountain, fed by all the clouds of heaven. How the view of him expands, as you see him meeting, not only every demand of your soul, but also every demand of believers universally! Constant communion with such a being purifies and exalts your own purposes. You grow more and more ashamed of your selfishness. Your impulses towards righteousness crystallize into shining principle. You are filled with, not only a desire to be like him, but also with a belief that you can be like him in your limited sphere. In that respect there is a marked difference between the influence exerted over you by contact with a great man, and that exerted over you by association with Him of Nazareth.

You may be conscious of a certain uplifting power in the presence of a mighty warrior, or statesman, but you are left with a sense of dissatisfaction and discouragement. You return to your work with more or less discontent at its pettiness. But such is not the experience of the Christian in the society of his Master. Comparative insignificance may become more and more manifest, but, at the same time, the hope and determination to grow in likeness to that Master will gather strength with the years.

There is something marvelous about that. Think of it. Suppose that there were held up before you, for imitation, the character of Plato, or Socrates, or

Aurelius, or Alfred, or Washington; you might admire, yet you would answer, Oh no! I can not be like any one of those. But when the character of Jesus Christ is urged upon you, as a model, something within straightway responds, yes I can, and by the grace of God I will be like him.

Now, infidelity may sneer, but it can not sneer away a fact like that, which takes on grander proportions with each succeeding year of our religious development.

Turn, likewise, from these teachings of individual history, to what is revealed of Christ in general history. The older we grow in the faith the more clearly do we discern the influence of the Nazarene in the world's progress. To our thought, he becomes less and less "the despised and rejected of men." Some may try to shut him out of the sciences and the philosophies and may seek to put him upon the same plane with Mahomet or Confucius; some may exalt the "Light of Asia," but He of Palestine will continue to be the "Light of the World."

The race is fast outgrowing other reformers. He alone walks in advance of all our boasted progress. If you are a reading man or woman, you come, every little while, upon some article which labors hard to prove that Christianity is, or is fast becoming an obsolete system, that it had its uses sixteen or eighteen centuries ago, that it then quickened sluggish thought and dull moral perceptions; but that, like the Exodus of Israel in ancient times or the Crusades of a more modern era, it is one of the spent factors of civilization; and that, to depend upon it for working the present problems of society will only prevent getting a satisfactory answer. In case you are not

united to Christ by a living faith, you may be bewildered by these flourishes of rhetorical scepticism, you may be blinded by such plausible sophistries and may be led to join in the same silly strain. But if there be a vital connection between your heart and the heart of Jesus, the prospect will so open before you as the years come and go, your insight into the spiritual processes which are secretly operating in human affairs, will be so quickened that you can smile in perfect unconcern at all this loud talk of unbelief, about the decay of theology and about an antiquated gospel.

The material does sometimes seem to be eclipsing the spiritual. Multiplied inventions causing the earth's surface to wave with unprecedented harvests, discoveries showing the globe's interior shining with silver and gold, trade pushing into the heart of dark continents, commerce ploughing the waters of every zone, geology laying bare the strata of the planet, and lighting them up as a wonderland of resurrection, and biology pointing to that resurrection and noisily proclaiming new doctrines of life,—all these may for awhile cry: "Away with Him! Away with Him!" but they can not crucify him out of the world's thought. They may pierce his hands through and through, but those pierced hands will still continue to hide the leaven of his kingdom, in field, and mine, and business, and scientific discovery, till, finally, mankind shall worship him only as Lord of Lords.

San Francisco, Chicago, New York, Paris, London may point proudly to paved streets, marble walls, palatial abodes, treasures gathered from every clime, countless multitudes surging up and down the thorough-

fares, railroads groaning under burdens of freight and travel, and wharves waving with flags of many nationalities. They may, in contrast, superciliously ask: "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?" Discipleship answers, as of old: "Come and see."

Pomp and pageantry are wanting. There is nothing in this quiet village to catch the careless eye. It is seemingly the last place on earth to sway the destinies of mankind. Yet, out of that contemptible town, with its shiftless inhabitants and its grass-grown streets,—walks a figure that has shaped, as has no other, the written and the unwritten history of the race, noiselessly treading the by-ways and high-ways of reason, directing more and more the course of human events, quietly ruling where his presence is not recognized, and, this day, though his voice may not rise above the din and roar of a thousand industries, a KING in disguise, patiently waiting, till, in the fulness of time, the great cities of both hemispheres shall unite in ascribing HONOR to NAZARETH, as standing high above them all, because from her have issued in the person of the SON OF MAN those forces which have revolutionized and saved this lost world.

"I am the vine," said Jesus. Generations past have plucked and crushed some of the clusters. They have tasted the new wine of the KINGDOM. But the choicest vintage is to be by and by. The best cometh last. Yea, we shall not know its full flavor, till we drink of it with HIM, Yonder.

SYMPATHY IN SORROW.*

It was nearly twelve o'clock on Monday night when I first heard of the cruel accident which had shocked this whole community and had overwhelmed with sorrow this beloved family. I could not sleep till into the small hours of the morning, for thinking of the desolation which had come upon a happy home. The days grew fresh in memory when he who has long been an honored elder brother in the ministry was my college tutor, and I read to him from Virgil's song of

"A youth full armed, by none excelled
In beauty's manly grace,
Though on his brow was naught of mirth,
And his fixed eyes were dropped to earth,
While gloomy night, as of the dead,
Flap her black pinions o'er his head.

The youth the Fates but just display
To earth, nor let him longer stay,
O piety! O ancient faith!

Bring lilies here, in handfuls bring,
Their lustrous blooms I fain would fling,
Yet, what avails it now?"

And afterward the college tutor became the village pastor, and the trusted adviser of the pupil, who had himself, meanwhile, become a teacher. Then there was the romance of life, and the younger friend stood beside the older friend, who stood in

* Words spoken at the funeral of James W. Tupper, the son of a life-long friend, Rev. H. M. Tupper.

the church in another town, still nearer the girl who should one day be the mother of the son who taketh here his final rest. It is good to recall the vanished years, years of patient, faithful, fruitful service to the people—years of happiness when the boys and the girls entered the household. Yes, now that the bitterness is past, it is good to recall even the year when that other dear son was torn from the family embrace.

It was only last month, my brother, that our hearts were full of these recollections, as we spoke together the farewell words of affection, at the funeral of a mutual friend,* in the old church where you used to preach to that friend and to me. As we turned away from the cemetery, we said to ourselves, “who next?” Was it not merciful that it was hidden from us who the next should be?

The following week, I attended the Home Missionary Conference, at the Chicago Theological Seminary. Among the most eager listeners at the sessions in chapel and church was this your son. He talked to me happily of his new studies, and of the ministry on which he hoped to enter by and by. I wish I could photograph for you his features, as I saw them last in the First Church and in Carpenter Hall. The face was bright with the light of young discipleship. That light has faded out of the countenance in the coffin, but it has grown more radiant in the presence of God.

As I recall the earnest deliberations of that conference, the urgency with which the scarcity of educated men in the ministry was dwelt upon by every

* Major John C. Salter.

speaker, the importunate plea made by all the superintendents, in the name of pastorless churches throughout the states of the Interior and the territories of the West, I grow more and more perplexed over the distressing event which has brought us together. In human short-sightedness, I cannot help saying: I ought not to be here conducting such a service; this coffin ought not to be in the church; the Master hath need of thee on earth, young brother; you should be, this very afternoon, where you planned to be, studying with fresh zeal, after vacation recreation, the Hebrew and the Greek, the language of the prophets and the language of the Messiah, so that you may presently interpret wisely to men the oracles of God; if our youth must be taken away in their prime, they ought to be stricken down in the vocations and professions which have men enough and to spare. They ought not to be swept from the ranks of the only calling on earth which is pitifully crying for recruits. Is not the Master forgetting the necessities of His kingdom?

Forgive us, Lord, that tears blind our eyes, that grief for the moment prostrates faith, and that rebellion drives us to arraign the Providence of God. *In our heart of hearts* we know that these great interests which we love are infinitely more precious unto Thee; that Thou wilt never abandon the world as lost, and that in Thy keeping the church universal is absolutely safe forever. And then another protest will rise to the lips. Though these grand affairs may move securely on, through the centuries, toward the millennium, is the Master dealing quite fairly with a faithful servant, who has done his bidding these many years, and who needs a son to lean

upon as the days draw near that have little earthly pleasure in them? Is such the pity of the Lord to those that fear Him? He certainly knoweth our frame, but does he not sometimes forget that we are dust? How could He permit this grievous affliction to overtake one who through life has sought to know and to do the Heavenly Father's will? Must the bruised reed be broken? Must the smoking flax be quenched? There need have been no miracle. There need have been no voice from the skies, warning of danger. Some gentle influence of the Spirit, such as we feel sure often directs the steps, though men are not conscious of its presence, might have prevented the catastrophe. Why was that influence withheld? Could not the natural desire of a father that his name be perpetuated be gratified, especially a consecrated longing, hereditary in the family, that one at least in each successive generation should be a minister of the gospel? Does this, the holiest ambition that can possess a parent's heart, fail to move the Lord of Hosts?

Friends, such questions as these are clamoring in your minds here this afternoon, but you are saying to yourselves: Why is the speaker voicing inquiries that he cannot answer? Would it not be better to avoid all such suggestions? No. This stricken household is passing through the supreme ordeal of faith. For two days and nights such cries have been fierce in their hearts. It helps them to know that they are not alone in their dire perplexity. This pent up distress finds a certain relief in expression. And God is not at all tried by what you and I are thinking and saying in this presence. He knows.

that we cannot help it just now. He looks down upon the scene with wonderful compassion. We should not have permitted this calamity had the control of affairs been in our hands. Certainly not. Neither would God, had he been shut up under the low vaulted firmament and hemmed in by the contracted horizon which restrict our vision. But does that prove aught against his boundless love? Why, what has God done? He has taken this ingenuous youth from an earthly career, which had its attractions. There is delight in the thought that our finite plans are a part of the infinite plan. There is satisfaction in putting one or two bricks where they will stay, in the temple which the Supreme Architect is rearing for His glory. There is exhilaration in knowing that our little stroke is in line with the majestic sweep of the arm that is omnipotent.

This youth has lost that, but how much has he been spared? He is freed from watching the ever widening distance between the ideal and the real. He need not know what it is to row wearily for a long life against a stubborn current. He will never have to contend with the nervous exhaustion of crowding on some laudable Christian enterprise, with resources utterly inadequate. He steps at once from the high plane of consecration on earth to the high range of possibilities yonder, where work shall bring no weariness, where aspiration shall meet no discouragement, where fine achievement shall always reach its shining goal.

My brother and sister: You gave your boy to God, for service anywhere. Your faith will not fail. There must be a struggle. But you will find new strength in the love of these daughters. Your flock

will be drawn to you in tender sympathy impossible before. The sweet resignation with which you bury your sorrow will subdue hearts which argument could never influence. And, finally, you will be glad that God has spared your son such trials as have marked your earthly ministry and has called him to the more blessed service of the upper temple, because the King hath most need of him there.

A GREAT PHYSICIAN.*

With profound respect, with grateful affection, and with an indescribable sense of loneliness, do I rise to speak beside the coffin of one, who has been to me health in sickness, rest in weariness and good cheer amid multiplied anxieties.

There is no other relation like that to the trusted physician, who has been in the house when the angel of life has entered, or when the angel of death, with his black wings, has blown out the light of the fireside.

It is almost forty years since in boyhood I first heard of this then young surgeon's fame, but for only half of that period has there been a familiar home acquaintance. That word, familiar, sounds strangely to many. Say they, any other adjective would be more appropriate in speaking of the quiet, silent, reserved, sometimes brusque and distant David Prince, whom we have nevertheless held in the highest esteem. I used to think so. Much as I admired the man's professional skill and blunt sincerity, there was great constraint in his society. One day back in the seventies, we happened to be in the same room together alone. There was no escape. We sat in silence half an hour. We looked vacantly at each other. Then both began to smile. Then both burst into a laugh. Then the ice broke up and went out, as it does in the river in early spring. And

*Address at the funeral of Dr. David Prince.

since then, the current of conversation has always been open between us two, *till now*.

One night, a dozen years ago, we sat up till into the small hours of the morning, discussing revealed religion and, especially, the revelation of God in Christ. His words and bearing were earnest and reverent. Our creeds were in part concurrent, in part divergent, and we bade each other good-bye, saying that, whichever was right and whichever was wrong, if we could preserve that same spirit of patient docility, we should at length be guided to a knowledge of all essential truth. Since then, we have had no long formal talk on such questions, and it is not wise to speculate upon them in this presence. I think that if our departed friend could speak, this is what he would wish to say.

We are here to pay tribute to beneficence of life, and not to discuss perfection in dogma.

Doctor David Prince was an enthusiast in his profession. It is peculiarly the profession of the family. Sons and son-in-law all follow in his footsteps. Large numbers of the medical fraternity from the region round about have come to do honor to his memory to-day. In view of these facts, it is appropriate that, here in the house of him who was known as the Great Physician, we should speak briefly of this high calling. I believe that what may be said, would have the cordial approbation of him who is speechless on earth forever.

There is a current, and there is a counter current, coursing through the medical profession. The current is materialistic, and the counter current is theistic. In following the healing art, the practitioner is constantly attracted to the working of natural agencies.

Attention is mainly directed to the action of tangible substances upon the human system. This magnifies the relative importance of formulas and recipes and efficient causes. The physician becomes so absorbed in tracing the operation of remedies from the dispensary, that he is led insensibly to discredit the supernatural.

With deep solicitude, do I watch this process going on, in the minds of some very dear friends in this noble vocation. They themselves may not be aware of what is taking place, but it is painfully evident, that they are losing the vividness and freshness of an earlier faith. This tendency is greatly accelerated by brain dissection, and the localization of functions, in connection with different parts of that organ. Mind and matter are thus brought into so intimate relations, that there is special temptation, to look upon such ideas as conscience, and sin, and holiness, as the antiquated notions of a dying creed, and to regard what used to be considered moral and immoral actions, as physiological effects, for which the individual is not accountable. The vivisection of animals, and the comparison thus made possible between corresponding organs in brute and man, are shedding some light upon questions of mental and moral philosophy, and it is likely that physiology will, in future, make much more valuable contributions to psychology; but, as yet, we have not got beyond vague hypotheses and partial experiments. There are some shrewd guesses at truth and some wild guesses at truth. Amid the fascinations of inquiry, men are quite as likely to go wrong as to go right. Inductions are made too hastily. A fragment is magnified by imagina-

tion into a supposed discovery startling and revolutionary. The charm of this kind of research is especially captivating to the younger and more enthusiastic members of the profession. But so long as the great question of the relation of brain substance to thought, and of the nervous system to moral action, is still under debate, before theories, however plausible, have been subjected to numerous and unequivocal tests, it should not be forgotten that, though the scientific imagination has lofty uses, it is likewise liable to gross abuses.

So, too, when the discussion passes from brain cells to cell life and germ life in general, though valuable results have been reached, and though even better things are in prospect, it is exceedingly wholesome, to listen to words like these from one of the world's greatest scientists: "It would indeed be difficult, in any other department of human knowledge, to find anything to equal the extravagance of hypotheses recently advanced concerning living matter and its properties."

Now educated, thoughtful and progressive physicians, more than any other men, have forced upon them, by the very nature of their vocation, all these vague speculations concerning the origin of life and of moral responsibility. They are more exposed than any others to the subtle influences of that scientific school, which would exalt efficient causes and secondary agencies, so as to thrust the Great First Cause out of sight altogether, or, at least, to crowd Him so far into the back-ground, as to remove Him, practically, from all present, active part in the affairs of mankind.

This does not mean that we should, in a cowardly

way, flee from such investigations. Let the examination be bold and thorough. There is more to fear from turning the back upon scientific research, or from approaching it with fear and trembling, than from engaging in it patiently and exhaustively, in the candid spirit of Doctor David Prince, who was ready to abandon any darling hypothesis, the moment it was proved false to facts. But, gentlemen, there is a counter current swift and strong. It takes its set from anatomy. The study of a human skeleton converted Galen, whose disciples ye are.

Though skeptical in his tendencies, he became so impressed with the evidences of adaptation and design that were forced upon him, by his constant examination of the frame work of the body, that he was brought at last to subscribe, most reverently, to the doctrine of an omnipotent and omniscient Creator. At the foot of some dangerous plants, you may find growing nature's own remedy for any harm which those plants may inflict. So, while there are dangers connected with your beneficent vocation, the blessed antidote is never far away.

Though I have meant to speak plainly of the chief peril of your profession, no one could cherish a more exalted conception of the dignity of the physician, as, at the portal of life, he ushers the child into the world, as he bends over the couch of suffering, and turns cries of distress into songs of rejoicing, or as, till the very last, he blocks the gateway of death, and fights back the destroyer. Who can over-estimate that man's power for good? In many respects he enjoys advantages superior to those of any other mortal. As the confidential medical adviser, he obtains, as nobody else can obtain it, an intimate knowl-

edge of family history, hereditary tendencies, and personal peculiarities. While studying the physical constitution of parent and child, he incidentally becomes acquainted with the mental and moral characteristics of both, without their being aware of the revelation, and, therefore, without any temptation on their part to assume such disguises as are often put on when the minister is making his professional visits.

So far as personal influence in the domestic circle is concerned, the physician may out-rank the clergyman. The latter has not the same insight into the general relations of the household, and into the peculiarities of individual members. His calls must be more or less methodical and perfunctory, and, consequently, they may not be made at all opportunely. But the former is sure of his ground, and he can seize the happiest moments for directing thought to those interests which reach on beyond the grave. By the cradle, by the couch of the convalescent, and by the coffin, the voice of the beloved physician may be sweet as is no other, with heavenly persuasion.

I wish that it were proper for me to repeat here a story that I heard last night, concerning the tender and reassuring way in which this man, so strong and rugged, led a timid and shrinking woman down till the cold waters touched her feet, and her lips were ready for the song which the immortals sing. I wish that it were proper to make articulate here the dumb testimony which is locked up in the breasts of a great multitude of the poor, both the deserving and the undeserving, (for his sympathies were so free that he could not discriminate), whom he visited in sick-

ness, without thought of compensation. But that is not necessary, for it is familiar knowledge to you all, and the departed himself would protest against such recitals.

There has been one hard feature of Doctor Prince's professional life, about which he never complained, but which ought to be mentioned. It was caused by his very eminence as a surgeon. He has had to deal with more desperate cases than any other doctor in Central Illinois. Besides the natural proportion of such in his own vicinity, it has long been the custom of general practitioners, who have not made surgery a specialty, when ordinary measures have failed, to summon this veteran, who, it is no discredit to younger men to say, has long held the first rank here as a surgeon. In dealing with so many forlorn hopes, heroic expedients have often been necessary, and, occasionally, good but thoughtless people, ignorant of the facts, have been unjust in their judgment of this man of steady nerve, and cunning hand, and loving heart.

This is mentioned to emphasize the spirit with which such misapprehensions have been borne. It is worthy of admiration and of imitation by all public men. Doctor Prince never went about making explanations and excuses. He did not rush into the papers to air his personal grievances, real or imaginary; but with quiet dignity threw himself back upon his character, content to let that take care of his reputation. In this view, would it be any flattery to say, that the manliest man among us died the other night? Such an affirmation is not made, but the question may stimulate beneficial self-examination.

When asked, yesterday afternoon, to say a few

words to-day, it was my thought to confine remark to the relation of the departed to the educational interests of Jacksonville. But the allotted twenty minutes have nearly expired in other suggestions, which perhaps better befit the Sabbath and the sanctuary. I can not close, however, without outlining a brief, which might be expanded into a long address.

In the public library and reading room, many books and periodicals inscribed with the name of Doctor David Prince, bear silent witness to his thoughtfulness for those of both sexes and of all ages, who are largely indebted to such philanthropic enterprises for enlightenment. It was a happy suggestion at the meeting last night, that the city should honor herself, by making that public library a memorial of him who loved the people. Who can take the place of Doctor David Prince in the affections of the pupils and teachers of our common schools? No one else has been more zealous in the support of a high school for the sons and daughters of those unable to pay the cost of tuition for advanced instruction. The institutions for the education of the blind, and of the deaf and dumb, have always found him eager to aid in magnifying their beneficent work. The commercial school has prized his kindly appreciation of its efforts to promote system and efficiency in business methods. Our female seminaries have lost one of their best friends, an enthusiastic advocate of the highest learning for woman.

Illinois College has enjoyed in him a wise and liberal counsellor. For years there has not been formed for her welfare a single plan, which has not had his sympathy, verbal and pecuniary. More than once

has he said: "Come to me whenever there is a project on foot to render the college a greater blessing." More than once has he sought an opportunity to make a generous donation before he was approached on the subject. How many citizens are there left in Jacksonville who cherish for all our institutions of learning an interest so discriminating and comprehensive, as did the beloved physician of the great heart and the liberal hand?

Fond father, tender husband, loyal brother, friend never false, shining light in an illustrious profession, honor to the city, noble figure in the commonwealth, model American citizen, lover of every creature that beareth the image of God, Farewell !

IMMORTALITY.

"If a man die, shall he live again?"—Job xiv: 14.

The book of Job may be the oldest book in the Bible. Criticism shows that the author probably lived about the time of Abraham, and that strict chronological order would put the book after a few of the opening chapters of Genesis. The literature of the doctrine of immortality embraces several thousand volumes or parts of volumes. Job was the first recorded contributor to the discussion.

The general belief of the Egyptians, Hebrews and Greeks was strikingly similar. The Hebrews and Greeks borrowed from the Egyptians. I can not doubt that the faith in immortality had its genesis in the mind of the first man created in the image of God. The fact that he was the offspring of the Eternal would certainly suggest the idea that the everlasting life of the Father would be imparted to the child.

But historic data are wanting, for tracing the earliest development of that idea. Not till we reach the records of Egypt do we discover a definite creed, accepted by the multitude. A love for the abiding was a peculiar characteristic of the Egyptian people. The mummy and the pyramid both bear witness to this fact. No other nation has ever taken such pains to preserve the bodies of the dead, or to rear structures which should successfully withstand the ravages of time. The reasons are largely climatic. The atmosphere there did not stir the blood, tempt-

ing to adventure and migration, as did the atmosphere of a more northern latitude. Moreover, the beneficence of the Nile was a constant invitation to remain in the same region, from generation to generation. Again, the climate was such, that material structures would neither crumble nor perish, as elsewhere. The pyramids there suffer less from the action of the elements in thousands of years than they would here in a century. The whole environment of the people constantly turned their thoughts toward the everlasting. What suggestion could be more natural than this: if the body and the tomb of the body may be made proof against decay, why may not the soul live on forever? The essentially permanent conditions of mortal life crowded the question of immortal life upon the attention of the Egyptians, as upon no other heathen nation of antiquity. Their wonderful learning, not content with a knowledge of the world, sought to follow the stars in their courses, and then, unabashed, filled the invisible with its speculations.

Out of the Egyptian conception grew the Hebrew doctrine of the other life. Job was an Arabian patriarch. Living at no great distance from Egypt, he received from that region some notion of another world, as the abode of the dead. He was, however, too far removed, to borrow the creed entire. He sought, through his own philosophizing, to complete a system of belief, respecting the destiny of the soul. The text introduces him at this stage in his speculations. The patriarch had no clear idea of immortality. He was not even a believer in the doctrine of the resurrection. We often quote, at the grave-side, those beautiful words from his lips: "I

know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall, at the latter day, stand upon the earth." We apply the passage to the Messiah and the final resurrection; and it does express a precious truth, with rare felicity. But an examination of the text, in the light of the context, proves conclusively, that, in uttering it, *Job* had no thought of a coming Christ, or of the rising from the dead. He was only voicing an unshak-en faith in God, as his vindicator in the present life. The prophecy simply anticipated the triumphant sequel of the story of his grievous temptation. God did administer a withering rebuke to the patriarch's accusers, and that "latter day" was the day of his multiplied worldly prosperity.

In the times of Job, the Hebrew doctrine of immortality had been developed so far as this and no farther: the souls of all live on in a shadowy Underworld; there is no suggestion of reward for the righteous; there is a single intimation of possible retribution for the wicked. Examine the books of Moses and many of the books which follow them, and you can not discover a single distinct, unmistakable avowal of a belief in the doctrine in question. Abraham and Isaac and Jacob and Joshua and the Judges all talk most fluently concerning an earthly Canaan; but they have not a word to say concerning a heavenly Canaan. Even when they stand upon the brink of the grave, they express neither hope nor fear, respecting what may lie beyond, in realms invisible.

The translation of Enoch and of Elijah was a miraculous termination of earthly careers, but it had no special bearing on this subject. We believe that Enoch and Elijah were taken to the presence of

God, to dwell there forever, but there is no such plain statement in Genesis and Kings. We suppose that all those ancient worthies cherished some such creed as Job's, in respect to the continued existence of the soul; but we have absolutely no testimony from their own lips, to that effect. The first half of the Old Testament contains no authoritative THUS SAITH THE LORD, on the question of an endless life.

You do find, scattered here and there, hints, suggestions and anxious inquiries, but nothing more. We are so accustomed to reading into those old records the revelations of later ages, that we fail to realize, how dense was the darkness then enveloping this question, even among God's chosen people.

The practice of necromancy in the reign of Saul indicates that a belief in the soul's future existence was spreading among the Israelites. When, at length, you reach the Psalms of David, the idea begins to crystallize, and to exert a spiritual influence, till then unknown. God so quickened the poetic insight of the shepherd king, as to let in new gleams of light, and to excite a deeper interest in the problem of the soul's destiny.

The Psalmist is also the first Hebrew writer to announce the doctrine of future retribution. Whether the word be translated Hell, or Hades, or the grave, the idea of *penalty* will cling to the verse: "The wicked shall be turned into hell, and all the nations that forget God." Similar views are declared by several of the succeeding prophets, but by none so clearly as by the Psalmist, until you come to this prediction by Daniel, which is the most vivid language in the Old Testament, on the doctrine of immortality. "And many of those that sleep in the dust

of the earth shall awake, some to everlasting life, and some to shame and everlasting contempt. And they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament ; and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars, for ever and ever." Fitting prelude to the advent of HIM, who was and who is the RESURRECTION and THE LIFE!

Plato's Dialogues embody the world's most advanced thoughts on immortality prior to the Christian era. The topic was exceedingly fascinating to that philosopher. He referred to it, incidentally, in the discussion of many other subjects, subjects which would seem to have with it only the remotest connection. But the *Phaedo* and the *Apology* contain his clearest utterances. From these I quote briefly: "Like children, you are haunted with a fear, that when the soul leaves the body, the wind may really blow her away and scatter her, especially if a man should happen to die in stormy weather, and not when the sky is calm. That soul which is pure, herself invisible, departs to the invisible world. Thither arriving, she lives in bliss and is released from the error and folly of men, their fears and wild passions, and all other human ills, and forever dwells in company with the gods." "Those who are remarkable for having led holy lives are released from this earthly prison, and go to their pure home, which is above, and dwell in the purer earth. And those who have duly purified themselves with philosophy, live henceforth altogether without the body, in mansions fairer than these, which may not be described, and of which the time would fail me to tell. Those, again, who have committed crimes, which, although great, are not unpardonable, are plunged into Tar-

tarus, the pains of which they are compelled to undergo for a year. But those who appear to be incurable, by reason of the greatness of their crimes, are hurled into Tartarus, which is their suitable destiny, and they never come out." "Either death is a state of nothingness and utter unconsciousness, or there is a change and migration of the soul from this world to another. Now, if you suppose that there is no consciousness, but a sleep like the sleep of him who is undisturbed even by the sight of dreams, death will be an unspeakable gain. But, if death is the journey to another place, what good, O my friends and judges, can be greater than this? If, indeed, when the pilgrim arrives in the world below, he is delivered from the professors of justice in this world, and finds the true judges who are said to give judgment there, Minos and Rhadamanthus and Æacus and Triptolemus, and other sons of God, who were righteous in their own life, that pilgrimage will be worth making. What would not a man give, if he might converse with Orpheus and Musæus and Hesiod and Homer? Nay, if this be true, let me die again and again."

This is the tide mark of ancient philosophy on the doctrine in question.

Dropping now, for a few moments the line of historical investigation thus far pursued, let us examine some of the natural suggestions of immortality. The first of these comes from a study of the constitution of the soul.

Monism or Dualism? Is there in the universe but one kind of substance, or are there two kinds of substances? This question has crowded itself upon the attention of men in every generation. Some in

every generation have believed that there is only one substance, and that that substance is matter. Some in every generation have believed that there is only one substance and that that substance is spirit. But the vast majority, both of the learned and of the unlearned, have been confident that there are two substances, matter and spirit, each in its nature distinct from the other. According to this creed, these two substances are closely and mysteriously united in the earthly life of man. When that earthly life ends, what is the fate of the two substances? What becomes of the matter? What becomes of the spirit? The two evidently part company. In the article of death, the last manifestation of the spirit to the senses disappears. Then the material form gradually decays, and is lost sight of among the elements. Science teaches that not a particle is destroyed, but that every particle is put to use, in some of the various economies of nature. The body, *as a body*, is gone forever; but its component parts continue to exist eternally, in ever changing combinations.

The spirit, however, eludes all the tests of physical science. Does, then, death end all spiritual existence? Such inquiries will not be hushed. They clamor importunately for an answer in every age. Many, even of those who have regarded matter and spirit as one, have recoiled from the thought of the utter extinction of the latter, and have maintained that, on the dissolution of body and soul, the spirit, in some mysterious way, associates itself with the less gross and tangible material forms of earth, or air, or cloud, or fire.

This was, more especially, the doctrine of ancient

materialists. Modern materialists, under the leadership of such men as Bain, indulge less in such speculations. Take the following favorite definition:

"There is one substance with two sets of properties, two sides, the physical and the mental, a double-faced unity." Logically, such a definition, as a first principle, leads to the creed, that the earthly life of the soul is the limit of its existence. The materialist of to-day does usually manifest reluctance about putting the doctrine into dogmatic form, and takes refuge in an agnosticism, which is, however, very transparent. Every man does know, and, if he will give up all evasion and equivocation, he must acknowledge, that, if matter and spirit are nothing but a "two-faced unity," after that unity is destroyed, nothing worthy of the name of existence can be properly predicated of spirit. There is no plausibility in any argument for the immortality of the soul, unless you condition it on the assumption of dualism, of the doctrine of two essentially different substances.

But the granting of this postulate by no means establishes the doctrine. It only removes you from ground where proof is impossible, to ground where proof is possible. It is not conceivable that the same substance can be and not be at the same time. When, however, the admission is made, that there are two substances distinct from each other, you can, without any inconsistency, claim that the destruction of one does not *necessitate* the destruction of the other. But, whether the destruction of the one is, in fact, accompanied by the destruction of the other, is still an open question. To settle that

question, neither mathematical demonstration, nor chemical tests, can be employed. The argument must be one of analogies and probabilities. You cannot be too cautious in choosing your analogies. A captivating analogy often leads to a conclusion not anticipated. For instance, it was a favorite idea with many of the ancients, that the relation of the spirit to the body, was like that of music to a musical instrument. At the first blush, the thought is very pleasing. But to what doctrine does it lead? When you destroy the instrument, do you not destroy the music? It is obvious that such an analogy, if accepted, would be subversive of the doctrine of immortality.

The instrument and the music are, at the first glance, seemingly so different, that you may suppose yourself in the presence of two substances, but closer inspection shows that you have before you only two different manifestations of the same substance, one revealed through the sense of touch, the other through the sense of hearing.

Now change the analogy thus: consider the relation of the spirit to the body like that of the musician to the instrument. Then make the analysis, and you find two distinct factors. Destroy the musician and the instrument may remain. Destroy the instrument and the musician may survive.

Make another supposition: consider the relation of the spirit to the body like that of the musician to the music. You still have two things distinct in kind. Destroy the musician and the music is destroyed. But, in destroying the music, you may, or you may not destroy the musician. Everyone would consider this third analogy unsatisfactory.

You feel that there is no propriety in saying that the body is the product of the spirit, as music is the product of the player or singer. Let us revert, then, to the second analogy. That cannot be made to go on all fours, still it is fairly satisfactory. Consciousness testifies that the spirit does use the body, as the violinist uses the violin, to accomplish certain purposes. In either case, the excellence of the instrument is essential to the excellence of the product. Spirit prizes a perfect organism, just as the violinist prizes a Cremona. Still, fine spirit may work wonders with an unstrung organism, just as the skillful performer may astonish us on a cheap fiddle. An artist will do better with a cheap fiddle, than a bungler with a Cremona. Moreover, in the case of the poorest performer with the poorest instrument, it is always the fiddler, and not the fiddle, that holds the bow. Spirit rules. Body is ruled.

In a general way the parallel holds good. As we proceed, however, we must not lean too heavily upon any figure of speech. We know that the destruction of the musician does not necessitate the destruction of the instrument, and that the destruction of the instrument does not necessitate the destruction of the musician. Unquestionably, each may exist without the other. But can we say with equal certainty, that the body can exist without the spirit, and that the spirit can exist without the body? We should trust analogy no further. At this point we must abandon rhetorical language. We first turn to experience for light. We see the musician destroyed, yet the instrument remains unharmed. But so soon as the spirit quits the body, we invariably find that the body begins to decay. We may say

that, theoretically, this is not necessary, still, practically, it always takes place, when nature has her way. It is *conceivable*, that the body might remain precisely the way it is, yet it never does.

Again, we see the instrument destroyed, and the musician live on. But, when we see the body destroyed, we do not ever see the spirit live on. On the other hand, we never witness the dissolution of the spirit. We are here upon the border line of a different realm. We cannot declare with absolute certainty, either that the soul lives, or that it dies. Having, now, passed beyond the province of experience, we must construct our argument of probabilities. The spirit *may* live on. Is it likely that it *does* live on?

We find in every sound mind a passionate desire for immortality. How shall that desire be interpreted? Is the desire a reasonable ground for the belief? No one would be so foolish, as to maintain that a desire is in itself conclusive proof of the reality of its object. Numerous instances might be cited in which individuals and even large bodies of men have cherished desires, which reached out after nothing but the most mocking delusions. But when you come to a desire which is universal, you touch the vital chord which throbs eternally between the heart of man and the heart of the ever-living God. The pulsations may be quick, full, distinct, exultant, or they may be sluggish, thin, nerveless, despondent: but the current never ceases utterly between finite spirits here and the Infinite Spirit yonder. *The legitimate and natural product is belief in immortality.* That belief may range from vague conjecture to clearest conviction; but some degree is found

whether you turn to barbarism, or civilization, whether you question the clown, the poet, or the philosopher. From the very nature of the human constitution, we are compelled to trust this universal teaching of this universal desire. We have reached a fact beyond which we cannot go, and which it is the highest wisdom to accept with all its consequences.

This belief is confirmed by several suggestions. It meets our sense of justice. If death ends all, our ideas of fairness are outraged. The earthly life of the wicked and the righteous arraigns the righteousness of God's government. The prosperity of the bad and the misfortune of the good have no solution, unless there be a future life to rectify the evils of this. The Creator's present administration is subversive of every conception of right and wrong, if the soul perishes with the body. Yet these difficulties find easy solution in the glory of the everlasting. Of what consequence are the privations of the virtuous or the gratifications of the vicious, if the possibilities of seventy years be set over against the possibilities of eternity?

But it is when we study the highest capacities and aspirations of the soul, that natural theology declares most clearly, that a benevolent Creator can not excite his creatures with such entrancing visions and then overwhelm them with despair. That is God's own voice, not articulate to a listening world, not committed to any Holy Scriptures to be read from generation to generation, but speaking to the heart of hearts, as a revelation direct and personal, whenever there open out before the soul the shining possibilities of knowing and being and doing, world

without end. There you reach the richest interpretation of the power of the everlasting life. Wherever, since the morning stars sang together, man or woman has asked the question, "WHAT IS TRUTH?" and has patiently sought the answer, and has beaten against the bars of the earthy and has confronted the limits of time, the Comforter has whispered IMMORTALITY!

Wherever man or woman has been profoundly moved to become strong, pure, beneficent, radiant in character; but from weakness and passion and selfishness and sordidness has been grievously disappointed in the result, and has been sorely tempted to abandon the ideal, the Comforter has whispered IMMORTALITY!

Wherever man or woman has caught the inspiration of service, and has longed to do something for the permanent well-being of self and of others, and after unspeakable weariness and painfulness, has looked upon meager accomplishment, and has cried in bitterness, what doth it profit? Let me eat and drink for to-morrow I die! The Comforter has whispered IMMORTALITY!

But, not content with this whisper of the Infinite Spirit to the finite spirit, a compassionate God, manifesting himself in the flesh, proclaims aloud from the lips of Christ to all that have ears to hear: "I am the resurrection and the life. Because I live ye shall live also. In my Father's house are many mansions. I go to prepare a place for you. I will come again and receive you unto myself, that where I am there ye may be also,—that where I am there ye may be also."

Prepare us, Lord, for this Thy promised appearing. Some,

worn with the cares of life, may long to be transferred to activities which are free from weariness and disappointments. May such more cheerfully obey the command: "Tarry patiently till I come." Others cling eagerly to the present known, and shrink apprehensively from the future unknown. Confirm their faith so that they may be able to say: "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me."—Amen.

DIFFERENTIATION IN EDUCATION.*

Specialization is becoming year by year more narrow and inflexible, in all complex mechanical occupations. The workman is increasingly restricted, in the scope of his activities. The shoe-maker no longer makes a shoe, the watch-maker no longer makes a watch. To-day, the former may fit a heel, or a sole, the latter may attach the three hands, but, to-morrow, the former will only cut out a piece for a heel or a sole, while the latter will be confined to the second-hand. Great factories, employing hundreds of operatives, are turning out thousands of shoes and watches. These articles are finer in quality and vastly more numerous in quantity, than could be produced when one man prepared, or at least adjusted, all of the pieces in succession. On the score of economics, the new way is immensely superior to the old way. No one would for a moment advocate a return to the primitive method. It is true, that, while the world is so much the gainer, the individual workman is in one direction greatly the loser. He does get his proportion of the general benefit caused by a wide-spread division of labor, but he suffers from the dwarfing of his intellectual faculties, by their being withdrawn from a variety of planning and executing, and concentrated upon a single movement which presently becomes virtually automatic.

* An Address delivered December 30th, 1891, by Dr. Tanner, as president of the College Branch of the State Teachers' Association.

The law of economics is deaf to his prayer for relief. The law of economics cares only for the quality and the quantity of the product. The law of economics is interested in the efficiency of the factory, and not in the condition of the operative. Such help as the latter gets must come from sociology, which steps in and says: "Let the hours be shortened during which the man or the woman is driven as a part of a great machine, so that the man or the woman may find, outside the factory, opportunities for mental as well as physical flexibility and refreshment."

Now, corresponding with the specialization which is going on in the mechanical world, is the differentiation which is taking place in the educational world, though, in the latter, the movement is less rapid and the revolution less complete. This contrast also should be noticed: in the mechanical world, the specialization is more perfect in the higher departments, while in the educational world the differentiation is more satisfactory in the lower departments.

Let us see whether analysis will verify these statements. Begin with the kindergarten. Its province is sharply defined. It covers the narrow space between the nursery and the public school, and confines itself to the object lesson method. The nervous vitality and the rich personality of the teacher are daily exhausted for the children.

Advance a little and you come to the common school. Here the grades vary from four to eight, according to population, wealth and cultivation. Educators discovered long ago that it was a great waste of time and money, for the same teacher to try to carry pupils of all ages over the whole territory occupied by the English branches, and that the best

results were reached where six or eight grades could be established with from thirty to forty pupils each, under a competent instructor. There is very little disposition to mix these grades. The lower, instead of encroaching upon the province of the higher, seek to get better results within their own territory. The line of distribution may, therefore, be considered virtually established.

Take, next, the high schools. Their boundaries are not so accurately marked out as those of the grammar schools, still their functions are becoming more and more clear. They have two offices—one to fit students to enter college, the other to give creditable training in mathematics, science, English literature and one or two languages, ancient or modern, to a large number of young men and women, who are unable or unwilling to pursue a college education.

The ideal location for a high school is in a city of from twenty to forty thousand inhabitants, for there it may be made supreme as an object of municipal affection and pride. Still, the high school will flourish in the largest cities, and it may be made to do excellent service in towns of two or three thousand inhabitants. But this institution falls easily into one temptation. Patrons, pupils and teachers are prone to exaggerate its relative importance, and to try to create the impression that it virtually covers college territory. The merits of the high school are many and great, but it is preposterous to claim that it either does discharge or can discharge college functions. Its wisest friends will discourage all such false pretenses.

In the domain of the secondary education, we first

encounter the disposition to assume illegitimate prerogatives.

This tendency that we have noticed in the high school, is still more manifest in the academy. Some consider the academy superfluous, now that the high school is well established, but it is still an important part of our educational system. Let it, however, confine itself to its proper office. An academy should consider it glory enough, to be an academy, without trying to create the impression that it is virtually a college. You rejoice whenever you hear of the founding of a Christian academy, but, when its ambitious friends proceed to christen it as the Smith, or Jones, COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE, how can you help blushing for the honor of liberal learning? Such a misnomer leads the multitude to suppose that there is no line of distinction between the secondary and the higher education. It is a much greater honor to be an instructor, or a pupil, in the John Doe Academy, than to be an instructor, or a pupil, in the John Doe COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE. Would that the average American citizen could realize that fact! Furthermore, when an academy can have suitable buildings, and equipments, and a strong corps of instructors, without connection with any college, that is unquestionably the best arrangement, from the stand-point of the secondary education. Teachers will take greater interest in their work; pupils will feel more pride in the school; there will be less perplexity in discipline, because scholars are more nearly of the same age and attainments. In short, the institution will have an individuality and dignity impossible where the academy is an attachment to a college,

and conducted, primarily in the interests of the latter.

But, in this region at least, for many years most of our academies will be too weak to stand alone, and will have to be carried on in close connection with institutions of higher learning, chiefly as preparatory schools. They were established for that purpose mainly, and they must be so maintained, while necessary as recruiting stations for the colleges to which they respectively belong. Though this arrangement is theoretically faulty, it has some decided practical advantages. You who are present will testify, that the students who enter your college classes with the best preparation, are those whom you have trained in your own preparatory departments, and that, under existing conditions, it would seriously cripple your higher work, if those departments were abolished. It is fortunate for a boy to have his preliminary training under the same professors who are to be his guides throughout his undergraduate course. This promotes unity in plan and thoroughness in execution. The situation should not be irksome to a consecrated instructor, unless he finds himself so burdened with rudimentary drill that he has not sufficient energy for his duties as a college professor. That danger ought to be narrowly watched in the management of the institution.

But, while we comfort ourselves thus, and submit to the inevitable with as good grace as possible, we need not forget that, as resources multiply and population becomes more dense, it will in time be practicable to separate the academy and the college, as the two are made independent in the Eastern and Middle states, and let them thus discharge their re-

spective functions. It will be a happy day when both can be brought rigidly under the law of differentiation.

I spoke a few moments ago of the foolish ambition of the academy to be considered a college, and of the damage done in that way to liberal learning. What, next, shall be said of the college which calls itself a university, though, from one year's end to another, it either gives no university instruction, or only the merest smattering thereof? The writer once served as the Latin professor in such an institution. Creditable college work was done, but nothing more. Whenever our *university* was mentioned, these cheeks blushed at the misnomer. It may be replied, that such sensitiveness was foolish; that in calling men and women saints, we speak, not accurately, but prophetically; that the university title is usually bestowed on account of the great expectations of the founders, who anticipate that, in the course of generations, or centuries, the institution will in its proportions catch up with its high-sounding appellation, and that by giving the name in advance, the realization of the dream may in some way be quickened. But, is the justification sufficient; is the argument sound? Who does not admire the pertinacity with which Yale has clung to the modest words, Yale College, until the multiplication of her resources and the expansion of her activities have begun to make the university title appropriate? Who supposes that she would have reached that dignity any sooner, had she been called a university, from the beginning? Contrast what Amherst and Williams colleges are, and what a majority of our so-called universities in the Interior and the West are, and are likely to con-

tinue. Would it not be a sensible thing for the latter to petition the legislatures of the states to which they belong, to permit them to call themselves, for awhile, what they are—*colleges*—and to resume their present *ad captandum* appellation, when they begin to furnish respectable facilities for graduate instruction? Do not charge the writer with lunacy for making such a suggestion. He has not gone so far daft, as to suppose that the Solons of Illinois will at the next session, be astounded by any such proposition. "That strange spell, a name," has such power over, not only ordinary people, but also over extraordinary people, that we may well despair of ever seeing a so-called college get sufficient dying grace to become an academy, or a so-called university get sufficient dying grace to become a college, though, for the sake of common honesty, and for the honor of liberal learning, both consummations were devoutly to be wished.

The law of differentiation is the law of progress in the higher education. Careful analysis separates the college idea from the university idea. The former looks to the boy, the latter to the man. The former depends chiefly upon the recitation method, the latter upon the lecture method. The former exalts discipline, the latter exalts information. The former is the logical antecedent of the latter. Each will produce richer fruits when severed from the other. The best college work is done where the university idea is excluded. The best university work is done where the college idea is excluded. It is my belief that, in the future, Williams and Amherst will furnish a more excellent quality of strictly college instruction than Yale and Harvard, simply

because that is the highest ambition of the former, while the latter are captivated by the university idea.

Moreover, it would be a happy change for the latter if they could henceforth discontinue their undergraduate departments, and devote their vast resources and noble material and intellectual facilities for instruction to university extension, graduate courses, and the ever-multiplying and expanding realms of original research. The people would be the gainer, the institutions themselves would be better satisfied with what they were doing; and varied and profound scholarship would be more rapidly promoted. I admit that such a separation could not be effected quickly. Undergraduate and graduate work have become as closely associated in those institutions, as preparatory and college work are in many of our small institutions in the interior. Still, in the course of time, such severance may be reached. We need in America, as soon as possible, three or four pure universities. At present, Clark University is the only one which adheres rigidly to graduate instruction and original research. Johns Hopkins is eager to reach the same liberty. She carries her undergraduate department under protest. The consequence is, that she suffers in both directions, and it is probable that, at no distant date, the mixed relation at Baltimore will cease, and Johns Hopkins will rejoice in the realization of her ideal of a pure university.

God speed the day! Following this line of investigation, I hazard the prediction that, ultimately, at Cambridge and New Haven, the university will exclude the college.

Now, bring the subject nearer home. Differentiation has made fair progress in Illinois, but the time

has come for its acceleration. The provinces of primary, secondary and higher education should be more accurately bounded, and more generally recognized. Let the high school, the academy, the college, and the university seek clearer conceptions of their respective missions in the world of mind, magnify their own offices, confine themselves to those offices, and honor one another in the discharge of functions to which they can themselves make no legitimate claim. As representatives of the higher education, we owe to the *primary* schools warmer sympathy and more fostering care.

We ought to extend a more helping hand to all *secondary* schools. The exhibition of an appreciative, co-operative spirit would give great weight to our suggestions concerning the limitations and the possibilities of our high schools and academies. *Noblesse oblige!*

But have we not something to do besides trying to aid in fixing the boundaries of the primary and secondary schools, and to stimulate the latter to greater excellence?

Consistency requires that we should study more carefully the mission of the college and the mission of the university. We shall make our noblest contribution to liberal learning in the Prairie State, by holding before ourselves and our fellow-citizens the true ideal of the college and of the university, and by laboring patiently toward its realization in this dear commonwealth.

What, now, is the situation within our borders? There are, with college or university names, twenty-five institutions supported by private benevolence. Half of these are doing very creditable college

work. Not one of them is, to-day, doing enough distinctively university work to make the university title appropriate. Not more than three have sufficient income to support a strong university faculty, by which is meant a faculty of distinguished specialists in the various departments of erudition.

For the sake of clearness, let me separate all of the institutions outside of Chicago and its vicinity, from those in Chicago and its vicinity. Of the former, there is not one which has, or seems likely to have, in the near future, sufficient to sustain the *eminent dignity* of a genuine university. I *believe* that it would be better for every one of them, to devote itself exclusively to college functions. I *know* that it would be better for the interests of the higher Christian learning in the State of Illinois. This is delicate ground. This is plain talk. But those present are not afraid of delicate ground and of plain talk. Are not the facts as stated? Is not the position sound?

In conclusion, apply the law of differentiation to the three other institutions in Chicago and its vicinity. Two of these have had a most honorable history. Prophecy utters daily some new and glowing prediction over the cradle of the other. Now, what would be best for Chicago and the State of Illinois? Three pure universities? Or, three mixed colleges and universities? Or, two pure colleges and one pure university?

The law of differentiation answers unfalteringly: TWO PURE COLLEGES AND ONE PURE UNIVERSITY. In the minds of the wisest disinterested educators, the North-Western and Lake Forest have gained their reputation chiefly through the excellence of their

merely college work, and not by annexing already established professional schools. The two are, as yet, essentially colleges. For the proof of this statement, devote a day to hard study of their catalogues for 1891. The speaker has no doubt that the finest possibilities for both would lie in concentrating their energies for the future on college work. The speaker has no doubt that the finest possibilities for Chicago University would lie in concentrating its energies, from the beginning, on university work. The genius of Lake Forest and the North-Western is the college genius. The genius of Chicago University is the university genius.

THE RELATION OF THE CHURCH TO THE COLLEGE.*

The invitation to speak upon this topic came written upon the letter-head of an insurance company. That fact, seemingly insignificant, suggested, however, the general outline of the paper now presented. Said I to myself, the relation between the church and the college, is, in the common language of insurance circles, emphatically, a relation of "mutual benefit."

I glanced again at the letter-head, and read this motto: "We hold thee safe." Said I to myself, that is precisely the sentiment which the churches should cherish toward the college, and which the colleges should cherish toward the church: "We hold thee safe."

Your attention is therefore invited, for twenty minutes, to these three particulars: mutual benefit, mutual danger and mutual security.

First: as a matter of history, what have the churches done for the colleges? But for the former, the latter would never have come into existence. Take a dozen typical examples, partly from the East and partly from the West. Within twenty years after the landing of the Pilgrims, the corner stone of Harvard was laid, with psalm and prayer, by those who "dreaded to leave an illiterate ministry to the churches, when their ministers should lie in the dust." Clergyman and layman vied with each

*An Address before the Congregational Club of Chicago.

other in Christian liberality. Rev. John Harvard gave his \$4,000, and thus, though he had no such thought, secured for himself what is to-day the most conspicuous monument on the western continent. Then there was his humbler brother in the pulpit, who, having no money, sent two cows, as his college offering. And the lowing of the kine along the River Charles was like the lowing of the kine, as they drew the ark of God on the way to Bethshemesh.

Or, again, you may read of the Christian farmer, who made his donation of \$500, to be paid in corn and meal, but stipulated that the college should bear the cost of transportation, thus exhibiting that combination of other-worldliness and worldliness, which always gives the Yankee his supremacy concerning the temporal and the eternal.

The charter of Harvard declares this to be the object of the institution: "The education of the English and Indian youth of the country in knowledge and godliness." The fervent missionary spirit of the enterprise is shown by the fact, that the first brick edifice, having rooms for twenty aborigines, was called Indian College. There Eliot's Indian Bible was printed. In the present controversy between the "old" education and the "new," the jealous Yale alumnus will subscribe to Cotton Mather's general declaration, that "the college was the best thing the forefathers ever thought of," but will restrict the application to his own alma mater.

Yale was abundantly blessed with the laying on of holy hands in her cradle. The republic had in those days her Magi, her wise men of worship in the East. Says Ridpath: "I give these books for the founding

of a college in this colony.' Such were the words of ten ministers, who in the year 1700 assembled at the village of Branford, a few miles east of New Haven. Each of the worthy fathers deposited a few books on the table around which they were sitting; such was the founding of Yale College." And why did they thus contribute out of their poverty? That there might be an institution for the training of their successors in the sacred office, so that the commonwealth might never lack a learned and godly ministry. The spirit of the pastor became the spirit of the flock, until, from all the hills and valleys of Connecticut, the hard-earned savings of the men, the contributions of the widows, salt-cellar, spoons, plates, old pieces of silver and gold, precious from family associations, found their way into the treasury, to make a rich amalgam for the service of the Lord.

Princeton owed its origin to the same profound conviction, that an able, wise and orthodox ministry could be provided for the churches, only through the Christian college. The doctrine of Nassau Hall thus finds expression from the lips of President Witherspoon, who was also one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence: "Cursed be all that learning that is contrary to the cross of Christ; cursed be all that learning that is not coincident with the cross of Christ; cursed be all that learning that is not subservient to the cross of Christ." In the life of Doctor Charles Hodge, you may find abundant and emphatic endorsement of these as the governing principles of the institution, from the beginning.

As the eighteenth century opened with the found-

ing of Yale, so it closed with the founding of Williams. Williams also was given by the churches for the churches. No other motive would have planted it among the bleak and rugged mountains of Northwestern Massachusetts. The men of that generation seem to have been divinely impressed with the idea, that the part of Berkshire County, where nothing else would grow, would produce the richest annual crop of candidates for the Christian ministry.

Read Professor Tyler's "History of Amherst," till you are brought into the presence of Jonathan Edwards, the genius of that region, facile princeps among the brethern. A "charity fund" was the corner stone of the college. Said a speaker on the day of dedication: "This is an institution, in some respects like no other that ever rose, designed to bestow, gratis, a liberal education upon those who will enter the gospel ministry, but who are too indigent to defray the expense of their own induction. It has been founded and must rise by charity. And any man who shall bring a beam or a rock, who shall lay a stone or drive a nail, from love to the kingdom of Christ, shall not fail of his reward."

And then the same enthusiasm of humanity and Christianity swept westward and the churches gave to Ohio its Oberlin, and to Illinois its Illinois, and to Wisconsin its Beloit, and to Iowa its Iowa, and to Indiana its Wabash, and to Michigan its Olivet, and to Minnesota its Carleton and to Missouri its Drury. There are in this region other colleges equally worthy, but limited time compels me to bring in only the nearest states, and to let one college in each of those states stand for all. If you will examine the early records of any of these institutions, as I

have done in more than one instance, you will find those documents fragrant of the Mayflower. The younger Pilgrims brought these colleges hither with them, just as the older Pilgrims brought those colleges with them across the sea.

Such has been the service of the American churches to the American colleges. What have the latter done for the former? Has the benefit been mutual?

From some cyclopedia or biography, I might bring before you an illustrious succession of college-bred laymen, who have thought out and executed the noblest plans for the advancement of Christian civilization. From the annals of the pulpit, I might make a long catalogue of shining names, which the colleges have given to the churches. I might take you to old Williams, the birthplace of foreign missions, and bid you listen to the testimony of President Hopkins, the greatest teacher of the century on this continent.

But we need not go so far. Run the eye down the list of our own ministers in Illinois. Anticipate, in vision, the approaching meeting of the State Association. Many, possibly all of the colleges mentioned, and others, likewise, are represented by their alumni. Some of these are Christian laymen, trained in these Christian colleges, and given back to the churches to do the Master's work here, in this heart of the continent, with all its magnificent possibilities.

Others, again, are professors in your theological seminary, and pastors of your churches; men at whose feet you love to sit, men who are honored throughout the commonwealth, and throughout the republic.

God forbid, that representing the learning called liberal, I should be so narrow in thought as to underestimate the religious devotion, and the far-sighted benevolence of Christian laymen, who have got their education outside of college walls. God forbid that I should speak except in thanksgiving, of the labors of the greater and the lesser evangelists who had no personal acquaintance with academy, and college and theological seminary. At the same time, I submit it as a self-evident proposition, a proposition which these self-taught laymen and evangelists will themselves subscribe to, that the wisest Christian philanthropies, and the most beneficent Christian organizations have sprung from the consecrated heart and the patiently disciplined intellect of the laymen and the ministers whom the colleges have prepared for the service of the churches.

Second! Advance, now, from this idea of mutual benefit to the idea of mutual danger. The old bond between the churches and the colleges is growing weaker, and both are to blame for this increasing indifference. Waxing fat is acting upon some of our colleges, as waxing fat acted upon Jeshurun. They begin to look half contemptuously on their humble, Christian origin. Non-religious elements are finding their way into boards of trust. An ambition to multiply departments, to rear costly edifices and to make a grand parade of all the appliances of knowledge, is over-shadowing the profoundly religious spirit of an earlier period. In constituting faculties, the spiritual qualifications of candidates were once made primary, the intellectual, secondary; now the order is too often reversed. This sentiment filters

down and flows in hidden channels through the minds of those who receive instruction.

If you will compare the earlier with the later catalogues of our wealthier institutions, you will find the proportion of ministerial trustees greatly diminished, unless, as in the case of Yale, the number was fixed in the original charter. Still more noticeable will be the lessened ratio of ministerial professors; and, most of all, will you be impressed with the falling off of young men who are studying with the ministry in view. We have seen how prominent a part the idea of preparing students for a theological course, had in the founding of these institutions. It is obvious, that in proportion as that idea is obscured, the interest of the churches in the colleges will decline.

What should the colleges do to check this tendency? While there is an advantage in having the pastors of the churches the trustees of colleges, since they are more likely than others to keep the institutions before the minds of their flocks, and since from their training they are more familiar with educational questions; still the functions of the trustees are essentially business functions, and, as the resources of the corporations increase, business men will become their natural guardians. But the colleges ought to pledge the churches, that boards of trust shall be composed entirely, or almost entirely, of wise and earnest *Christian* men.

What, next, is the duty of such trustees to the churches in the appointment of instructors? A board of trust in a Christian college ought to make it an inflexible rule, never to elect to a professor-

ship one whom they do not believe to be a genuine Christian. It is not essential, that a faculty should be largely made up of those taken from the ministry. There are a few departments for which theological and pastoral training is excellent preparation. But the sciences are becoming so differentiated, division of intellectual labor is marking out so many separate provinces of investigation, that specialists must be sought more and more for chairs of instruction. The churches ought to recognize this limitation in the range of choice, and ought to be satisfied, provided none but reverent, out-spoken Christian men be admitted to the college faculties. Since this is, and must be the situation, the churches cannot expect that within these institutions, as they grow older, so strong a pressure will be brought to bear upon students, to crowd them into the ministry, as was inevitable, when the ministerial professors outnumbered all others.

College presidents and professors deeply deplore the present drift of their strongest men away from the theological seminaries and the ministry, the noblest vocation on earth. Business, law, journalism and literature are attracting not a few who are called of God to preach the gospel. The general religious life of our institutions of higher learning is improving. As a rule, the number of professing Christians steadily increases. Still, nowhere do we discover the old percentage of candidates for the ministry. But we are laboring and praying for such a baptism of the Holy Ghost, such a manifestation of the constraining power of the love of Christ among our young men, that those brightest in intellect and purest in heart shall fill our theological seminaries

to overflowing, to the joy of the churches and the glory of the Redeemer.

But, while this tendency to separation between the colleges and the churches is due in part to the waning supremacy of the strictly ministerial idea in the former, and to the substitution of secular agencies, the churches have had their full share in producing this state of affairs. Frequent changes of pastorates prevent our ministers from becoming especially interested in any particular college. In the days when a man accepted a call to a place where he expected to spend a large part of his life in the vicinity of an institution of learning, the welfare of the latter became identified with his own welfare and with that of his church. He was led to study the history of the college, to attend its examinations and public exercises, to pray for it, to speak of it in the pulpit, to talk about it in the parish and to urge the most promising young men of the congregation, to seek there a liberal education.

Now, however, the average preacher, expecting to stay only two or three years in a place, forms no strong local attachments, lays no broad plans for work reaching through a long period, strikes for the quickest results within narrow limits, and gives no care, no thought to the college between which and himself a warm affection cannot be cultivated, on account of his brief residence in the neighborhood. If short pastorates are an evil to the churches, they are a great curse to the colleges. The devotion of ministers to colleges, which was the universal rule a century ago, is now a very rare exception. Long pastorates and permanent institutions naturally affiliate. But a ministry on wheels, with Jehu

for a driver, cannot tarry long enough to form a loving relation with colleges, which patiently abide, and noiselessly perform their beneficent functions in the same place, generation after generation. Consequently, the preacher forgets to pray for the college in the sanctuary, forgets to talk about it in the parish, and forgets to recommend it to the boys. Then the church forgets it in the prayer-meetings, forgets it at the family altar and forgets it in its schedule of benevolence. Then the associated pastors and churches forget it, in their plans for building sanctuaries, and planting home mission stations on the frontier, and establishing foreign mission enterprises in heathendom. And, then, at the fireside, in the temple and at local and general associations, your sons and mine, hearing less and less about a college education for the theological seminary, for the pulpit, for the service of the churches, for the salvation of the lost, for the crowning of the Christ as Lord of all, devote themselves to other occupations and professions, till the on-coming 20th century cries in alarm, where, where shall be found men to preach the gospel to every creature, now that the world waits expectant for the King of Glory?

This tendency to separation between the colleges and the churches imperils the best interests of both. The colleges will suffer more from it, at first, but the churches will finally be the greater losers. Self-preservation is the first law of nature, for an institution, as well as for an individual. A college which finds that churches do not take sufficient interest in it, to furnish it with the necessary money and students, will turn to a worldly constituency for support. It will appeal to local pride and personal ambition. In

filling its coffers and its classes, men will be brought into its board of trust and its faculty, without very careful inquiry into their religious character. A secular tone will be given to the institution. Scholarly indifference will take the place of religious earnestness. The atmosphere of the corporation will chill devotion. A revival spirit will be stigmatized as fanatical, and conversions will cease. Such an institution may get endowments and patronage, but it will no longer furnish to the churches consecrated men either for the pew or for the pulpit.

Better things are possible, at least for the churches and the colleges of the Interior. Let there be, universally, such a relation as that which Dr. Thwing, of Minneapolis, is fostering between the churches of Minnesota and Carleton College; let there be such a relation as the departed Dr. Goodell fostered between the churches of Missouri and Drury College, and all are secure. The churches, providing endowments and students, will thus say unto the college: "We hold thee safe." And the colleges, giving back their young men trained for Christian service in pew and pulpit, will gratefully respond to the church: "We hold thee safe."

VULCAN AND VENUS,

OR THE UNION OF THE USEFUL AND THE BEAUTIFUL
IN THE WORLD AND IN CHARACTER.

Venus was a daughter of the sea. The graces formed her train. Earth and heaven were her home. Universal welcome greets the beautiful.

Vulcan, Juno's son, but not her pride, was a cripple from his birth. Juno, with the temper of Byron's mother, called her boy a "lame brat," and drove him from her presence. He became a blacksmith, and set up his shop in the caverns of Ætna.

As he stood there one day beside the forge, in tripped Venus, gathering her drapery about her somewhat daintily; but she laid her white hand fearlessly upon his arm, bare and brawny; and the two were married, while the Cyclops gave them an anvil chorus, for a wedding march,

The story contains a prophecy, which is even in process of fulfillment, as we sweep onward toward the millennium. In the perfect union of the useful and the beautiful, the highest ideal will find its realization.

The most obvious application of the principle is found among what are considered the coarse arts. Notice the transformation which it works in agriculture. Put the plow of antiquity beside that of to-day. Study a moment the relation of service and grace. Mark how these have kept pace with each other. With every improvement in effectiveness, the inventor has sought to connect some new charm

of outline, some fresh excellence of finish, to gratify the natural desire for symmetry of form and harmony of color. This may not enable the farmer to turn over any more acres, or to raise any more bushels of corn from the same area; but it does give a certain zest to his labor, which he would not experience if no regard had been paid to his æsthetic nature, in the shape and ornamentation of the implement. In the most common-place toil, respect should be shown to those finer tastes, which are found, at least in a rudimental state, in every human being. But let it always be understood that in cases of this kind, utility is never to be sacrificed to beauty. The laws of mechanics are supreme. Friction and loss of power are too high a price for the mere gratification of fancy. Decoration which detracts from efficiency quickly becomes an abomination. When Vulcan is shaping the plow at the forge, let Venus watch in silence, so long as her lord is fixing the curvature which will save the strength of the horse and the strength of the man, and leave the ground in the best condition for production. Up to that stage of the process, any suggestion from Venus is an impertinence. But the moment that point is reached, the old smith will be tickled, to have her lean over and whisper in his ear whatever she chooses, about those finishing touches which she knows will find favor in the eyes of the farmer boy, will awaken in him the dormant poetic sense, and pitch his voice to a song, as he follows in the furrow, while the meadow lark takes wing and the May morning is glad.

Suppose the next order to be for a wagon for the same rustic swain. Vulcan must make strength and

durability of material, and lightness of draft, his prime factors in construction; but his grim face will relax with a smile, and he will become as docile as a child, if Venus will tell him, at the right instant, what pattern of springs and what style of trimmings would suit her, the next time he comes with Apollo's horses, to give her a drive along the beach of Paphos. According to Emerson, "the beautiful rests upon the foundation of the necessary." When, therefore, the essayist essayed to "hitch his wagon to a star," must he not have guarded against all friction in the running gear, before he attended to the gilding of the driver's box? In dealing with so many horse-powers as inhere in a star, the strength of the traces should be tested first. The silver-plating of the harness should follow.

But, returning from these mythological and transcendental excursions, let us apply the doctrine to a motor better known. Bring locomotives from the round-house. First comes the switch-engine, in all its homeliness. It must hug the track. To this end its drivers are cut down. To tighten the grip upon the rails, wheels must be multiplied and weights increased. Cylinders are compact and powerful. Fire-box is hungry and capacious. When Vulcan turns out such jobs, Venus never goes near the shop. They are the ugliest creations of his ugliest moods. This case admits of no relief. The mission of the machine is simply to move dead weight, at a dead-march pace, to and fro within narrow limits, with endless monotony. Everything suggests the dismalest drudgery. Grimy iron monster, grimy engineer, grimy stoker look alike melancholy. Can you picture a more forlorn life, than that of two men

who are doomed to run a switch engine? Better Siberian exile!

Turn now to the freight locomotive. The same general principles of construction prevail, but modifications are visible. The speed is quickened. The distances lengthen. The faces shorten. While the business is still very practical, while the greatest amount of work, with the strictest economy of forces, must remain the governing consideration, there appears a certain poetry of motion, as the long train seeks its destination. Engineer and fireman catch somewhat of the fresh spirit of the hills and valleys, the prairies and forests through which they pass. They take a certain pride in the gallant iron horse. To encourage the sentiment, some attention should be paid to ornament in the building of the freight locomotive. Should this call for additional outlay and extra care, there will be more than a return in the increased satisfaction which the engineer and fireman will feel in their charge, and in the effort which they will make to keep it constantly in the best condition. On the score of economy only, due regard to this idea would, in the course of years, be profitable to the railroad company. Let men be entrusted with something, which, in its construction, shows consideration for their finer instincts, and they will respond to the compliment, with increased fidelity and cheerfulness.

The thought bears further enlargement, when you inspect the passenger engine. The business idea still controls, but, with the doubled and trebled speed, enters also the new element of gladness. The passenger engine should be among switch engines as Saul among his brethren. It should rise tall, well-

proportioned, athletic, prepared as a strong man to run a race. Vulcan wants all the inspiration of Venus, as he brings this his master-piece to perfection. Let it not leave his presence, until she pronounces it a thing of beauty. Then study the face of the man whose hand controls the throttle valve. How it lights up with affection, as he watches the graceful swing around a curve, the triumphant sweep toward a mountain's brow, and the arrowy flight down through the valley, while the burnished metal flashes in the sun like silver and gold! He does not talk about IT, but about HER. His hard tones grow mellow, as if he were speaking of sweetheart or wife. While he thaws out, little by little, as you gain his confidence, and dwells fondly upon the various virtues of his darling, the stoker breaks in with HIS tribute to what SHE can do, and you see that her fiery heart is the altar at which both men worship. It is well. It is well for them. It dignifies their anxious, perilous life. They recognize the fitness of means to ends. They associate their agency with the admiration bestowed upon their favorite.

Their office is magnified. Their calling is ennobled. It is well for their employers. Property is safer. Those costly equipments, those polished ornaments, all that finished elegance confided to their keeping, take them into a sort of partnership, and make them cautious of needless waste and breakage. It is well for the traveling public. Such a spirit keeps the eye of the watcher intent upon the darkness, quickens the instinct of danger ahead, nerves the arm, steadies the brain, prevents catastrophe.

Leaving, now, the engine in the care of her guard-

ians, lusty and trusty, let us carry our theme back to the rear of the train, and continue our investigation there. Did you ever watch the building of a palace car? If not, spend your next half day of leisure at Pullman. Go alone. In those long lines of shops the whole process is displayed. It is a materialized panorama in wood and metal. Begin with the foundation of solid oak and tempered steel, and study the stages of evolution, one by one, until the ideal is realized, and the palace stands ready for dedication. No other structure puts into visible, tangible form, so happy a combination of strength, grace and æsthetic adaptation. This cannot be understood until you first make the analysis, then the synthesis, until you examine, one by one, the hundreds and hundreds of pieces of all sizes and shapes, and see them fitted ed to one another with amazing rapidity, precision and perfection.

You may witness, in a rolling mill, some single process which will excite more astonishment than any single process which falls under the eye at Pullman, but in the case of the palace car the admiration is cumulative. Each bit of wood or metal adds something which you would not have thought of, of which you see the fitness, however, as soon as it is employed. As part is joined to part, amazement grows with a mingled sense of gladness and oppression, until, like the queen of Sheba, in the presence of the wonders of Solomon, you find no more spirit in you. The effect is intensified from the fact that you are not viewing the structure as you would examine a puzzle, or a piece of mechanism fabricated merely to show what marvels may be effected by the appli-

cation of brain and muscle to material substances. The genius of the place is constantly filling your mind with suggestions of human security, profit, comfort, delight. Aladdin's palace was tenanted by creatures of the imagination; but Pullman's palace opens to those who have body, soul and spirit. Aladdin's palace was stationary; Pullman's palace, with no local fetters, now halts at the Grand Central of New York; and next week waits at San Francisco's Golden Gate. It has transported across a continent, without anxiety, the eager financier; without pain, the invalid in quest of health; without weariness, the aged; with rejoicing, the bridegroom and bride. The congruity is faultless. The harmony is perfect. Vulcan and Venus once more kiss each other.

By way of reproach, this age is often called an age of iron, but the reproach is unwise. The censure would be just, if quantity debased quality; but, in point of fact, the latter is constantly gaining upon the former. Invention must make every-day uses her first study; but she does not consent to place her work on exhibition, until she has rendered it fit for consecration to the graces. The greatest triumph of construction on this continent is the Brooklyn bridge. When you consider the prodigious weight of coarse materials, you anticipate heavy effects. But study the structure from the upper and lower ferry boats, steam up under it by moonlight, ride over it and walk over it at noon-tide, give it the most critical examination in every way, and the final impression will be æsthetic, rather than materialistic. If one has imbibed the notion that, in the ceaseless rattle of wheels and cogs and cranks, humanity is

losing all finer perceptions, let him subscribe for a year to the Scientific American, and make its pictures his object lessons, week after week. It would be well for us all, to read less *machine poetry*, and more *poetry in machines*. There is a poet's corner in the Patent Office. Such is the artistic beauty of many inventions, that machine oil ceases to offend even the sensitive noses of the muses.

But I am dwelling too long upon plows, and wagons, and engines, and cars, and bridges. Pass, then, from the department of mechanics to that of architecture, which evidently comes within the scope of the theme. This is decided by the criterion, that utility is still primary and beauty secondary. The history of architecture has been one long struggle to get these two elements properly adjusted. This is most strikingly illustrated in sacred architecture. Religion has always used her temples to influence her votaries, through the eye and through the ear. In the earlier stages of civilization, the sense of sight predominated. Scenic effects were sought. This idea ruled the ritual. It made music tributary to pageantry. It planned, in rearing churches, to move the soul through vision. This is manifest in the vividness of the Gothic style, and in the sense of vastness produced by the Italian style. The same impression was deepened by the frescoings and paintings of the interior. Imposing form and captivating color were most happily combined, to subject the heart to the imagination. Under modern civilization, the finer sense of hearing has been contending with the coarser sense of sight for the primacy. Religion seeks to govern, less by the eye, more by the ear. This new principle of utility intro-

duces a new principle of beauty. Religion wants an auditorium.

Whereas she once laid the stress upon the laws of optics she now lays the stress upon the laws of acoustics. But the former governed for so many centuries in the building of God's temples, that they struggle to retain the supremacy. The architect still consults the eye, rather than the ear. The secondary holds the place of the primary, the primary the place of the secondary. Improvements have been made within a generation, but religion will suffer until this is the universal law of the temple—first, a perfect auditorium; then, if possible, a perfect picture.

Next apply the principle to the old house at home, and to the new house at home. The two should not be alike. Changed conditions greatly modify rules of construction. In building the former, stability, shelter and protection were the governing ideas. A fresh clearing in the wilderness is the natural setting for a log house, a structure within which there is an assurance of security, when wolves howl and savages prowl. The second generation does not shut itself up so closely. The rafters are lengthened, the floors are extended, and thus is made the stoop, where the woman turns the spinning wheel in the shade, and the man smokes his pipe when the day's work is done. It is all very homely; but, remember that homely is a contraction of home-like. The picturesque now begins to steal into the dwelling. There is a melodeon in the front room, and a girl who plays and sings to the bewilderment of an enamored youth, who is in a "strait betwixt two,"—his bashfulness about leaving the farther side of the fire-place, and his burning desire for a seat close to the melodeon.

It all accords with the eternal fitness of things. Every woman envies the girl. Every man wishes that he were the youth, in transit from the chimney corner.

And so we come to these later days, with their multiplied physical comforts and æsthetic gratifications. There is danger that in building the new house at home, a straining after artistic effect will encroach upon those plain conveniences so essential to the happiness of the family. After we have decided how much money we can put into a dwelling, instead of first carefully maturing a plan which will contribute most to the well-being of the household, and making mere ornamentation a subordinate consideration, we are prone to turn the matter over to the architect, bidding him give us the most picturesque abode possible for the amount specified. The architect is always tempted to take his stand-point from the street, rather than from the fireside. The hearth-stone, however, should be the foundation for the ruling idea in building. The special wants of every member of the domestic circle should be heeded, before attention should be paid to the delight of the passers by. Enough will be done for them, incidentally, in that provision which must be made for such æsthetic training as is necessary for the highest well-being of those who are to occupy the dwelling. The impression made by many of our pretentious modern houses is, that more study has been given to produce external effects than to secure such internal arrangements as shall cause "home, sweet home" to be the spontaneous song of the whole household. The American people should beware, lest, in architecture, they let the startling and

the fanciful encroach upon the fundamentally useful, and mar the truly beautiful.

There is a rhetorician's dictum which will serve as a golden link to connect the preceding and the remaining portions of this discussion. It reads: "DECORATE CONSTRUCTION; DO NOT CONSTRUCT DECORATION."

Here the transition is easy from material to social, spiritual and educational forms. The plea has been thus far for the natural and harmonious union of Vulcan and Venus, strength and beauty, in those tangible creations which mark the progress of civilization. This is, also, the open secret of the best society, the morality of the Pilgrim wedded to the manners of the Cavalier,—Plymouth Rock in the blushing embrace of the Virginia Creeper! The two essential elements are present. What they need is happy fusion. The ideal slowly approaches realization, notwithstanding the lamentations of the pessimist. Clannishness and exclusiveness are disappearing with the dying century. Society improves by growing composite. That which is best in England came from the blending of the Saxon and the Norman. In the process, each retained its peculiar excellencies and lost only its peculiar defects. Maine and Mississippi, acting rightly upon each other, would give a resultant nobler than either of the original forces. Catholicity of vision is the first principle of social science. Unity through diversity is the great law of creation.

But you notice that the Author of the Universe sanctions the principle which is advocated throughout this address. He never constructs decoration, but always decorates construction. He first lays out

mountains, valleys and water-courses for the every day wants of mankind, and then bids nature array herself in loveliness. This ought to be our model in building the social fabric. Let industry, economy, integrity and virtue be inculcated first and foremost, as the only abiding foundations, then welcome all those amenities and accomplishments which give sweetness and inspiration to life. Listen to Carlyle, as he ridicules sham and glorifies work; but give heed also to Ruskin, as he pleads for symmetry and grace. Elijah and Elisha both have their mission to men. The truth ruggedly declared by the one to-day, is more persuasive when mildly uttered by the other to-morrow. Every generation is, in its conditions, more fortunate than its predecessor. It has more leisure, and greater facilities for perfecting its inheritance. Two classes of reformers incessantly struggle for leadership. One is composed of those who exalt rigor, austerity and repulsiveness, as proofs of excellence. In their philosophy, an angle is better than a curve, and the acutest angle is the best angle, because it makes the sharpest wedge, the one which can be driven in easiest and farthest. A cube is superior to a sphere, on account of its cutting edges. John's harsh voice in the wilderness has greater fascination than Christ's gentle voice in the temple.

But read God's lesson in nature. Give vision the widest sweep. Your limits are the horizon and the firmament. The one is circular and the other is semi-spherical. By these boundaries, the Creator expresses his aversion to the angular and his love for the curvilinear. On the surface of the planet, sharp edges are the result of convulsion. Chemical agency is straitway summoned to round those edges into

curves. Throughout the inorganic realm there is a tendency to destroy cutting power. In volcanic action, the fluidity of the lava tones down the precipice and fills the chasm. Afterwards, air and light and frost and heat and water assume and carry on this ministry. In the case of any almost extinct burning mountain, like Hood or Shasta, you will notice how eager nature is to throw a robe of vegetation over the rents and breaks of the base, and to hide the jagged cliffs under a graceful mantle of snow. Expose any material shape to the elements, and the latter will forthwith attack its edges and try to take out the "cut."

Again, all the bays and inlets of ocean are sinuous, not angular. Notice the sand dunes. They follow the same pattern. And, if you retreat far inland, you will find that the *WAVE STYLE* is still the favorite, and is adopted or imitated as far as is consistent with the situation.

Once more, abandoning land and water, you discover a similar preference in the aerial region. Lightning does zig-zag, but light *UNDULATES*. Lightning is exceptional; light is universal. Sound also *WAVES*. The discharge of a cannon is explosive. You may at first think of the acoustic effect as similar to that produced by the flying fragments of a shell; but, as you listen to the dying reverberations, you are convinced that the movement is undulatory.

Pass next to organic forms. The grass at your feet springs up in blades, and you say that this destroys the generalization; here is the point, here is the edge and here is the angle. But be patient. Look toward the root of that blade of grass. The stem is assuming the circular form, and whether it be timothy, or

blue-grass, or clover, the full-grown stalk will be tubular and will wear a rounded crown. Somehow the tree never exhibits a square trunk. When it throws off branches, they also are round, the angle of departure is curved, and the limbs and leaves all contribute to break rigid effects. Now, if you will examine the whole vegetable kingdom, you will find this constant protest against angularity. Landscape gardening, as you would expect, conforms itself to the principle of the curve. Landscape painting likewise acknowledges the reign of the same law. Otherwise, as imitative arts, they would commit suicide. Such considerations justify the conclusion that nature finds in the curvilinear her prime secret of beauty.

But the doctrine may be perverted in human nature. For instance, many consider the spinal column a most uncomfortable formation. They would substitute gristle for bone, to insure flexibility. Muscle and sinew must simmer down into jelly. Pulp is the ideal substance. Such people dote upon the sensuous, the artificial, the meretricious. Their choicest product is of the Oscar and sunflower variety. Join neither school, but take a suggestion from both. Each is a protest against the other. As is usual between two extremes, society will find its golden mean in the union of the rugged and the gracious.

Such, likewise, is the law of the spiritual world. Moral strength and moral beauty happily combined bring character to perfection. You mark a tendency to divorce the two in ethical conceptions. The old theology and the new furnish a background for these notions. The first will hear nothing but the thunders of Sinai. The second will see nothing but

the sunshine of the Mount of Beatitudes. Man's idea of God forms his ideal for himself. As a consequence, two hostile factions seek disciples. In church history, Luther best represents the one, Erasmus the other. Miniature likenesses everywhere abound. Excessive admiration of the heroic virtues hallows a dogmatism and intolerance, which peculiarities of temperament, time and circumstance once connected with some individual, or class of individuals. Because Plato happened to be round-shouldered, not a few of his admirers become like him as high as the base of the neck, but no higher. As in philosophy, so in religion, excrescences take the place of excellencies, because they are easier of cultivation. In Switzerland, even the goitre in all its unsightliness is fashionable. What wonder, then, that the church, with her vigorous Genevan constitution, should develop some strange beauty spots!

The Reformers, the Covenanters and the Puritans were the great benefactors of the race. Their religious earnestness, inflexibility and heroism deserve the admiration of mankind. Still, certain surface traits, pardonable centuries ago, are not worthy of imitation by this generation. And yet those very traits are the ones which many are the most tempted to copy as moral perfections. The worship of ruggedness of character in the sixteenth century, may thus result in jaggedness of character in the nineteenth century. But there is the other extreme. Many so magnify the burning of a Servetus, and the fanatical folly of the Salem tragedies, that they lose sight of the grandeur of the Reformation in the Old World, and the heroic conquest of the New World,

by the same over-mastering religious enthusiasm. Such blot out the text: "God is a consuming fire," and read only that other verse: "God is love." This moral estimate of the Creator is transferred to the creature, and those traits which harmonize with the estimate are unduly exalted. The product is the religious sentimentalist, who, finding in his vocabulary no such words as justice, judgment and penalty, grows self-indulgent, infirm in purpose, impotent in action. But the two elements of robustness and winsomeness, each in itself insufficient, when rightly combined, produce that rarest of earthly sights, a character which is commanding and attractive, an honor to men, an admiration to angels, a delight to Jehovah.

The educational application of the doctrine is of the highest importance, upon the present occasion. Not a few advocate only the baldly practical in our courses of study. Let the Popular Science Monthly recast the curricula, and nothing would be left to develop and to gratify the strictly literary sense. Give radical Hellenists the same liberty, and they would retaliate, by crowding out the bread-and-butter branches, with digammas and iota subscripts. It is an open question, which party displays the narrower narrowness. We shall have no truly liberal education, until this antagonism is pacified by compromise. Facts and formulae are essential; so, likewise are logic and language, in every wise scheme of instruction. Room must be made for all. It is not well to follow blindly either the apostles of the Old education, or the apostles of the New Education. The former are too conservative, the latter too destructive. It is a sign of senility, when one

sings only of the good old ways. It is a sign of juvenility, when one can pipe of nothing but the good new ways. There is an eclectic and creative process going on, which will give us, first, a better way and, finally, the best way.

Whether it be a mere fancy, or not, physiologically, it is a plain fact psychologically, that every brain of man or woman has both a masculine and a feminine lobe. Both lobes in both sexes need proper food and exercise. The general theory has been, that the great effort should center in making the masculine lobe more masculine for men, and the feminine lobe more feminine for woman. But, according to the induction of this address, the mental training of the future should pay more attention to the feminine lobe for man and to the masculine lobe for woman. It is high time for the world to recover from the chronic scare about feminine men and masculine women. This has led us to under-estimate belles-lettres studies in the training of our boys, and to over-estimate the lighter accomplishments in the training of our girls. The New Education for woman is moving in the right direction more rapidly than the New Education for man. Hazlitt says that Raphael cared for nothing but the human form, and that whenever you look at the hands of the women that he painted, you want to TOUCH them, In studying the flesh color of a Titian, the LIPS are attracted.

The Raphaelite in form and the Titianic in color are combining in the education of the sex. Longfellow's prophecy is coming true:

"A woman with a LAMP shall stand,
In the great history of the land,
A noble type of good."

Her education may assume the largest proportions, with no loss of beauty. It is, however, necessary that angularity be avoided. This culture should be well rounded and its complexion fair.

The change in public sentiment on the question has been so noiseless, that we fail to realize how mighty has been the revolution, throughout the Anglo-Saxon race. Contrast the doctrine of the eighteenth century with the doctrine of the nineteenth century. Knight, in his *History of England*, quotes from Dean Swift as follows: "There is a subject of controversy which I have frequently met with in mixed and select companies of both sexes,—and sometimes only of men,—whether it be prudent to choose a wife who has good natural sense, some taste of wit and humor, able to read and relish history, books of travel, moral or entertaining discourses, and be a tolerable judge of the beauties of poetry. This question is usually determined in the negative by women themselves, and almost universally by men."

There is no mistaking that in those days Burke's criterion of SMALLNESS was the sole test of woman's intellectual beauty. But, in accordance with the doctrine maintained this evening, without taking time to consider the light belles-lettres elements mentioned by Swift, as the utmost conceivable bounds of woman's mental attainments, I ask you to open the catalogue of Yale University, and to point out a single study in the academic course which would produce angularity, a single study in the academic course which would not round out woman's intellectual form with lines of beauty.

While, however, this position is resolutely de-

fended, it is as readily conceded that intellectual color is more indispensable in woman than in man, and that, while equal time and opportunity for liberal culture should be given to both sexes, there should be certain substitutions in favor of female accomplishments. In other words, the relatively greater importance of color ought so far to modify form. Consequently, the curriculum of a Wellesley would be preferable to the curriculum of a Yale. It is my belief that, when the proper additions and subtractions have been made for each curriculum, when the sundry options have been adjusted between mathematics and science on the one side, and music and art on the other, the two curricula will be found in substantial accord, and will lead to the same degree for both sexes. The evolution of this idea does not necessarily involve the question of co-education. New England prefers to supply a Williams College for her young men, and a Smith College for her young women. The Interior favors the same institution for both. But each section is equally in earnest, THAT SEX SHALL NO LONGER LIMIT LIBERTY IN LEARNING.

SENTIMENTALISM AND REALISM.*

This study may be made from the stand-point of speculative philosophy, or from the stand-point of moral philosophy. Each method has its peculiar advantages and disadvantages. The former is *more* satisfactory to a limited number. It promises light without heat—the form of illumination especially fascinating to a contemplative spirit. But the majority of even well-educated men and women, after sustaining themselves for a few moments in a state of semi-apprehensive eagerness, grow weary of abstract discussion. The other style of treatment descends more easily from generals to particulars, and returns so often to the concrete that the strain of attention is relaxed, and the listener, instead of being constantly tantalized by some vanishing idea, lays hold upon the thought with gratified self-love. The few, however, who have had special training in dialectics, will always look down upon this method as a virtual admission of a lack of the highest intellectual power. Nevertheless, let practical ethics, rather than abstruse speculation, guide the writing of this paper.

Definition should be made at the outset, to prevent confusion. The meaning of four words ought to be rendered clear to mental vision. These words are *sentiment*, *sentimentalism*, *reality* and *realism*. Sentiment proper is always excellent. *Sentimentalism* is the perversion of sentiment. Reality is sometimes

*An address before the "American Akademe."

excellent and sometimes the opposite. When reality is excellent, *realism* is the exaltation of repulsiveness. Of course realism in this essay has nothing of the old scholastic sense, which made it a synonym for idealism, and opposed it to nominalism and conceptualism. We are now confining ourselves to the term as it is popularly used in art and literature. Sentiment affiliates with reality and realism, when they are good. Sentimentalism affiliates with reality and realism, when they are bad. Sentiment is alike at home in the realm of fancy and the realm of fact. Sentiment is the happy product of imagination tempered by emotion.

The best examples are found in poetry. Listen to a dozen lines read on the celebration of Longfellow's birthday:

"A soft-breasted bird from the sea
Fell in love with the light-house flame,
And it wheeled round the tower on its airiest wing,
And floated and cried like a love-lorn thing:
It brooded all day, and fluttered all night,
But could win no look from the steadfast light,
For the flame hid its heart afar—
Afar with the ships at sea.
It was thinking of children and waiting wives,
And darkness and danger to sailors' lives.
But the bird had its tender bosom pressed
On the glass, where at last it dashed its breast.
The light only flickered, the brighter to glow,
BUT THE BIRD LAY DEAD ON THE ROCKS BELOW—"

This is a fine illustration of sentiment in the realm of fancy. No one will question its immaculate purity.

Two phases of sentiment in the realm of fact are well brought out in *The Cotter's Saturday Night*. For each I quote a specimen stanza:

"Wi' kindly welcome Jenny brings him ben;
A strappin' youth; he taks the mother's eye:
Blithe Jenny sees the visit's no ill ta'en;
The father cracks of horses, pleughs and kye;
The youngster's artless heart o'erflows wi' joy,
But blate and lathefu', scarce can weel behave.
The mother, wi' a woman's wiles, can spy
What makes the youth sae bashfu' and sae grave:
Weel pleased to think her bairn's respected like the lave."
"Then kneeling down to heaven's eternal King,
The saint, the father and the husband prays,
(Hope springs exultant on triumphant wing,)
That thus they all shall meet in future days,
There ever bask in uncreated rays,
No more to sigh or shed the bitter tear;
Together hymning their Creator's praise,
In such society, yet still more dear;
While circling time moves round in an eternal sphere.

These two stanzas, besides exhibiting domestic and religious sentiment, so combine sentiment with reality, that they give you an admirable embodiment of praiseworthy realism.

Now, it is the mission of sentiment to make thought and experience glow with warmth and brightness and beauty. If we will keep this idea steadily before us, we shall never be disturbed by the sneering remark which is often heard: "Nothing but sentiment, nothing but sentiment."

But when sentiment ceases to be a means towards a higher end, when it becomes an end in itself, when it is cultivated for its own sake, it degenerates into sentimentalism, and the one who indulges in it is properly stigmatized as a sentimentalist. There are various grades, but the lowest of these is the one where artificial sensibilities are made the screen for shameful immoralities.

Among the poets who confine sentiment to its legitimate office should be classed Keats, Wordsworth, Tennyson and Longfellow. Tupper is a sentimentalist, but criticism dismisses him with no severer verdict than, "affected and harmless." The sentimentalism of Moore, Shelley and Byron, is seductive and vicious. This malady expresses itself more naturally in prose than in verse, and the typical sentimentalists are found among prose-writers. They are not confined to any nationality.

Germany, England and France have furnished the largest number, and France may be considered the most natural home of sentimentalism. With it her literature is thoroughly saturated. It vitiates much that would be admirable in such men as Lamartine, Michelet, and Victor Hugo. They become the prey of an egotism which sets them to attitudinizing before the world. They attach an exaggerated importance to their own sayings and doings. They crowd their opinions and fancied services upon the notice of the public; and, then, if the public will not take them at their own estimate, they are overwhelmed with chagrin, and weary mankind with their reproaches. Fine sentiments take the place of fine actions. The national taste becomes vitiated. Home-life grows artificial and corrupt. Seeming is exalted above being.

Rousseau, though born in Switzerland, was of French origin, lived in France, and was the incarnation of French sentimentalism. His father is described as one of those men who always *enjoy* inconsolable sorrow. The boy inherited the same disposition, and it was the fashion with sire and son to sit down together, and deliberately work each other up

to a high pitch of delectable grief. One trained to such an exaltation of the fictitious, naturally became an accomplished cheat and an unblushing liar. But, whenever he had betrayed a friend, he was wont to betake himself to some place of retirement, and there indulge in a spasm of remorseful feeling, to quiet his conscience for not confessing his crime and making restitution to the person who had been wronged. You may hear him expressing his fervent desire to protect his benefactress from the dishonesty of others, and see him, the next moment, appropriating her property without any compunctions of conscience, on the ground that, if she must be robbed, he was entitled to the largest share of the plunder. In the same connection, he takes pains thus to assure the world that he prays daily: "Not by a vain stammering of the lips, but a sincere elevation of the heart to the Author of lovely nature, whose beauties were spread out before my eyes. I never like to pray in a room; it seems as if the walls and the little workmanship of man interposed between God and myself."

A biographer thus describes him during those happy days at Charmettes: "His fine-strung nature was sensitive to all things tender; the far-off sound of bells, the cooing of turtle-doves, all touched him to tears, he could not tell why. Fondly he loved this sweet idleness—to bask in the sun, or to loiter in the shadows of the chestnuts, to gaze for hours on the lovely scenery of the floating clouds, to listen to the songs of birds or to the murmur of the stream over its pebbly bed, ever in delicious reverie, and in simple enjoyment of the passing hour, with no thought, no care of the mor-

row." In the midst of such scenes, Rousseau declares that he was one day overcome with the terrors of hell; which he quieted forever as follows: "I said to myself: 'I will throw this stone at the tree opposite; if I hit it, that will be a sign of salvation; if I miss it, that will be a sign of damnation.' As I said this, I threw a stone with a trembling hand and a terrible beating of the heart, but so happily that it struck the middle of the tree, which was not a very difficult feat, as I had chosen one very thick and very near. Since then I have never doubted of my salvation."

In the next view that we get of our sentimentalist, after this unique settlement of the question of his eternal destiny, he is engaged in one of the disreputable love-affairs in which his life abounds. After his nominal marriage, this remarkable father sends his five children to the foundling hospital, because the expense of their maintenance would be perplexing, and because their presence would disturb the quiet of his reflections. But thus he appeals to the world: "Pity me, for I am childless. I can not taste the sweetness of a father's embrace. Had I had less concern for what might have become of my children, I should have left them to their mother, who would have spoiled them, and to her family, who would have made them monsters."

And yet, this man, who cast out of his own house his helpless offspring, simply because they would cry, and cost money, and interrupt his reveries, betook himself to seclusion, and there wrote so beautifully and so persuasively concerning the duties of motherhood, that he revolutionized the public sentiment of France, and had the giddy women of the

giddiest nation on earth sitting humbly at his feet, and eagerly inquiring how they should train their boys and girls. Moreover, from the same seclusion, on which no child of his own was ever permitted to intrude, he gave to the world those first principles of primary education, which were afterward borrowed and made popular by Pestalozzi and Froebel, and which have become the inspiration of the most aggressive common-school work of this generation.

A similar inconsistency between practice and doctrine is noticeable in all directions. He assails the artificial literary work of the period, but makes his own reputation by cultivating a style still more affected.

Passionately fond of the adulation of the corrupt court of Louis XV, and kept from kindred immoralities by nothing but lack of opportunity, he sought his compensation by attacking the vices of society in a style so charming, that he was eagerly read and graciously forgiven by those whom he assailed. Enamored of aristocracy, but hating it bitterly because he felt so ill at ease within its charmed circle, he became the zealous apostle of democracy, and formulated those doctrines concerning the rights of man, which captivated Thomas Jefferson, and found their noblest embodiment in the Declaration of American Independence.

But, since Rousseauism, which is an exact synonym for sentimentalism, contributed so much toward the advancement of civilization, should we not seek to forget the vices of its author, which are revealed in his *Confessions*, and remember only his genius for literary form, his inimitable skill in clothing moral putrefaction with garments angelic, and at the same

time his paradoxical advocacy of what is essential to the integrity of the individual; the purity of home and the well-being of society? Such is the dictum of a popular school of criticism. To this school naturally belong those who desire to live free from moral restraint, and who seek the most specious excuses for their transgressions. But we are surprised to find sustaining the same view not a few who are pure in life, and who would not seem likely to be carried away with a doctrine so pernicious.

In reading a magazine article, your eye catches such sentences as these: "Art has nothing to do directly with morality or immorality." "The nude in art has rendered holy the beauty of woman." "Every Greek statue pleads for mothers and sisters." "The *Venus de Milo* is a melody in marble. All the lines meet in a kind of a voluptuous and glad content. The eyes are filled with thoughts of love. The breast seems dreaming of a child. Genius is the spirit of *abandon*. It is joyous, irresponsible. It moves in the swell and curve of billows. It is careless of conduct and consequences." You turn to the name at the bottom of the article, and simply say to yourself: "Of course."

But it is a matter of wonder, when a critic like Matthew Arnold bewails the fact that his ideal Shelley has been forever ruined by the real Shelley depicted in the recent biography by Professor Dowden. *All the world ought to know the moral life of genius*. That is the only adequate protection against the wide-spread, contaminating influence of the prostitution of the noblest faculties. Genius is responsible. It has no business to be careless of conduct and consequences. *We grapple here with the fundamental*

heresy of sentimentalism. Genius is not required to become either a New-Testament exhorter, or a professor of didactic theology. It has a wider field; still that field is not boundless. Genius is under the most solemn obligations not to outrage the moral sense of mankind in its own generation. Genius can not escape either the letter or the spirit of the Seventh Commandment.

Notwithstanding all the beautiful things which Rousseau wrote concerning God and Christ and prayer and devotion and virtue and chastity and home and liberty and equality and universal brotherhood, the influence of his life and of his writings, like the influence of the life and writings of every other sentimentalist, must always be pestiferous.

That influence extended from France to Germany. Goethe came under the spell of Rousseau. His range of intellectual power was much wider than that of the latter. He was also free from those narrow limitations of birth and doubtful social position which made the latter uncomfortable, suspicious and revengeful. But, so far as the sensibilities were concerned, the two men had much in common. In the gratification of appetite and passion, they were characterized by the same easy, elastic morality. If the *grossness* could be removed from an act, they felt little scruple about its *criminality*. Whenever the æsthetic conflicted with the ethical, they glorified the æsthetic. They were ever eager to clasp to their hearts impropriety in fine attire, rather than propriety in the garb of plainness.

In the *Sorrows of Werther*, the trained ear will readily detect the echo of Rousseau's sobbing sentimentalism. The voice is the voice of the Frenchman,

but the hands are the hands of a German. So, also, in Goethe's *Correspondence with a Child*, you are reminded of Jean Jaques' paternal counsels to the Daughters of Paris. And again, in *Elective Affinities*, it is manifest that the German retained in old age, a lingering affection for the Frenchman who had captivated his youthful fancy.

Sentimentalism, did not, however, become a national craze in Germany, as it had in France. For a little while, the country seemed infatuated with the doctrine; but, presently, the sturdy common sense of the people, the love for domestic loyalty, and their veneration for genuine virtue resumed their sway.

Goethe himself was wise enough to discern the signs of the times, and to devote his splendid abilities chiefly to nobler ends. But there was always in his life and writings a strain of sentimentalism, which leads a thoughtful mind to ask, what might have been his career and his place in literature, but for the restraining influence of rank, environment and nationality.

Laurence Sterne represents the English phase of sentimentalism. It is peculiar in this: that it was not the product of amorous irregularities which the author sought to hide. He opened this vein late in life, and worked it hard for what it would bring in the literary market. Carnal passion did not furnish his motive power. Finding himself possessed of a rare gift for sentimental fancy and expression, he deliberately devoted himself to the cultivation of that gift; neither desiring to overturn any article of moral law, nor concerning himself at all respecting the interests of virtue and religion, parson though he was.

The *Sentimental Journey* is one long search for situations which shall afford the most delicious enjoyment of the emotions, without the cost of a single disagreeable self-denial. Such imaginary scenes of distress intoxicate the soul with delight, but harden the heart to the appeals of genuine grief. The sentimentalist will turn on the fountain of tears, for every highly-wrought picture of suffering, but he never has any hard cash for a flesh-and-blood Lazarus full of disgusting sores. When Sterne takes you on a sentimental journey, he chooses a boulevard-route, where you will meet no funeral processions, and where an ambulance hurries out of sight any unfortunate whose head gets broken. He engages to serve up to you only such fictitious objects of compassion as will leave your heart light, and your purse heavy. He finds no special pleasure in conducting you to haunts forbidden by the Seventh Commandment; but if the songs of the sirens are especially bewitching, he is quite ready to go that way. One breathes the same enervating, tropical atmosphere in *Tristram Shandy*. There steals upon the reader a dreamy unconsciousness of moral distinctions.

The story of Lefevre is matchless in literature.

"'He shall not die!' cried my uncle Toby, taking the name of God in vain."

"The accusing spirit which flew up to heaven's chancery with the oath, blushed as he gave it in: and the recording angel, as he wrote it down, dropped a tear upon the word, and blotted it out forever."

When criticism pronounces this the most perfect sentence in the English language, what cares

sentimentalism for the sacredness of the *Third Commandment*?

The influence of sentimentalism on Great Britain has not been well-defined and pronounced. The Norman strain in the blood welcomes it kindly, but the Saxon strain gives it cool reception; so that, instead of exhibiting a large body of votaries, it manifests itself, here and there, in the character of different individuals.

America has given birth to no celebrated sentimentalist. As people, we are fairly protected from such contamination by heredity and by the practical necessities of our younger civilization. Still you may detect this drift in our social science, our educational theories, and our theological speculations. Furthermore, who of us can look into our own hearts and declare ourselves free from this evil tendency?

Young men and young women are more exposed than any others to the temptation. The age from fourteen to twenty-one is the period sacred to sentiment. If, during those years it be fostered and still kept pure, there will form unconsciously a precious reserve for the enlargement, enrichment and adornment of character through all the future. If, on the contrary, it be pampered into sentimentalism, the individual will degenerate into the personification of affectation, insincerity, hypocrisy and incontinence. Those whose minds are employed in study, but whose critical faculties have had little rigid discipline, are in especial danger of being misled by authors of the school passed under review. Turn, now, from sentimentalism to realism. We have seen that the former is essentially vicious. It has been

mentioned, incidentally, that the latter is good or bad, according to the goodness or the badness of the realities which it emphasizes. The two lines of thought remain for treatment. The distinction suggested is usually disregarded by the apostles of realism. They adroitly represent the doctrine as nothing but a protest against sentimentalism. They very properly decry the visionary, the affected, the hypocritical; and then very improperly exalt the actual, the commonplace, the carnal, without discrimination.

Art should be realistic. There are vast fields of nature which she may roam over and copy, without restraint. She may thus minister to æsthetic delight in a thousand forms, and still inflict no mortal wound. But wherever in sculpture and painting, exposure will excite a prurient imagination in man or woman, boy or girl, there let realism stay its revelations, or receive the anathemas of all who love honor and virtue. It is not the primary mission of Art to teach either the Ten Commandments, or the Eleventh Commandment. She is called to minister to human delight, but only to such delight as is innocent. She must study human nature, not as it might be, but as it is, with its hereditary burdens, and its own inclination toward lust. She has ample scope for the employment of all her noblest powers, in regions which are free from suggestions of indecency. The realistic painter or sculptor who either intentionally or unintentionally, makes nakedness pander to carnality, is a curse to the world. The zone of limitation is narrow, but it is clearly defined to moral vision. Human nature has its equatorial belt, abounding in dangers peculiar, se-

ductive and soul-destroying. He who trifles with these, under the disguise of a specious art-vocabulary, is not the man to whom those who are wise would entrust sisters or daughters. Realism may range the frigid zones and the temperate zones without restraint, but, *when she enters the tropics*, let her beware.

I must not, however, dwell longer in the province of sculpture and painting, for I desire to confine this short study mainly to the realm of literature.

As the Frenchman is naturally sentimental, the Englishman is naturally realistic, but his realism is usually of the better kind. Inductive philosophy, which considers England its birthplace, grounds itself in the concrete before it deals with the abstract. The poets and the prose-writers of Britian delight in the actual and the tangible. They do not forget the five senses; still they do not make them all to all. The sensible serves as a perch from which the supersensible soars and sings.

This is not so strikingly evident in the times of Chaucer and Spenser, as in later periods when the national life is better unified and the national literature has assumed a more distinctive character.

Shakespeare and Milton are intensely realistic. The wholesome moral instinct of the one and the fixed moral principle of the other keep them from glorifying those things which arouse lascivious fancy and lead to beastliness. There are a few sonnets which we could wish that the former had never written; the latter made a special plea for easy divorce which is inexcusable, but you cannot find any great distinctive play or poem, the perusal of which imparts a seductive fascination even, to sins

which end in catastrophe. In this respect, the realism of Shakespeare, when it seems to transgress the boundaries of propriety, is like the realism of some portions of the Sacred Scriptures. You catch your breath with apprehension, but are immediately relieved to discover that you have received neither stab, stain nor smut. A still stronger statement is justifiable. For the average young man, *Romeo and Juliet* is less objectionable than *Solomon's Song*. If a reading circle composed of both sexes were obliged to select one of the two, the *Canticles* would be worse than the play. But Shakespeare never thought of sermonizing, and Solomon claimed to be *the* "preacher" of his generation.

The Lake-School of poetry was grounded in realism, though the flowers of sentiment grow there so profusely that you sometimes forget the substratum in the decoration. The weirdness of the *Ancient Mariner* may at first raise the question whether Coleridge is not to be classed as a sentimentalist; but if you will re-read the *Rime* illustrated by Dore, you will be convinced of the intense realism of the poet's genius. Wordsworth, however, is the high priest of the school, and his *Excursion* is its best typical product. Plod along through that with the peddler who is its hero, and you will have no further doubt that the Lake-School is essentially realistic.

A healthy realism characterizes English fiction. All will admit this concerning Scott's novels. They copy the early features of the national life with accuracy, but the reader everywhere breathes a wholesome moral atmosphere. More recently, Dickens and Thackeray uncover the lower and the upper strata of society in such a way that vice is usually

rendered odious and virtue attractive. These three are the fairest representative names in this department of literature.

I do not recall any conspicuous British author of the present generation, who has sought to popularize gross realism, unless it be Swinburn. That was the sin of his youth, which he seems to have become ashamed of and to have forsaken. This outline, though very bald, is sufficient to justify the assertion that the bent of the English people is realistic, but at the same time opposed to any perversion of the doctrine, such as would vitiate literary taste and corrupt public morals. America has inherited the same tendencies. These tendencies have been strengthened by the task of subduing a new continent.

The breath of nature comes fresh and sweet from the verse of Bryant and Longfellow. Life among the lowly is depicted in truthful and vigorous lines upon the pages of Mrs. Stowe. Cooper has told the story of the aborigines so graphically that it will never need to be re-told. Those phases of New England conscience and character portrayed by Hawthorne's genius, are the exact copy of the actual. Painsstaking accuracy, rather than rhetorical display, is the law which has governed Bancroft, our representative historian.

Still, as a people, we are more tempted than our British kinsmen in the direction of corrupt realism. This is in part the natural result of pioneer life, and in part due to the influx of gross foreign elements. Time will do much toward curing the evil, but it is wise to watch and check the hurtful tendency.

Within the past five years, there has been in the

mother country and in our own land, seemingly, a concerted plan to generate and propagate what may be called a fleshly school in American literature. Walt Whitman is the "head centre" of the movement. There has been on both sides of the Atlantic an effort to exalt the author of *The Leaves of Grass*, as the distinctly American poet. What can be discovered in the substance or in the form of his verse to entitle him to credit for poetic imagination or diction, is beyond the writer's comprehension. In the repulsive realism of *Don Juan*, the genius of Byron does sometimes take wing, though its flights are as filthy as those of Virgil's harpies. But Walt Whitman never rises above the mire. You find yourself applying to him morally the epithets which Prince Hal applied to Jack Falstaff physically: "This huge hill of flesh, gross as a mountain, this ton of a man, greasy, obscene, this bolting-hutch of beastliness." Very strong language, but abundantly justified by what defiles almost every page of the book! It would outrage the proprieties of the occasion, to quote even one of the numerous passages which are the warrant for a condemnation so sweeping. But we may select a few verses which will, without shocking the sensibilities, sufficiently expose the naked fleshliness of much which is courting literary favor under the attractive pseudonym of realism. Holy Writ declares that "all flesh is grass." Walt Whitman in his *Leaves of Grass* teaches that no flesh is grass. The whole volume is deification of the carnal and a degradation of the spiritual. They say that there is a test-glass recently invented which enables those who bore artesian wells to ascertain the quality of the veins of water which they reach

successively as the work progresses. The samples now presented are dipped up from near the surface. Only remember that the impurities thicken rapidly, the deeper you drop the test-glass.

"Walt Whitman, an American, one of the roughs, a kosmos,
Disorderly, fleshly, sensual, eating, drinking, breeding,
No sentimentalist—no stander above men or women or apart
from them,
No more modest than immodest."

"Through me forbidden voices,
Voices of sexes and lusts—voices veiled and I remove the veil,
Voices indecent, by me clarified and transfigured."

"I believe in the flesh and the appetite.
Seeing, hearing, feeling, are miracles, and each part and tag
of me is a miracle,
Divine am I inside and out; and I make holy whatever I touch
or am touched from.
Welcome is every organ and attribute of me, and of any man
hearty and clean,
Not an inch, nor a particle of an inch is vile, and none shall be
less familiar than the rest.
I am not the poet of goodness only,—I do not decline to be the
poet of wickedness also."

"What blurt is this about virtue and about vice?
Evil propels me, and reform of evil propels me,—I stand
indifferent."

"Be composed,—be at ease with me,—I am Walt Whitman, liberal and lusty as nature.
The spotted hawk swoops by and accuses me, he complains of my gab and my loitering.
I too am not a bit tamed,—I too am untranslatable,
I shout my barbaric yawp over the roofs of the world.
I bequeath myself to the dirt, to grow from the grass I love;
If you want me again, look for me under your boot-soles."

"I own that I have been sly, thievish, mean, a prevaricator,
greedy, derelict;
And I own that I remain so yet.

What foul thought but I think it,—or have in me the stuff out
of which it is thought ?

Beneath this face that appears so passive, hell's tides continually run.

Lusts and wickedness are acceptable to me,
I walk with delinquents with passionate love."

Such is Walt Whitman's own confession, or rather profession, for a confession indicates shame, and you look in vain for the trace of a blush on the face of him who thus declares his creed. The verses selected may be read without impropriety in a mixed company; but they forcibly suggest that there must be much suppressed because of its uncleanness. Should I drop the test-glass from the upper and less vile currents on which I have used it, down to those "tides of hell" which the author declares "continually run," I should bring utterances to the surface which would lead virtue to stop her ears or bid me be silent.

From a merely artistic stand-point, what is there to admire in the versification? Compared with the exquisite literary finish of Edgar A. Poe's workmanship, or even with the rustic sweetness of John G. Whittier's song, the volume before us cannot be more fitly described than in the author's own words, as one prolonged "barbaric yawp." The dialect of the *Biglow Papers* and the slang which flavors much of our "wild-west" verse, have some show of justification in their naturalness, but the very metre in the stanzas quoted, if there be any metre, repels with its turgid affectation.

In the name of literary form, we ought to protest against the effort to glorify Walt Whitman as the great representative American poet. In the name

of common decency, we should cry out still more loudly against all attempts in this republic to naturalize unmitigated nastiness by dubbing it American realism.

The realistic movement in this country is receiving no little aid and comfort from the Russian passion of the last two years. Russia bids fair to become as natural a home for realism in the twentieth century, as France became for sentimentalism in the eighteenth. The doctrine shows the rankest growth in the soil of autocracy. The coarse animalism of Peter the Great and of Catherine, his mistress and queen, have been propagated till they are characteristic of the whole empire. To the truth of this statement the novels of Tolstoi bear unblushing witness. While democracy on this continent cannot consistently sympathize with the most aggressive absolutism of the Old World, while our people instinctively condemn the unscrupulous policy of the court of St. Petersburg, which is constantly menacing the peace of Europe, we are suddenly bewitched with Russian realism in literature. The infatuation is as strange as that of the fair Titania for the beastly Bottom in *Midsummer-Night's Dream*. May it prove as transient!

How shall we account for this literary freak? Partly from Tolstoi's remarkable intellectual power, partly from the zeal of his friends, partly from the prurient curiosity always awakened by a discussion of the relations of the sexes, partly from a general disposition to think well of a celebrity simply because we hear him frequently mentioned with admiration. The writer must acknowledge that, chiefly from the last consideration, till recently, he had been favora-

bly impressed concerning the author. But a few weeks ago, not satisfied with the hear-say and extract notion, he gave himself up to a thorough study of *Anna Karenina*, which Tolstoi pronounces his best representative book.

It would not be germane to the present discussion to enter at great length upon the social and spiritual views brought out through the character of Levin, in whom Tolstoi would have us see the likeness of himself, but it is only just to say that there is in the volume little to warrant the charge of nihilistic teaching in politics, or aggressive doctrine in religion. While the novelist's vision is clouded concerning both social and theistic science, there is no sufficient reason for the alarm of those who apprehend disaster to state and church as the consequence of his influence. The body of the book is, however, *of the flesh fleshly*. The story may be, it probably is, a truthful picture of Russian morals. Due allowance should be made for the deadening of the author's delicacy by birth, education and environment. But after all, you cannot hide from yourself the gusto with which he revels in scenes of conjugal infidelity, through more than seven hundred closely-printed pages. You recognize the hand of genius, but it is a genius that delights in putting its hand to dirty work. The husband loves some other woman than his wife. The wife loves some other man than her husband. Now let this be italicized as the distinguishing peculiarity of the representative novel, though retribution follows transgression: *the story is so artfully told that your sympathies are enlisted for every culprit*. The breakage of the Seventh Commandment is made to appear a

pathetic misfortune rather than an unpardonable crime. Thus sentimentalism and realism, seeming to move in opposite directions at the outset, describe a semicircle and meet in the common point of opposition to a most sacred article of the Decalogue.

The type of American realism is essentially virtuous, but exposed to certain corrupting tendencies. The type of Russian realism is essentially vicious, with few redeeming features. That individual life and home-life and social life in this Republic may remain pure and sweet, let our young men and young women be taught to keep out of the filthy current of Whitman's verse, and to avoid the seductive spell of Tolstoi's fiction.

EARLY MEMORIES.*

In the long ago, I heard a "pinafore" chorus, and thus it ran: "Unlucky Sucker though you be, in this take comfort, that your father and your mother, your brothers and your sisters, and your uncles and your aunts all hailed from Yankee-land." The first enigma of life to perplex my childish mind was the query, why did not Providence ordain that I should be born a little sooner, that my eyes should open to the light in Litchfield county, Conn., and not in Morgan county, Ill.? That mystery, with raven wing and dismal croak, overshadowed boyhood.

In the course of time, a portion of the family, taking me, moved to Springfield, and then came the dawning of relief. I started to school. The first morning, the scholars gathered in the usual way around the raw recruit. "Where did you hail from, youngster?" sang out some one. "We came from Warren, Litchfield county, Connecticut," was the quick response. A loud laugh followed and the wag of the crowd cried: "Here's an odd chick; let's dub him Yankee Tanner." The nick-name stuck for years. When I went home that day, boasting of the new appellation, relatives began to wonder, for the first time, whether the boy might not possibly be worth bringing up after all.

Down-East poets have often sung the praises of pumpkin pie, but our people glorified huckleberry

*An address at the semi-centennial celebration of Waverly, Ill., President Tanner's birth-place.

pie instead, until I grew to think that it must be an eatable fit to crown the dessert of the Immortals. One year, some of the far-off friends sent us a few huckleberries, and I looked at last upon the realization of the dream—a huckleberry pie. I tasted—the charm was broken. I went out into a blackberry patch, and ate, and was comforted.

There was another family tradition, that the only way to find a decent wife was to look for her among the huckleberry bushes, and so, after awhile, I went huckleberrying down in Connecticut,—but she wasn't there. And then I came back and went blackberrying again, and found her—and was comforted once more.

Step a moment now upon a broad prairie platform, not as a democrat, not as a republican, but simply as an Illinoisan. When one rides along the Central railroad into Chicago, and passes the statue of Douglas on the shore of Lake Michigan, and reflects upon the state's vast material resources, so largely due to the Little Giant's wisdom and energy; or when one climbs the monument at Oak Ridge, and sits down at the feet of the colossal figure of the Great Emancipator, and reviews the past and forecasts the future; or again, when one listens, and the autumn air vibrates with the midsummer lamentation of the nations, over the mighty warrior whom our own state sent to deliver the republic, and to win the admiration of the world,—who—who would blush for nativity in Illinois?

But such a strain better befits some Independence day, than it does this humble semi-centennial home celebration. The occasion calls not so much for a

wide spread of canvas as for plenty of vivid local coloring.

“Waverly’s first baby!” James Woods is the only man who has ever disputed the speaker’s right to that honor. Even he did not seek to establish *precedence*, but only what you might call a *coincidence*. Years ago, however, I proved an *alibi* on James, showing that he made his appearance, *outside the city limits*, according to the original survey by Deacon Theodore Curtiss and Judge Julius Peck. Moreover, I showed conclusively, that I arrived within the corporation early in the evening, while James did not reach the suburbs until along towards morning.

For some unexplained reason, nobody wanted to be born in Waverly, for the first two or three years; but, as soon as your speaker set the example, Nov. 29, 1837, the idea became exceedingly popular. By the census of 1840, babies were decidedly common. And, from that day to this, cribs and trundle-beds have figured heavily in the commercial transactions of the place.

What has become of that first cradle? It was a rough, homely affair, very little like the light and graceful patterns of the present; still that did not make the father’s benediction less fervent, the mother’s kiss less sweet. Better such a cradle, with its atmosphere of faith and consecration, than one dainty and luxurious, but fanned not by the wings of the angel of the covenant.

And what has become of the old house at “The Range?” It has vanished, and no one can tell precisely where it stood. I went there some time ago and looked in vain for traces of the structure. Then I reproached myself, that I had not gone years before,

and at least set out a tree to mark the spot. In youth we never realize what a value there will be in old things by-and-by, and so we take no pains for their preservation. When at length we bethink ourselves and reach out after them, they have disappeared forever.

The half century has witnessed here nothing startling, nothing dramatic. The great world cares little for this celebration. We have met merely as a little company of survivors who want to get nearer together, by talking reverently of the dead and lovingly of the living. The scenes of long ago were ordinary scenes, the men and women of long ago were unpretending men and women; yet to the child they had an importance and dignity, which, in his maturity, he does not connect with any other scenes, or with any other men and women.

I went one day through the Pillsbury mills at Minneapolis, the largest flouring mills on the continent, yet they made upon me no such impression of *vastness*, as did that old Cook and Eastman mill, which was the wonder of the little world of my childhood.

I meet, now and then, some judge, learned and majestic, but I have no such overpowering sense of my own insignificance, as I felt in my boyhood in the presence of Judge Julius B. Peck. There was an indescribable awfulness about that title. Judges were not so common then. Judge Peck stood alone, "grand, gloomy and peculiar," before my juvenile imagination.

Edifices more imposing than the Waverly Seminary may be found anywhere; but the stories told of the school days of John Lamb, John Cook, Henry Baker,

and Charlie Lippincott, had a fascination all their own.

No other exhibition has ever seemed so tragic and tremendous, as the one in that ancient building, when the performers were arrayed in uniforms fresh from Cerro Gordo and Buena Vista, when Charlie Salter figured as a high private, and his brother John was gorgeous in a general's trappings. How the cold chills raced up and down the boy's spinal column, as he heard the words of that command, which still rings in memory across the chasm of forty years: "Seize the traitor and bind him to yonder post!" No Keene, no Booth, no Macready could now freeze my blood, as did the terrible voice of General John C. Salter, upon that night never to be forgotten.

Doubtless college boys go courting very much the same from generation to generation; still, when I watch them now-a-days, the proceedings seem very tame, compared with the enthusiasm of William Holmes and Thomas Beecher, who, driving down from Jacksonville in hot haste, and impatient of delay, were wont to salute Mary and Julia, through the opening made by the compassionate stakes between the rider and the rail below.

Will my heart ever swell again with the admiration felt at seeing that ox-loving brother, Elisha, swing to the line six, eight, or ten yoke of cattle, it mattered not how many; or one of the Curtiss or Carter or Post boys, (as these old boys of three score and more called one another then), string out the horses, pair after pair, to match the cattle?

That brother went, the other year, to work over yonder, for Him "whose are the cattle on a thousand hills,"—and Theo., and Gust., and Fred., and Platt.,

and George, and Roll., the lines that used to fill your hands, are dropping, one by one, from the fingers which are losing, little by little, their grip and cunning. Who knows how soon the great Revelation may come, and you may hear the clattering hoofs of the white horses of the Apocalypse!

The railroads have spoiled the romance of getting the pork and the beef to market. Wasn't it fun to count the steers, as they passed by in the lane, or to watch them in their stampedes through the tall prairie grass, on their way to St. Louis for slaughter. What marvelous stories the hog-drovers used to tell, around the fire, during the long winter evenings, and how the huddling swine kept up the music out in the yard, the night long! Who in these days knows the peculiar zest of a sleigh-ride, with a pack of wolves following close behind, with burning eyes and hungry howl?

What has become of the great flocks of cranes that used to migrate to and fro, now seeming but a far-away voice, coming from so many flecks of cloud in the zenith, and now alighting in long lines, to dance the grotesquest dances, to the most unearthly music. It was the speaker's special ambition, for years, to capture one of these ungainly birds. He remembers, as if it were only yesterday, being told that Martin Peet had caught one at last. Imagine the boy's disgust, when his informer showed him little John Crain. But the captor never ceased to mention, that though the bird was not much for legs and neck, *he had a mighty long head*. Another of the long-headed men was Newton Cloud, the preacher-politician, the leader of his own party in this region, and trusted, as a man

and a Christian, even by those who cast their votes against him in vain, for more than thirty years.

And then there was William Givens, the oracle of Apple Creek, who, from the top of that old hill, had but to give the signal, and Muddy and Franklin hurried to the ramparts, ready for battle. Did you ever know a Waverly boy to whom Givens' hill did not always rise to mind, as the type of whatever was most arduous in life? Did you ever know a Waverly boy who could sing "I'm climbing up Zion's Hill" without sticking in "Givens" instead?

This is not a day for partizanship, yet the mention of those old-time democrats suggests some of the other faith. The Jacksonville and South-Eastern was not the first railroad that ran through this part of the country. There were always plenty of applicants for positions as station agents, and conductors, along the under-ground through line to Canada.

Your memories supply names which I need not call. One man, however, so gloried in his zeal, that he ought not be passed by in silence,—Ebenezer Miller. He taught me to count with red corn; but I remember him better in another way. I see him now, away back in '47, in the old Seminary on Sunday, between the morning and the afternoon services, eating doughnuts and discussing orthodoxy and abolitionism, principally abolitionism. I had not grown to care much, either for sound doctrine, or for Sambo; but how I wished Mr. Miller and his big boy, Henry, would quit their everlasting talking and give me a couple of doughnuts.

Less prone to disputation, yet no less constant at those Sunday services of the primitive days, when John F. Brooks, Elisha Jenney, C. G. Selleck, Rollin

Mears and Alvin Dixon ministered here, were the Holmeses, father and sons; the Posts, father and sons; the Moultons, father and sons; the Peets, the Peases, the Thayers, the Coes, the Roots, the Archers, the Wadhamses and the Salters, all good men and true. James Salter was a romantic novel reader when the town was founded. Scott was his favorite author. Hence came to the village the name of Waverly, so that the last syllable should have an *e*. Mr. Salter is here to-day and the two moss-roses on his cheeks are as red, as when my cousin Miranda fell in love with them half a century ago. No less honored were the names of Turner, the village blacksmith, and Ross, the martyr of Shiloh. Friends, on your next visit to Chicago, go and see the Shiloh panorama. And as you look upon the picture of that frightful carnage, drop a grateful tear to the memory of Col. John W. Ross, who died for the republic upon that battle-field.

Mention should be made of Godfrey, Rohrer, Caruthurs, Kennedy, Ward, Filley, the carpenter who built the first house in town; Huntley, who made harness while his wife made sweet bread and still sweeter poetry; Wemple, Lindley, Hutchinson, Uncle Sam Javins, Achilles Deatherage, Uncle Billy Deatherage, the first postmaster; Sevier, Agard, Bigelow, the model church sexton; Lombard, Tietgen Sperry, Everett, Farmer, Hanly, Palmer, Taylor, Vanwinkle, Taintor, Gunnels, Simms, Rice, Jones, Waller, Samples, Rhodes, Meacham, Manson, Woods, Gould, Ham, Barker, Metcalf, Hitchcock, Church, Harmon, Watson, Hughes, Miner, Nelson, Grossman, Eldred, Jarmin, Knapp, Hopkins, Henry, Challen, Hall and Harris. Mr. Harris figures as

Waverly's "two bits" hero. The legend runs, that, when he reached the town, he had no money. Presently there came a letter from his distant "sweet-heart," but the postage was not paid, and letter postage was a quarter of a dollar then. Uncle Billy was afraid to trust him, but said he wanted a hundred white oak rails, and said that there were ax and wedges and beetle, and yonder were the trees. Young Harris looked at the ax, looked at the wedges, looked at the beetle, looked once more at the letter—and *struck a bee line for the timber.*

Let the speaker make grateful mention of Claudius Sackett, who, from the love that he bore to the father, always had some word of encouragement, or something more substantial still, for the boy.

Some of you with strong arms have brought in and placed near by Stephen Allis, who is still bright in mind, but helpless in body. There was a funeral at "The Range" forty-seven years ago. A living boy lay in a cradle, and a dead boy lay in a coffin. The father and mother of the former tried to comfort the weeping father and mother, and the latter said: "give us your boy, to take home instead of our own."—God bless you, my would-be father by adoption; take home with you to-day my love to my would-be mother my adoption, who in weakness, painfulness and decrepitude waits for the Master's call.

There were two typical deacons in that early day. Possibly they were no better than the deacons of a later generation; yet, to the child they were surrounded with a halo of sanctity, which refuses to gather around any others in that office. Cleveland J. Salter and Dr. Isaac H. Brown are associated in mind,

with the best Heavenly portion, and the best earthly portion. Some of my first thoughts of the 'life beyond were awakened by Deacon Salter's solemn appeal, as one day, on the old North farm, I dropped the corn for him to cover where the hills were missing.

And later, when there came over the youth that human longing which none escape, and he went to the old doctor about it, how nervously the young man watched the latter break sticks over the blade of his pen-knife, in the way which many of you remember, till that awful silence was broken by a delightful little speech about "the hand of Divine Providence" in the affair in question.

Had Lumas Hoyt lived to see this half century celebration, he would have been more than a century old—three years the senior of "Uncle Homer Curtiss." The two might have sat here together, this afternoon, and have counted out a round two hundred years. Father Hoyt's lasts were sometimes a trifle behind the fashion, but who else ever made such boots and shoes *to wear*? Moreover, in theology, few of the ministers were as well read and as sound. You could not spend an hour with more pleasure and profit than in taking a seat in that little shop, and in watching him drive in the pegs, while he talked of the leading divines of the early part of the century.

Knowing that I came last on the long program for this occasion, I felt that I could do little more than allude in this hurried way to the men whose faces were familiar in childhood. I have tried to give the names, at least, of all whom I could remember. Possibly, some have escaped recollection.

Other persons, who were even more prominent, may have been omitted, from the fact that the little circle in which the speaker moved as a boy did not extend so far. Let any oversight be charged to ignorance, and not to intention.

No reference has been made to any except the friends who figured here during the first half of the half century. If there were time, it would be delightful to review the second half—to talk of many whom the last twenty years have made near and dear; of a brother minister whom we are glad to welcome here once more; of an old associate in the seminary, when we issued the flaming hand bills, in which that blundering printer, by an abominable abbreviation, made us pledge ourselves to furnish mathematics, Latin and Greek, in unlimited quantities, at so much *per quart.* (Ralph, weren't those white days for you and me?) Recall the school board, the sturdy boys and the pretty girls that we taught, some of whom are here-to-day, fathers and mothers, with numerous editions of themselves. But most are scattered, and not a few are beyond recall. Some died for country; some have fallen in their prime: Humphrey, Barker, Gould, Godfrey, Meacham, Lindley, Cunningham, Frederick Brown and Adoniram Carter.

And there was the Shakespeare Club. Such meetings and suppers as we had at Thayer's, and Nichols', and Curtiss', and Caldwell's, and Salter's and McKee's! Good-bye, romance! There's a frog in the throat, Bob, and John, there's a mist before the eyes. The story grows too long. The speaker must pass by the rich and abundant reminiscences from 1860 to 1885. Waverly was dear in childhood;

Waverly is dearer still in manhood. Her citizens began the half century by building and consecrating to Christian learning the old seminary in Waverly. Her citizens have closed the half century with most generous contributions toward the permanent endowment of the old college at Jacksonville. The spirit of the fathers descendeth unto the sons. Friends of the past, and friends of the present, with full heart I would express to you all my gratitude.

But a look of reproach is visible upon some of these faces. It says, do you remember only the men of other days? Have you forgotten the sisters and wives and mothers of long ago? No! no! But, somehow, I have shrunk from making free with their names on this public occasion. Only an orphan boy can appreciate an older sister's patient, unselfish, life-long affection. The companions of that sister have come to seem like so many older sisters, too. And within memory's most sacred shrine hang the pictures of saintly women, who loved the boy's mother, and watched with her day and night, and laid her in the coffin, and followed her to the grave, and wept there, forty years ago. And, afterwards, the husband of one of those saintly women sowed with grass the double mound that marks the resting place of the father and mother of Waverly's first child. And the old sentinel still keeps his solitary watch near by, though his steps totter beneath the burdens of a century.

Friends of the younger day, be patient a moment more. Let the century speak to the half-century. Said I, not long ago, to Uncle Homer Curtiss, the venerable patriarch of Waverly: "What period of

your life is sweetest in the recollection?" Replied he: "The days when Charry and I were poor ; the days when we were struggling to make a home ; the days when we were trying to train our children up to Christian manhood and womanhood."

Said I : "What is the best safeguard of the household?" Said he : "The altar of prayer."



SELECTED THOUGHTS.*

There is a certain subtle force, generated by the utterance of one's own thought, not found in the words of others. The thought may in itself not be so striking, but it has such special interest for *you*, that you are able to invest it with peculiar interest for *others*. You remember what Touchstone said about his wife: "She is an ill-favored creature, but then she's mine."

"Flee from storms," reads the motto of Leonardo. Leonardo was one of the world's finished artists. He also had the strength of a Hercules. He could paint an eyelash or bend a massive bar of iron. He was the combination of a Richard and a Saladin. But in the echoes of that motto, he shows himself a manikin and not a man. "Flee from storms?" No! God give us heroism to weather out all storms that break upon us while we seek to know and to do his will!

The ladders that God lets down from heaven are never *escape* ladders, up which old sinners may climb, and so get free from temptation. They are but gossamer things, up and down which spiritual messengers may glide, now and then, to show that communication is still open between the earth and the sky.

We often run through the Bible, as boys do through an orchard, autumn days, now biting out the sunny side of a peach, and now slicing the maiden's blush from an apple, but never going down either to the pit of the one, or the core of the other. To reach the real seed truth of much of the New Testament, you must work through the pulp, or in case

*Taken from President Tanner's unpublished writings.

there seems to be no pulp, it is well to remember that that which does not mellow up at the first touch may be the choicest. "Late fruit keeps best."

There is plenty of nerveless pity in the world, and there is plenty of harsh determination. But there is very little mingled compassion and compulsion. *That* is divine. In God it has most marvelous manifestation. When he says; "I will guide," it means a love that can not hear *no*, that must have its own way, because that way is the absolutely best.

Many sermons are like wrought nails, pounded *out*, and then pounded *in* most faithfully. But forgetfulness comes along and draws them with a single jerk of the claw-hammer. Why? Because they are not clinched. Figurative language has not been employed to *make fast the points*.

We enter into no conjecture concerning the nature of the spiritual form. Many have labored to prove that we shall carry these very bodies yonder, but science shows that all of us of mature years have had a half a dozen bodies, each composed of different particles from every other. How could we recover one of the first five, and how could we take with us even the sixth, after it had been subjected to earth's subtle chemistry? There is no great profit in such speculation. Could the transfer be made, these clay tenements would hardly be worth the transportation. In dealing with a grand truth like this, why will men play with the shell and forget the kernel? So much the Christian may know, *that he shall bear the image of the heavenly*. Such is the teaching of the Book. The individuality of the soul must continue forever, and each soul must have its own spiritual body; and that body shall be freed from all the grossness that afflicts us here; and the lips shall know no language but that of thanksgiving; and the eyes, which are now fountains of tears, shall be brightened by bliss unalloyed; and no lines of contraction shall be seen upon the open brow of God's child. O ye Christians, unto whom the image of the earthy is most grievous to-day, be patient, be of good cheer, for we shall soon rejoice in the image of the heavenly.—*Hospital Lecture*.

Mirth is to life what the white caps are to the ocean. It gives brightness and beauty. Without it, human existence would be but one succession of dead ground swells, rising and falling in heavy monotony.

A man who is conscious of great mental grasp and power, is seldom a profane man. An oath is interjectional in its nature. Your professor of rhetoric will tell you to cut out your "oh's" and "ah's." The interjectional style is always a forcible feeble style. When the intellectual begins to distrust itself, it catches convulsively after emotional expression, which is essentially interjectional. Said Dr. Lyman Beecher to his son: "Henry, when I begin to holler, you may know that I have run out of ideas." The general principle is the same. A resort to declamation, or exclamation, or imprecation is a virtual cry for help. It is an attempt to hide a weak spot, or to cover a retreat.—*Chapel Lecture.*

Beyond this brief span of mortal existence, the signature of Dives is not worth one drop of water. It is the Lazarus who was the debtor of the very dogs that licked his sores, whose name is paired with Abraham's, shining on and shining on world without end.

Yes, go where you will, to the luxurious apartment where carnal gratification intoxicates the senses; to the shrine where culture feeds her vestal fire; to the high place where honor weaves the laurel crown for the favorite; to the new academy where science waits to hold sweet converse with her votary—and you hear the same sad cry of the soul: "*Better than all these are the windows of God's love. There is for me no rest till I enter there.*" That cry is the prophecy of the "clouds" that, by and by, shall be seen flying thither. But do not wait for that day, *O heart of the broken wing*, only let him see, here and now, some weak, painful struggle to rise, and the tender hand of a compassionate Christ shall lift you up to the window that is open for you.—*Hospital Lecture.*

God put every human being into this world to do that which will pay the best. If you have squandered all the chances but one, and that one is brought within your reach, as a sensible

man lay hold upon it, and make the most of it. That is common sense, and Bible sense too. Said some one sneeringly: "When a man is going down in a sea of trouble, pitch him a religious plank, and he will take it." Well, why shouldn't he?

However it may be in married life, this is certain, that to live happily with *conscience* you must love, serve, and obey

Where else will you find another brotherhood of five thousand men, who are contributing so much toward the best intellectual development of the western continent, as the five thousand men in the faculties of our American colleges? It is a delightful privilege, a distinguished honor, to speak in their name in this presence to-night. Ladies and gentlemen, would that I could give you some fitting conception of the fine enthusiasm with which these instructors have, within the last month, welcomed to beloved halls of learning seventy-five thousand of the choicest youth of the nation! There *is* a fascination in a festal scene like this. It quickens the blood. It purifies the senses. It exalts the intelligence. There steals over you a grateful complacency that you are counted worthy of society so affluent, so easy in manners, so cultivated in thought, so worldly wise and still so devoutly minded. Yet how little can one do for the profit of such a company of self-poised men and women. But were these places filled by lads and lasses of eighteen, like those who have just left some of your homes for Monticello, Bradford, Wellesley, Beloit, Amherst and Yale, with the light of morning-land breaking through their tears, and were you conscious that through study and ripe experience you could lead them on toward the realization of what is fairest in a girl's dream and manliest in a boy's ambition, would not the sight move you more profoundly than even that of this brilliant assembly?—*from an address at a reception to Dr. R. S. Storrs.*

I used, now and then, to go through an Indian graveyard out west. There were all sorts of crockery, tin, and iron dishes and kettles hung up for the use of those who had gone to the "happy hunting grounds," but every article had a hole punched through it so that it was not worth anything for this world. Now that

is just like the spiritual insurance of many pale-faces. That is their idea of laying up treasure in heaven. According to their notion, the worse things are spoiled for time, the surer possessions they make for eternity.

Whence fell that paralysis of terror upon that hardened reprobate, Legree in Uncle Tom's Cabin? A knot hole in an old garret,—the neck of a bottle and a gust of wind? No, it was the eye of the Omniscient revealing the secrets of a sin-blackened soul. My impenitent friend, can you bear to have that eye fixed upon you, looking you through and through for *eternity*? Is there in that no hell?

I saw in a public assembly, the other evening, a man wearing a suit, the whole warp and woof of which said—flour, bran, shorts. The individual seemed to be a sort of human chameleon, taking the hues of his surroundings. It was really refreshing to look upon one who so believed in his business, that it showed in his very clothes.

"Come," "come," "come,"—the New Year repeats the word. 'Tis the burden of this week of prayer. The air is heavy with the invitation. It floats down to us from our father's home. Æolian chords, swept by the spirit of God, vibrate: "Come, come, come." The Savior speaks from his table of love, while the hovering spirits of the glorified, catching his accents, are whispering: "Come, come, come."—*Communion Sermon.*

If you could penetrate the heart secrets of mankind, you would see that only a few of the dreams are fulfilled. Everyone carries his own Aladdin's lamp, and keeps up a private peep show, into which others are not permitted to look. How everyone's face would burn with confusion, if there were publicly displayed, here, all the wild possibilities which ever had place in his thoughts. The miscarriage of these has been his prevailing experience, but he would not have the world even suspect what castles he has been building in the air, only to see them topple and fall in steady succession. He puts upon the secret a dead-lock, which nobody can pick. The farmer boy seems to be plowing for corn, and he raises corn; but he drops

into these furrows, on the sly, other seeds of the strangest varieties, which never sprout and flower and fruit. Nobody besides himself and his Creator will ever know of that secret planting and failure.

Wed a pure life to sweet courtesy. Each is intended for the other.

Any young man that has the social and intellectual gifts to make a successful *lawyer*, may, through the grace of God, become a successful *minister*. The alternative is put thus: "Have I got to study theology?" "Can I not study law?" This is simply the throwing of dice *loaded in favor of Blackstone*.—*Chapel Lecture*.

You have known grateful relief in moments of dire perplexity, when the hand of some man or woman, calm and strong, has been laid gently, lovingly upon your head. But what was that compared with the soothing touch of this Prince of Peace? For the wounded heart there is nothing so healing as the wounded hand.

God never suffers anything to run to waste. You remember how the Master, after miraculously feeding the thousands, bade his disciples *pick up every scrap that was left*. If he showed such rigid economy respecting a little bread and meat, is he going to let escape and come to naught the prayers of his people, the sweetest incense that goes up from earth to heaven?

It is one of the hardest tasks in the world for a man of quick spiritual insight, who at a glance penetrates to the heart of a truth, to make allowance for his dogmatic brother, who is forever pounding away at the shell of that truth, and yet never cracks it. But that dogmatic brother is entitled to no little consideration for his perseverance, for his being willing to work so hard for pay so poor. Take Martin Luther. He vexes you with his gross, material view of the Lord's Table. There he stands. His opponent plies him with argument. Luther points as rigidly as a guide-board to the bread, and only says: "*Hoc est meum corpus*,"—this is my body. His op-

ponent continues the plea. Replies Luther: "*Hoc est meum corpus.*" Another shape is given to the argument. Yet nothing can be wrung from Luther except "*Hoc est meum corpus.*" For reasoning, ridicule, entreaty, the stubborn monk has only that response: "*Hoc est meum corpus.*" Till, finally, in admiration for his very obstinacy, you exclaim:—"Well, stick to it, Martin! If the Lord loved even the disciple who denied him, he cannot help loving one who fights so fiercely to defend what he considers the broken body of his Master!"

If you should point to the golden moments of your life, you would point to those which were ticked out so wearily in the night watches beside the bedside of suffering. I have read, somewhere, that there are plants which grow in the night and rest in the light. Some of the sweetest developments of Christian character are possible only in the hush of a darkened room.

Witness the joy of the horse-tamer, as he reins some fiery steed down the track. What must be the joy of Him who drives the chariots of unnumbered suns on their courses through space, without catastrophe!

It is impossible to embody the thoughts of Jesus in the language of Cicero and the language of Demosthenes. I remember very well my astonishment, the first time that I ever tried to put the sentiment of the eleventh commandment and of the golden rule into classical Latin. That language in its golden age had no words for such ideas; such ideas were not native to the Seven Hills.

One night, fifteen years ago, I was riding on horse-back from Waverly to Jacksonville. I had written, to that time, about as many sermons as has the candidate. The traditional barrel was unnecessary. I could have put all the precious documents into a peck measure, and then have had plenty of room to rent. I was disheartened. I had pretty much concluded that, when the Lord called somebody else, I answered; that I'd ask forgiveness for the blunder, and quit the pulpit forever. How dark it was! How far away the stars! About ten o'clock, I overtook

a man driving home eighteen or twenty mules. Having never been any more successful in the mule business, than in the sermon business, I was whipping by, when he called out: "What's your hurry? Help me a bit, and this will be a good time for me to tell you that I want you to stick to preaching; you'll learn, by and by. Why, there was one passage in your sermon last Sunday that would have done credit to Professor Post;"—bless the mules! What a transfiguration! I could have believed that Elijah had a pair for leaders, on that memorable aerial drive; and it seemed no longer strange that the Lord of glory himself, rode as he did into the holy city, while the multitude shouted: "Hosanna in the Highest!" May your pastor fall in, hereabouts, every now and then, with some such mule-driver.—*From a charge to a church at an installation.*

It is a common misfortune for two public men, amid the competitions of the world, to become estranged, in following what both conscientiously believe to be the course of duty and of wisdom. Often, both thus suffer grievously through life. From conflicting interests and peculiarities of temperament, harmony is impossible. The matters at issue in such a case must be left to the bar of God for settlement. In the flooding light of eternity, it will be seen that both were true in their convictions, and they will clasp hands again, with the exclamation, "Why could not this revelation have come before?" How much *more* delightful is the experience, when we learn to see eye to eye, once more, here below, and the old love comes back again!—*At the funeral of Professor R. C. Crampton.*

A small college like Middlebury is better than any other to bring out the originality and independence of a young man. Dr. Post felt and asserted this, both in private and in public. Bear this in mind, any of you who in your ambition are sometimes tempted to think that, if you were only in a great institution, your surroundings would lift you into prominence and power. Remember that involution is the measure of evolution. If it is only in you, Illinois will be your Middlebury. There is ample sweep here for the full length of your radius, till graduation. Again, Dr. Post was never heard bewailing the fact that his genius had no scope within the narrow walls

of a small, fresh-water college. He did not spend his time in craning his neck to find a place in some famous university. But, by faithfully and patiently discharging his ordinary daily duties, he grew so large that the outside world could not help recognizing his worth; and thus more lucrative positions were, without his solicitation, urged upon him for acceptance. The world is always on the watch to bid such men: "Come up higher."—*From an address on the life of Dr. T. M. Post.*

The voice of the prophet is hushed. The face no longer shines with the reflection of Jehovah's countenance. But men do sometimes walk close enough to the deity, to divine his thought, to speak with an assurance which is the emanation of his presence, and to diffuse a restfulness which issues from the peace of God.—*Upon the death of Dr. C. L. Goodell.*

There is at Hannibal, Mo., overlooking the Mississippi, a high precipitous bluff, called "Lover's Leap." It matters not concerning the old tradition connected with the name. I remember climbing to the summit with a friend, one sultry August afternoon, five or six years ago. My companion showed me where, in the war times, men had dug rifle pits and thrown embankments, to protect the city below from the raids of guerrillas. He talked about the latent heroism called out by the struggle, and then we tried to realize how we should have felt lying on the spot, waiting for the charge of some butternut brigade. We concluded that we might have shown some valor; especially, as the only chance to run away would have been to begin the retreat, by a leap of some hundreds of feet down the cliff. Last February, I went up there again, alone. That friend was living still; but he did not climb hills any more. And then that summer afternoon came back again and that half serious, half sportive talk on heroism, and then the thought of him, as he had been lying nine weary months, the prey of wasting disease; and I said: "Brave heart, heroism is no longer *talk* with you, it is a terrible but grand *reality*. You were not sure how you'd have borne the crack of rifles and the whistle of bullets; but what is such courage compared with the unflinching fortitude with which in the sick room summer, and autumn, and winter long, you have been watch-

ing the insidious approach of your foe? What is it that checks every murmur, that stills all alarm, that enables the tried soul, to say: 'Thy will be done.'" And the sun flooded the city, and there was a dazzling brightness upon the face of the ice-bound river, and in the silence on the hill came the answer, "The love of God."

As a rule, he that would be admired in coming ages, must be content to forego present applause, must grapple with themes too complicated to secure the sympathy of his own day, must have faith to see an audience in the distant future, when mankind shall have plodded slowly on, and have come up to his advanced ideas.

The ash-heap of Job has risen till it has become the highest Helicon of holy song.

Our hope is in the Church of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ. That hope may seem to be a forlorn one, but it is the only one we have. Our dependence is on that same old crew, that has weathered out so many storms. Only its members know how to handle rigging and rudder. And even if they have to run the vessel aground by and by, they'll pick out the best place to beach her, so that, at least, on planks and spars and broken pieces of the ship, we may, like St. Luke and St. Paul, and the rest, get safe to shore.

If, sometimes, when I think of heaven, the image of the Son of God recedes, and in the foreground appear the forms of those whom I have loved and lost on earth, is that an *offense* to my Heavenly Father?

Once let the power of the Highest over-shadow a soul, and make itself felt in that soul's regeneration, and that soul's salvation is secure. There is joy in heaven whenever a sinner turns unto God, and straightway the recording angel writes the new name in the Book of Life. Are, then, those holy choirs sometimes deceived? Do they sing, now and then, a premature song? Does the scribe make false entries and blot them out again? Is that blessed catalogue blurred with blunders,

here and there? Nay that is a joy forever. That song shall never turn to a dirge for a lost soul. The entry, "born again," means God's blessed child for evermore. Therefore, if the wayward youth once gave good evidence of genuine conversion, deal with him patiently and hopefully. His Heavenly Father understands him best. There *is* a presence from which the head-strong boy will not escape. No matter how far away he may stray, he will be followed by that constant, "come back." He may grow reckless and even profane. But *hell* and *damnation* will be the substance of that profanity. The words accord with his abandoned mood. He will not *very often* take the name of *God* and *Christ* in vain. Why? He shrinks from *that*. There is one poor little remnant of that old first love, which shall at last be restored, and bring the prodigal to himself and to heaven. Keep this Bible open before him, let your own life exemplify its teachings, and leave the rest with God.—*Chapel Lecture.*

Did you ever try to use a plow with only one rusty spot the size of a dollar in the middle of the share? You remember how the dirt would stick there and stop you, no matter how highly polished the rest of the surface. Possibly, there is in your character one such rust spot, and it has this peculiarity, that it is just the size of that "almighty dollar."

One generation must perish by the way. The first great leader must be content with a distant view of the better land from Nebo's summit, and then lie down in the grave in the valley of Moab.

The voice of lamentation is never heard on the streets of the New Jerusalem. No hearse is seen there. No dirge wails out upon the air. Every other city has its cemetery, its silent city outside the walls. But the weeping willow will not grow in that soil, there is not a tomb-stone, the sexton's spade troubles not the clods of the valley. For nobody can die there. It is beyond the resurrection. All is life-everlasting. And Jerusalem is above sickness and suffering. Institutions of charity and mercy are the glory of cities here below. They speak of a philanthropy akin to Christ's, but love for one an-

other seeks different channels yonder. No institutions for deaf and dumb and blind rise to view. Every ear is unstopped. The glory of God is read by every eye. They build no hospitals there, for every wanderer has come to himself, to sit at the feet of Jesus, and rest the head upon his hand. Jesus alone is free from fret, and worry, and weariness. All is tranquil, quiet, restful. It is just the home for you, my friend.—*Hospital Lecture.*

This is not a world of fallen angels. It is world of fallen human beings. God wants them, with a yearning inexpressible. He wants you. He calls to you now. For how long still shall thy journey from Him be? When, when, wilt thou return?

Always head up stream like a packet. Then conscience can hold you steady, wherever you make a landing. Otherwise, the current may work you off and away, with the loss of gang-plank and whatever is on it.

Did you ever drill in the war days? You remember the old words, "Mark time, march!" Wasn't it tiresome! But wasn't it necessary? What order could there have been without it? It was a great dampener to your volunteer enthusiasm, to be obliged to lift your feet and put them down, in the same place, hour after hour. You had just enlisted as a hero, with mother and sweet-heart looking on in tearful admiration, and then to be forced into line, and go to "marking time." But that learning to keep step was really your first step to victory. There could be no "forward," until there had been "mark time." Then do not be impatient, when God commands "mark time." He is getting you ready to move on, as soon as the appointed hour arrives.

Congregationalism is not a cave of Adullam, filled with all the malcontents of Israel. She tolerates vagaries on the non-essentials of the Gospel, but when a man refuses to listen reverently to the words of Jesus Christ, as the Son of God and the Savior of the world, when he substitutes for those words his own speculations, however specious and captivating, she bids him seek fellowship in some other communion. Recall such

individuals and churches as have become heretical, within your personal acquaintance, and you will bear witness that those individuals and churches began to go astray by indulging in speculations and hypotheses which they refused to test by the word of God. Fondness for their own theories and contempt for written revelation grew in the same proportion till, at last, having lost all sympathy with the historic doctrines of our polity, the offenders withdrew, or were refused the fellowship of the denomination. This process takes time, but the result is inevitable. The polity has in its constitution a very happy faculty of working out and sloughing off elements essentially unsound. This does not, however, hinder progressive thought respecting Christian doctrine. I am aware that Dr. Dexter and some others have maintained that the much-quoted utterance of John Robinson concerning further light to break from Holy Writ, refers to questions of polity, and not to questions of religious belief; but, with due deference to such high authority, I cannot so interpret the declaration. It was the crowning glory of the most illustrious figure in the annals of Congregationalism, that he foresaw the ever-increasing suggestiveness of the words of Jesus, from age to age. The only restriction which he would have placed upon any new hypothesis, any strange speculation, would have been that it must be abandoned, unless in perfect accord with the manifest trend of New Testament doctrine.—*From an address before the State Congregational Association.*

There are those that aim so high that they fire into vacant space, *and hit it.*

But, says some one, why do you not preach salvation? Why do you talk about gluttony and dram-drinking and opium-eating and wrath and revenge and moral suicide? I answer, what do you mean by salvation? Is not your notion of the signification of that word somewhat foggy? Salvation is not simply going to a place called heaven. It is deliverance from every-day sin, *here and now.*

Truth encircles herself with womanly reserve, but error keeps no body guard.

The horizon of Christianity always stretches away and away beyond civilization. A little boy came running up to me, one morning, face all aglow, and hands full of flowers which he said he got away out there where the sky is. So the children of this world will often hold up before you beautiful things, they declare they've brought from the very outer verge of the Old Revelation. And they seem so exultant over it, that you have not the heart to dispel the illusion, any more than I had to spoil the pretty fancy of that child, though I knew his feet had trudged out but a very little way toward the rim of the firmament.

After much casting about for some type which would present to my own mind most simply and readily, the outline of this wonderful yet perfectly harmonious doctrine of the Trinity, I find myself turning oftenest to this humble comparison. Take a tree in summer time. If you are tempted at the outset to say that anything so common-place degrades the subject, remember how our Master stooped lower still, when he said: "I am the vine and ye are the branches." Take, then, the tree in summer time. There is the root, there is the body, and there is the foliage. Each lives. Each differs from the other two. Each is essential. As a vital organism, the tree is sensitive through root, and body, and foliage. Abuse any one, and the other two suffer. There are the three, and yet the tree is one. The root, the body, the foliage. Father, Son, and Spirit, the invisible, the tangible, and, as it were, the *whispering of the leaves!*

If you would test the depth and purity of a man's religious life, notice how he talks about other people, but especially about those in his own calling. And, if you would get the key to a woman's character, it is not probable that you will find it at a prayer-meeting or at church. She will be much more likely to let it drop when conversing off her guard in society, respecting such sisters as move in her circle, or in the one that she wants to enter. Just notice whether in speaking of them, she is hearty in her praise; or whether her talk is full of "yets," and "buts," and "ifs," and ominous pauses, and significant gestures,—I see by your faces you know what I mean.

A young man always believes in driving things. He likes to crack his whip. This is true in the clerical profession as well as in any other. If you turn over a minister's barrel of sermons, you find the harshest utterances at the *bottom*. The latest discourses are the mellowest.

How some of our calculations must sound to God and the angels! We say of this man that no one can tell how much he is worth, the figures are up in the millions; but, by and by, an administrator is appointed, and he goes through the estate, and gives you the result in dollars and cents,—there it is—but yonder on the brink of eternity is a starving, shivering soul, bankrupt forever.

It cannot be denied, that there are rugged hills which mean hard climbing, but then there are easy declivities and smiling valleys upon the other side, just the country to call down the early and the latter rains, and to set them flowing everywhere in streams of refreshment. You have come to a place, where you may get a farther reach of vision, to strengthen you for the struggle. Catch a glimpse of what lies yonder. At the North of Africa, Spain proudly wrote on the Pillars of Hercules: "*Ne Plus Ultra*"—nothing beyond; but hardy navigators, with sublime faith in a better country toward the setting sun, went sailing out into the west singing, as they sped through the Straits of Gibraltar, "*Plus Ultra*"—more beyond. That is the sentiment which you want to take with you into the discouragements of this first week of study, amid these new scenes. Let the mountain frown as it may, the valley will but smile the more invitingly from the summit. This is a rolling country. It is not all steeps, not all dead levels. The prospect which opens before the student, varies day by day. These ways of wisdom, sometimes toilsome, are, nevertheless, ways of pleasantness.—*Chapel Lecture.*

You remember the exciting race of the steamboats, Natchez and Robert Lee, from New Orleans to St. Louis. On the morning when the victorious boat came in, I went down to the landing with a southern friend. A hundred thousand people lined the levee. As the magnificent packet swept proudly up stream and swung round toward the shore, shout after shout arose

from that great throng. My friend, catching the enthusiasm, turned upon me, saying: "How now about that old tub of a sail boat, the Mayflower? Hadn't they better lift her anchor, cut her from her moorings at Plymouth Rock and let her drift out into forgetfulness?" The Mayflower "drift out into forgetfulness!" That scene upon river and levee had a certain dash and brilliancy; but it lacked breadth, and depth of historic perspective. Already, it begins to fade from recollection. The Mayflower "drift out into forgetfulness!" No! No! From generation to generation, New England's sturdy sons bring fresh live oak for her keel; and New England's fair daughters make over her white wings; and the genius of the republic adds star after star to the flag at her mast-head; and up from the Gulf, and down from the lakes of the North, and across the mountains from the far-away Peaceful Sea, loyal hearts respond: "We cannot forget what the whole Union owes to the principles of 1620." Let the Mayflower ride the breaking waves of the nation's thought, from age to age. Amen!—*From an address on Fore-fathers' Day.*

When we reflect upon the part which children who die in infancy have in training sweet affections, and then remember how, in vanishing from the family, they leave those bruised affections clinging to the Rock of Ages, to grow there in beauty and strength forever, we discern the Creator's beneficent design in the giving and the ending of such brief lives, and instead of calling them blighted, pronounce them "*finished*."

The Christian sometimes mistakes disease for depravity. There was the poet Cowper, one of the purest, sweetest souls, that ever sang out sad song on earth, one whose hymns are a perennial fountain of blessing to humanity, one who to-day strikes the lyre with David yonder. Yet he was so preyed upon by this sense of unworthiness, that only now and then did he catch a glimpse of the light beyond the cloud. Bodily disease had so dimmed his vision, that he wrote of himself as one 'who, tempest tossed and wrecked, at last, comes home to port no more.' But, says his nephew: "there was a look of holy surprise on his features after his eyes were closed, as if there were very bright visions for him behind the veil that was impenetrable to him here."

The average American claims the right to go to Washington, and shake hands with the President in the most familiar, "you-and-I," fellow-citizen fashion. But etiquette at the White House and etiquette at the White Throne are two very different things. The average American takes with him into his religion his ideas of democratic equality. He fails to appreciate the height of the throne above the footstool. He talks as if the two were upon a level. The old-time awe has disappeared from addresses to the Creator.

Some of you have read the *Æneid*. You recollect the account of the storm on the Tuscan Sea. You remember how the tempest-tossed hero was borne to a foreign shore. As he wanders there, with heavy heart and gloomy forebodings, his own divine mother comes down from the skies, to comfort and guide her desponding son. But she comes in disguise. The man knows not her that gave him birth; still he listens to her words, he grows less despairing, he insensibly follows her direction. Thus they talk on, they walk on, until the tower of Carthage breaks upon the view. Then, just in sight of the city of rest, the cloud that veiled divinity is parted, the goddess is revealed, the son cries in wonder: "My mother!" "My mother!" So it is with some that are born of the Spirit. They are led by One that they know not. There may be, now and then, the shadowy consciousness of a heavenly presence, still there is no recognition. Finally, just in sight of that *other City of Rest*, there is a change, there is a rustle of wings, and the dove that hovered above the Son of God at the baptism, flies on before to its home.

A college that calls itself Christian is not properly equipped that has not, side by side with its literary societies, as distinctly recognized and respected by faculty and students, a society for training its youth in religious thought, expression and activity.—*Chapel Lecture*.

It is wholesome for every man to be dragged sometimes to the brink of the bottomless pit, and be compelled to look down into it, and to hold his breath, and to think for a moment of the possibility that even he may plunge into that abyss.

Physicians very generally condemn the use of tobacco. The exceptions which they make are in case of advancing years or of a superabundance of flesh. If there be among us an old man, whose medical adviser says that he is in need of such solace, or a fat boy whose medical adviser says that he needs such shrinkage, by all means let the man or boy have the prescription.—*Chapel Lecture.*

I went, the other day, to a place which I have not visited for many years. It was the place that I used to repair to as a student, when the lessons were hardest, and ideas for essays were scarcest. The past all came back most vividly. I was a Sophomore again, in one of those intervals when omniscience does not appear to be his forte. He has not a few such intervals, and they are dismal enough. At such a time, the Sophomore is one of the the most pitiable objects in nature. He may not then admit it, but bring an old graduate to the confessional, and he will acknowledge to you, that he has no desire to go back to the fears, misgivings, and struggles of that year, when the student is supposed to be free from even the shadow of a suspicion that he is not competent to fill any position within the gift of the American people. I came from that spot, with all its crowding recollections, carrying a heart mellowed than ever toward the Sophomore.—*Chapel Lecture.*

Only husband and wife have free access to the heart. The sharing of that from which every other human being is debarred, is the wine of life. This is the nearest approach to the meaning of the life hid with Christ in God. Yet, within this inner privacy of the married relation, there is a holy of holies, which even husband and wife cannot penetrate. There is an altar where God and the soul must meet alone. The husband must stand back, reverently, while the wife ministers there; and the wife must stand back, reverently, while the husband ministers there.

I believe that there are heroic struggles here for self mastery, and for every such triumph the recording angel dashes away the gathering tears, and writes: "Well done," in the book of everlasting remembrance.—*Hospital Lecture.*

Labor, compelled to grind in the prison house, blinded and maddened, like Samson of old, at length lays hold upon the pillars of the social fabric, and threatens to bury master and slave in one common ruin.

I maintain that the law of competition and the law of love must both be obeyed if there is to be any permanent amity between capital and labor.

When I was in college, I used to be a great admirer of the essays and addresses of E. P. Whipple. I have often wondered why he did not fulfill the promise of his youth, though I have never searched for the reason; but the other day my attention was called to this explanation: He made haste to be famous; he took no pains to lay deep foundations, and to widen his intellectual horizon; he never used the telescope and swept the heavens; he confined himself to the microscope and to isolated subjects. In his early days, he had despised the patient labor of laying in a generous background, to give strong and ample support to the efforts of maturer years. He struck *ten* early, but he ran down before he could strike *twelve*.—*Chapel Lecture.*

Illiteracy is the tempest center, which threatens the destruction of that constitutional liberty which the fathers builded. The little red school-house is the burning bush in the wilderness, out of which God declares the secret of deliverance from multiplying perils. Protect the little red school-house from its secret or open foes, whether they be infidel, or catholic, or protestant. Let the state assert her independence and her supremacy! Let her listen to no dictation from *any* of the churches, or from the enemies of *all* the churches. Let her guard her own treasury, and provide therefrom for every child a common school education in the English language. If assured that it is furnished and enforced in other ways, let her not interfere with conscience; and let her lay no restrictions upon higher education under secular or sectarian direction! Just so much, and no more, is demanded for self-preservation. *And may he who lifts his hand against the commonwealth in such assertion of her majesty, be branded as the enemy of democracy in America!*

Last fall I was interested in watching a tree in a garden. Though the fruit was not large, the color was fair. The tree stood near the road, etc.; the fence was low, yet the boys did not climb over. There was not a single club lodged up among the limbs. But, one night, we had a heavy frost, and, the next day, those branches were bare. "*It takes frost*" to make persimmons good fruit. You may be acquainted with *Christians* of this persimmon variety. Farther on, is another tree. You are tempted to pass it by. The fruit has the size and hardness of bullets; in general, it wears a sort of leaden look. You cannot detect the least likeness to the rosy or the orange hues, that beautify others near by. The sun pours down his rays, month after month, to see what he can do. The earth cracks open to catch the rain; then closes, and gives the dry roots a hot pack, to cleanse the pores, and quicken the circulation. And thus the toilsome process goes on. You notice that the fruit is slowly growing but its surface is getting more freckled, and ugly, week by week. You turn away in disgust. Yet come back, late in the autumn, and look up, and you will see those limbs laden with *golden russets*, the apples that you love best in the long winter evenings, when the storm rages without and the fire roars within. A great deal of *Christianity*, in this world, is of the rusty-coat variety; but it stands the final test.

The little Jordan cuts a deeper channel in thought, than the mighty Amazon, with all its waters.

"As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord." This law of time is likewise the law of eternity. Physical relationships will disappear in the realms where Christ declares that they "neither marry nor are given in marriage;" but spiritual affinities will be perpetuated, world without end. This is one of the noblest incentives to a close community of religious interests in the home. Let Christian consecration bind together all the members of the household in a holy alliance, and, though death may seem to break the golden links of the family chain, one by one, and to leave them as only shining fragments on the shores of time, the Lord of Life will unite those links again till the chain is complete once more, and so long as the blessed enjoyments of eternity last shall the words hold true: "As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord."

You never saw two human faces that you could not tell apart. God never runs out of patterns. He never duplicates. Every time that he creates a human being, he gets up a new design, and then breaks the mould.

To-day, the lad may give the smallest and sourest apples to his brothers and sisters and make sad havoc with the sweetmeats which his mother supposes securely hidden in the pantry, but to-morrow he will dream of being the benefactor of his native town, of rearing asylums for orphans, and of making munificent provision for churches and colleges. That one who seems to you nothing but a gross compound of selfish animalism, does, now and then, have some very serious thoughts about being an angel by and by. Only do not expect of him a precipitate flight up out of these things of time and sense.

It is the 7th of August, 1679, a day pregnant with the issues of the future. Poets have sung of the Argo and of the quest of the golden fleece; but what poet ever sang of the Griffin, the first vessel that plowed our inland seas? As La Salle turned her prow down Lake Erie toward the head of Lake Michigan, it was the fine prophecy of the fleets and commerce of to-day, between Chicago and the ocean. In contrast, how trifling was the value of the golden fleece! When the epic poet of America is born, his hero will be La Salle, the hero of Illinois. * * * I have dwelt at such length upon Indian and French sentiment and heroism within our borders in the long ago, because, though they have little place in the thought and talk of the multitude, they give a certain remoteness, a glamour of distance, a glow of imagination, a richness of suggestion, a dash of chivalry, a robe of romance, to a commonwealth which is usually looked upon as knowing no past, as having suddenly sprung out of the prairie sod a generation ago, a foundling and a groundling, coarse, gross, groveling, without a pedigree, great and to be great in nothing but the lustiest animalism,

* * * We have no reason to blush for our heritage. The past is rich in sentiment, and chivalry, and romance, and devotion, and loyalty, and heroism. It is an honor to be able to say: "I was born in Illinois, I live for Illinois, and I hope to rest, by and by, beneath the sod of Illinois."—*From an address before the State Press Association.*

The Department of sociology is as yet a vast unknown. It has its explorers, but they do not reach the interior. They coast along the shores. They map out the headlands. They sail up a stream here and there, till they come to rapids and cataracts. But it is another dark continent still waiting for its Livingstones and Stanleys.

Every Christian should be a church-member for his own sake. He is safer. He is less exposed to temptation. You godly people respect him, now. He is free from any suspicion of moral cowardice. The world is not constantly trying him, to see whether he is spiritually vertebrate or invertebrate. He is classified. He is not one of those nondescript specimens, which people delight in handling over and over, as they do any other curiosity, till they damage it unintentionally in trying to decide what it is and where it belongs. * * * A man may get his title clear at last, without joining any church, but he will certainly, at the same time, have cut down his pattern for all eternity. * * * Enrolled soldiers press forward toward the front, shouting the name of the King. Independent camp followers bring up the rear, on track of spoils. Both may enter in through the gates of the celestial city, but which shall stand nearest to the throne of the Great Conqueror?

"Ephraim is a cake not turned," saith the Scripture. How many such Ephraims a long-suffering world has to digest! The market is full of fruit *picked too green*. When will our youth learn to let the ripening process complete its mellow round.—*Chapel Lecture.*

Have you not repeatedly, when listening to some discussion, said to yourself: "How stupid in me never to have put that thought into that clear statement before; the material has been right here within my reach. That idea is no more the speaker's than it is mine. That is my luck. I'm just a little too late. I did not happen to think quickly enough." O no, my friend, there is no *happen* about it. That is *genius*. That idea *is* more his than yours. He has the power of taking that truth up out of the mind's unsorted materials, and making it stand out clear and beautiful.

Very frequently our Father hedges up one way, that he may divert us into another path which will bring us to a better outcome of the general enterprise.

There is less and less anxiety as to *how* people are baptized, and more and more anxiety that people shall repent, so as to be *fit* to be baptized.

The greatest internal peril to American Christianity, at present, is the reluctance on the part of men and women to go into a room alone every day, and shut the door, and devote themselves to an earnest, patient, prayerful study of the Word of God.

When I was a boy, I used to think that if I could be a minister, and make sermons for a steady business, I could just drop out of the Lord's prayer the petition, "Lead me not into temptation." But of all temptations, the most subtle, and dangerous, and everlastingly present, the one that you may think that you have scotched and killed, and that, in three minutes, will be livelier and uglier than before, is this temptation to magnify self, instead of magnifying Jesus of Nazareth.

Free domestic expenditure and niggardly public benevolence are conclusive proof of a little soul. Out upon the notion, that lavish outlay at home should shield from contempt the man who is mean and miserly in matters of public welfare. He is of the same size as the man who spends his money directly upon himself. About the only difference is that the one is made on a B last and the other on an A.

Remember it is not a proof of a misfit in life, that many of your purposes fail of accomplishment. If you have ingenuously committed your way unto the Lord, he has formed a plan for your life, and he is carrying out that plan right through the thwarting of many projects which appear to be essential to earthly success and to the welfare of Zion. This is the hardest lesson that God has ever set me to learn. My young friends, may his gracious Spirit incline you all to heed this lesson earlier, and may he give you strength to master it more perfectly.—*Chapel Lecture*

Notwithstanding the prosy character of the regulation work of all vocations, there is great comfort, satisfaction; yes exhilaration, in the assurance that one has got into the little niche God intended that he should fill. The drill days are many, the field days are few. We must find our joy in the former and leave the sending or with-holding of the latter to an all-wise Providence. That shepherd lad waded the brooks of Bethlehem for years, picking out the smoothest pebbles, and training hand and eye upon a thousand worthless marks. But there was a chance to make himself a marks-MAN. That he would be, whether or not a Goliath ever came that way. It is ours to get ready. It is God's to send us the fine opportunity, or not, as seemeth to him best.

There is not one of you, who does not know what the word, *ought*, means; and yet it is the profoundest word in the language. It reaches to the bottom of hell and to the summit of heaven. And the wonder of it is that the smallest boy yonder, in his little sphere, understands the essential meaning of that word, "ought," just as well as the great God understands it in the unmeasured sweep of his thought. It is only in his worst moods that even the insane man gets beyond the recognition of this imperative. Every public speaker has felt, much better than he can describe, that mysterious response, noiseless, but thrilling, which occasionally comes to him from his audience. I recall an afternoon, years ago, when I was chaplain at the insane hospital. I was preaching on a kindred topic, and took occasion to crowd home the thought, that there was not a man or woman present, who did not, then and there, clearly understand and distinctly recognize the binding personal application of the word *ought*. The hush was like the hush of the grave. Nobody looked excited. The effect was tranquilizing. It was a moment of wonderful calm upon a troubled sea.—*Chapel Lecture.*

You put a little leaven with even three measures of meal and it will change the character of the whole mass. You put a little leaven with only a handful of meal, and you will have nothing but froth and ferment. When self-righteousness gets hold of a *small* man, its work is especially deplorable.

Everybody will sooner or later go to his own place, just as certainly as did Judas. Who can tell precisely when that question was forever settled in his case? Was it not till he went out and hanged himself? Was it when Satan entered into his heart at the last supper? Or was it that evening at Bethany when he rebuked Mary for pouring the precious ointment upon the head of the Redeemer? We are told that, as far back as that, he was a thief. Or may not the crisis have come much earlier, some day when he was sitting alone upon the shore of Galilee, counting the cost, and deciding that the service of his so-called Master would not pay?

The deepest affection for those who are gone may be proved by tender solicitude for those who remain. It is a sad mistake, in a season of bereavement, or disappointment, to shut ourselves in from the world for months and years. The notion may be partly good. It may seem a tribute of devotion, an evidence of special tenderness of heart, or of a peculiarly sensitive organization; but there is a danger that an intrusive and ruinous selfishness will take possession of one who thus sets aside the claims of society, and broods over private sorrows. God would through these trials and afflictions educate us to a sweeter womanhood, or a finer manhood. Yet, how often do such things embitter and belittle the sufferer. If another life has been the joy of my life, and I am then left behind in this world, that memory should be to me an inspiration, revealing the power of one soul over another, and quickening within me all the springs of benevolence.

For four thousand years, the wise ones of the earth had been preaching from the text, "Know Thyself." They had presented this outline, and that, to humanity, insisting *this* is you, and *that* is you, yet the reply was carried back invariably: "The feature does not suit. It is not like me. This is too gross, and that is too ghostly." Then appeared Christ, saying: "Lost image of my Father's glory, let *me* try." One sitting was enough. There was no mistaking the faithfulness of that likeness, with all its satanic or angelic possibilities; and the response came: "I see, I see myself at last. *How much do I owe Thee, O Lord!*"

Do not pry too curiously into the hearts of those who do you a kindness. Throw the dollar into the market for what it will bring, and not into the retort to see what it is made of. Especially in reference to the every day courtesies of life, should we avoid all careful inquisition. These are mostly spontaneous. Each has so trifling a value that there is little temptation to adulterate. It is possible to counterfeit even a penny; but it does not pay. You are safe in taking such small change without examination. So is it with the little civilities which are current among men.—*Chapel Lecture.*

That was to Abraham Lincoln a dreary day in '54, when Lyman Trumbull triumphed over him in the contest for the U. S. Senatorship. But it was God's will that he should stay at home, and get ready for the memorable struggle with Stephen A. Douglas, in '58. And again the same glittering prize slipped from his eager hand, and his long face grew yet longer with disappointment. But it was God's will that he should stay at home once more and wait for the presidency in 1860. "*Per ardua ad astra.*" Thackeray gets at the philosophy of all this on the human side, in a homely but piquant way, when he says: "If you lose a tooth, it may give you a momentary pang, but do not stop eating. Learn as quickly as possible, to mumble your crust on the other side of your jaw."

When you go into any calling or profession, it is necessary if you succeed, to adopt the motto: "This one thing I do." But precisely there comes in a danger. Beware of saying in the most rigid sense, I will be nothing but a lawyer, nothing but a farmer, nothing but a doctor, nothing but a merchant, nothing but a preacher, nothing but a college professor. While most of our energies should be given to the specialty, sufficient should be reserved to insure a genuine-interest in whatever gladdens Christian civilization. Michael Angelo came along one day, took his stand beside a pupil and watched the work. Presently, without speaking, he reached over the youth's shoulder, wrote upon the canvas the single word "*amplius*,"—wider, and walked away. That word was to the boy at once a revelation and an inspiration. Every one needs to carry with him into his all-absorbing work that talisman, *Amplius*.—*Wider.*

Wisdom's advance guard always occupies *as outposts* what will be the camping places of the hosts, a generation afterwards.

We can never prescribe the agencies through which God must work out the deliverance of his people. He may dismiss all of our fine martial array, and summon to the field only some boorish Shamgar with his oxgoad. We elders have our fixed habits for fighting the battles of the Lord. They cannot be wholly changed. We must still wear a helmet that feels easy to the head. We do better service with a coat of mail. It would be cruel to ask us to lay such trappings aside. They and their wearers deserve credit for past achievements. Still, our eyes should not be blind to the other fashions that are coming in. It is well to adopt such as will not be too trying to our stiffened limbs; but, at all events, let us give the younger men perfect liberty of selection. What is a fit for us will be a misfit for them.—*Chapel Lecture.*

“Shall I be remembered by posterity?” said the dying Garfield. How varied, tremulous and pathetic are the tones in which the soul cries after immortality. Even when the author's voice is hushed in the last sleep, the silent volume into which his life has gone, looks down from the library shelf with mute appeal for recollection. During the last month I have had occasion to give a cursory examination to several books written by friends whose earthly life is ended. The books are good, and true, but, somehow, they have failed to impress themselves upon this generation, the dust begins to settle upon them, and there will be no call for another edition. There has been a choking in the throat and a dimness of vision, at thought of the hopes which have not reached fruition. And so the other evening, as I turned over leaf after leaf of that manuscript volume on Moral Philosophy, reading here and there a passage, written with a hand trembling with the chill of more than four-score winters, my heart went out with loving tenderness toward the patient, unassuming, appealing old gentleman, whom circumstances had denied even the satisfaction of seeing in print his book, the child of his old age.—*At the funeral of Prof. Mason Grosvenor.*

"Wherefore wilt thou run, my son, seeing that thou hast no tidings ready?" This youth, Ahimaaz, represents a multitude in the present generation. You hear on every side the clamor of those who want to run without the trouble of getting their tidings ready. To-morrow morning, in this building, more than one instructor will have occasion to say: "Wherefore wilt thou run my son, seeing thou hast no tidings ready?" How often does Ahimaaz appear upon the platform, on Wednesday, with no tidings ready, with an old selection imperfectly learned, and delivered with stammering tongue and confusion of face; or it may be with so-called tidings, in the form of essay or oration, which suggest to the mind of the hearer nothing but the "wherefore," of the text. We want for recitations and for rhetoricals more men with "tidings ready," men whose work smells of the lamp, men unto whom a black-board is not a horror of great darkness; men whose translations catch Homeric and Horatian pitch and tone; men whose reading in philosophy takes them far enough beyond the text-book to reveal the difference between Comte and Kant.—*Chapel Lecture.*

There is the impassable gulf between the saved and the not-saved. This is no plea that, in referring to lost men, we should learn to talk of them as Wendell Phillips does about the "Lost Arts," letting his hearers down from the pinnacle of pride in so charming style, that there is fascination in the humiliation. It must never be forgotten that the soul is in danger of eternal damage. No one can, without trifling, discourse of Paradise Lost as he would discourse of the lost arts of making malleable glass and Damascus blades. The latter are fit subjects for the most brilliant rhetorical treatment. But the New Testament conception of guilt and its consequences cannot by any witchery of speech be transformed into a thing of beauty. Sin, unrepented of, is a sorrow forever.

It is a blessed thing to be brought, now and then, into contact with a life larger, sweeter, purer than your own. It saves you from utterly losing your confidence in human nature. You pick up the poor broken ideal and put it together once more, piece by piece, and, though the cracks still show, you do not dash it down again, as a worthless thing.

Should you happen down by the railroad, take a look at one of those black chunks lying on a coal-car. "Well, what of that," say you. Why, the next time you see it, it may be streaming from the burners yonder in Amusement Hall for you to dance by. When the prodigal gets home and there is music and dancing, it is often by the light that God has brought out of these same dark earthly experiences.—*Hospital Lectures.*

When men assail the wonders of the Old Testament, or of the New, and seem to overwhelm them with contempt, be not alarmed. You may have to give up some of your old notions. But go fearlessly to the Book. Free it from the traditions of men. Put it upon its own merits. Let it speak for itself. "The word of the Lord endureth forever." There is no more convincing proof of its inspiration, than the fact that it has had to carry, century after century, the misconstructions of friends, and the libels of foes, and has still won more and more upon the heart of the world, from age to age. And so it is to continue, sloughing off the blundering interpretations of its adherents, and repelling the malicious assaults of its enemies, until the truth as it is in Jesus shall have "free course, and run, and be glorified;" and this Sacred Volume shall become the great text book of the nations.

One afternoon, last winter, we had a long talk together. He said that he, years ago, settled down into the belief that probably there was a God somewhere, but that he himself must try to do about right and then take the chances. I told him that I thought that a very bad creed, either to live by, or to die by, that I could not bear to see him face the future with nothing better, that what he needed for the ordeal, manifestly just before him, was the presence of a sympathetic Christ, strong and grand. He said he knew it, he wished he could believe as I did, he wished he could accept the Bible. I urged him to let the rest go for the present, and read and pray over the Gospel of John. He went on to say that he was thinking on the subject as he had never thought before, that he did not want to make a mistake, that if he was right and I was wrong, he was no better off than I; that if I was right and he was wrong, I was infinitely better off than he. "And," continued he, "what do you think of this? I had a praying father and mother,

and they are constantly with me in my sleep, urging this matter upon my attention. I do not know what to make of it!" I answered that I did, that it was a beautiful illustration of God's use of natural agencies; that he himself had just said that his waking thoughts were on the subject of religion, that he had told me incidentally a little while before of being obliged to take an opiate, at night, to deaden pain and secure sleep. Now the opium simply vivifies your daytime thought, intensifies it, cuts pictures so that you seem to see the very features of those, who, when you were a child, prayed that you might be a child of God. There are no spirits there, but what the doctor gives you to relieve this suffering body, God is trying to use to save your suffering soul. * * * The weeks passed on. It seemed to me that I could see a change. That hard stoicism softened into resignation. His wife noticed the difference. There was a sweetness of disposition, a self-forgetfulness unknown before. I said no more for a while. I did not dare to speak. It was a trembling hope that God's spirit was doing the work. I was afraid of spoiling it. Finally, one day five or six weeks ago, we were alone. He had been suffering, and I was trying to support him in an easier position. I put my hand on his head and said: "Joe, haven't you learned yet to lean on the arm that is strong?" And he answered: "Yes, there isn't any other." Said I: "I am thankful, then, that God has sent all these afflictions upon you. How glad I am you did not die last year." Said he: "So am I. I'm willing to live still, but now I'd like to go."—*At the funeral of a friend.*

The soul shudders as it looks down that inclined plane of eternal degradation which is lost to view in the bottomless pit. The soul exults as it looks up those heights of blessedness which rise in easy succession, till the summit is resplendent with all the possibilities of a blessed immortality. My young friends, you may live fifty years, and yet, practically, reach the limit of your probation, this very night.

Would that *before* their damning sin, men might have some glimpses of those horrid visions that come *after*, visions which people the chambers of the soul with ghastly shapes that never rest; shapes that with stealthy tread and white faces and sunken, staring eyes, glide everywhere!

I could shut my eyes, and even hope, with Tennyson, "that no life may fail beyond the grave," if some one would only harmonize this voice of him that wears the laurel of England, with the voice of Him that wore the crown of thorns in Palestine.

If religion is ever more precious at one time than at any other, it is in the night watches. It has then special power to quiet our exaggerated fancies. Celestial forms glide in between us and those spectral shapes that frighten, and, instead of the voices of dread, the air is full of whispered benediction.

Some one has made this curious calculation. A bar of iron worth five dollars, if worked up into horse-shoes, is worth ten dollars and fifty cents; made into needles it is worth three hundred and fifty-five dollars; made into pen-knife blades it is worth three thousand, two hundred and eighty-five dollars; made into balance springs for watches it is worth two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Would you be pig-iron forever, rather than feel the fiery breath of the forge and the hard blows of the hammer? Would you have the process stop with the horseshoe, or the needle, or the knife blade? Wouldn't you have God go on with you, till *you are fit to help keep time for eternity!* He wants to bring out the very highest value that there is in us, and the only way is to heat, and to beat, and to temper and to polish. Is it wise for us to cry *enough* until he is done?

We have only a little time to work. These fleeting years decide momentous issues.

During the war, I was living in Oregon. There was over across the coast range, along the ocean's break, a little isolated county called Tillamook. It numbered *just thirty voters*. A stray newspaper which contained the announcement that the government would be obliged to resort to drafting, happened to get over there. Word was brought back that all Tillamook was in arms. *That Tillamook wasn't going to stand the draft!* Don't you know of a good many people that under God's government are forever working themselves up into a petty fury and playing little Tillamook?

There rises to view a little red school house, in a village of long ago. The scene is like that which may be looked upon, in any rural region to-day. The games vary somewhat. There is less of hopscotch and shinney. Foot-ball has had its evolution. Town-ball has developed into base-ball. Peg-top, and "sheep and wolf" have disappeared. The dresses of children have lost their frontier look. Home-made has given place to ready-made. But the faces of the little men and the little women vary not from generation to generation. Still the one scene is history, while the other is only prophecy. Yet the latter brings back the former, and in succession the long-forgotten reappear, some to tarry, some to vanish with the years. Farm and store, shop and home all have their representatives, but those representatives are not to you just like the others in their neighborhood. You detect the school traits. You trace the influences of the period when you were children together, and the grasp of the hand means what it would not otherwise. The lad who could not lie, even to the teacher, is the man whose word is as good as gold to-day. The rogue who tricked you out of your marbles then, is the trader who will cheat you out of your horse to-morrow. And how thickly the graves multiply! The headstones are humble. Between the lines of some inscriptions you read a playground trait. In other cases, you smile incredulously, at the taffy in the epitaph. What a transformation must have been wrought in that once common clay! Most of the slabs have two dates: birth and death; and between them a hyphen, nothing more. Was it a comedy? Was it a tragedy? Was it both, so blended that even affection hesitated to put upon the marble a prediction of a nobler after-place by and by? You go from mound to mound. Some of the headstones have fallen, and the long grass has grown over them. As you push it aside, and spell out the yellow names, you call up the shadowy faces, that you had utterly forgotten, and that must have faded utterly, from the memory of all others. But God will remember, for they once had a trace or two of his likeness.

The doubt which is sincere, earnest, prayerful, does not court publicity. It carries on the conflict in secret, and is still. Blatant skepticism always excites suspicion as to its own genuineness.

I must confess that my great disappointment, in my more mature religious life, is the failure to find in all employments an ever-abounding gladness. Obedience to my Master's law has brought deliverance from bondage to sundry evils, and with it a certain ease in the discharge of once difficult offices, but the fact fails to carry with it the sense of unceasing delight, which I know ought to be the ever present attendant of such an experience. * * * Am I not, in thus voicing my own shame, giving utterance to the grief of every Christian present over his unthankfulness, and his inexcusable lack of buoyant enthusiasm? Still more am I amazed and confounded at the discontent and petulance so characteristic of my ordinary conduct, when I turn from the days that are gone, and catch a glimpse of the possibilities of the life to come. In falling so far below the prevailing gladness, which should be my constant portion in view of the power of the endless life, would that I were alone!

The mother clings to the son, as she does not to the daughter; and the father cherishes a tenderness for the daughter which he does not for the son. Nevertheless, a peculiar interest centers in the future of the latter. He bears the family name. Upon him depends its perpetuation. That name may be by no means illustrious, but there is, in the breast of every man, an aversion to having his name die with himself. * * * Cicero discovers, here, an intimation of immortality. He suggests that the father is unconsciously influenced by a belief that, in another state of existence, he shall watch the unfolding of his own family history on earth, from generation to generation. Revelation is silent on the subject; yet I am confident that the philosophy of the question is somehow wrapped up in the doctrine of the everlasting life.

Acquisition makes the money. Distribution makes the man. Distribution without acquisition dissipates the money. Acquisition without distribution *dissipates the man*.

Mountains are the places for eagles' nests. It is invigorating, now and then, to watch flights where the air is too thin for your own wings.

Not a few of the women you and I remember most, are these unwedded women of the schoolhouse. Of them, poets seldom sing. Of them, society speaks with a smile, half pitiful, half contemptuous. But of them, this world is not worthy. We glorify the self-sacrifice of motherhood. The sight is fair. But let us be impartial. Love not the mistress of the home less, but love more the mistress of the school. It is the fashion to magnify the influence of the mother's kiss upon the destiny of the boy, and the fashion is excellent. But men, up and down the world, could tell you, if they would, that it was not so much the mother's impulsive kiss as the wise affection of the consecrated woman in the schoolhouse, that awakened their first impulse to do fine service for mankind. There is something touchingly pathetic, in the history of many who thus spend year after year, in this ministry of instruction. An undertone of sorrow arouses curiosity, and, at the same time, the quiet dignity of the personality checks impertinent questioning. You picture to yourself some disappointment, which is hiding itself in a hundred gentle offices. What might have been a convulsion loses its violence in the beneficent labors of love. God's eye reads with fondest affection many of these unwritten biographies, which are sealed books to you and me, but which draw us with an indefinable sympathy towards their objects, as we watch them pursue their silent, uncomplaining way; gently restraining the rudeness of childhood without casting a shadow upon its joyousness. You may detect, now and then, some surface sign which indicates that there still exist conflicts in secret, when the heart cries out for a love which it cannot find, a richer token of appreciation than another's boy or girl can give: but it is only for an instant, and then the current flows on as tranquilly as before. If the novelist were content with the beauty of spirit, rather than the beauty of the flesh, he would find more frequently in the little red school-house, his heroine. If the dramatist were satisfied with anything less than the wild display of passion, he could discover there not a few suppressed tragedies.—*From an address entitled "The Little Red School-House."*

It is time for men to learn that it is not safe to slap the face of the King of Kings with the flat palm of a saucy rhetoric.

If you find yourself becoming irritable over your little house and cramped circumstances, instead of walking up and down some grand avenue, and making yourself believe that you are a badly abused individual, because you are not the owner of this beautiful lawn, or of that brown-stone front,—find your way to some back street, where the tenements are twelve by sixteen feet and one story at that, where the shingles let in rain and snow, where rags are stuffed through broken window panes, where there is a general air of forlornness, where the girlhood is hardened out of the mother's face, where sullenness has driven manliness from the father's countenance, where half-fed and half-clad children quarrel for a crust, and a place next the dying fire,—and can't you see fingers pointing at you on every side, and can't you hear voices crying, "shame," "shame," upon you, for your discontent and rebellion!

The nearest approach to a pastoral charge that I have ever enjoyed has been an insane hospital chaplaincy for the past four or five years. We have an average congregation of about 250 persons. I love those people very dearly. I love to preach to them better than to any other audience. We close our Sabbath service by repeating the Lord's Prayer in concert. As tremulous voices here and there speak the words, "Our Father," and presently shattered brain and broken heart falter out, "Thy will be done," and a moment later, some whose own will power has been destroyed by terrible temptations and the chambers of whose imagination are haunted by spirits of evil, cry feebly and piteously, "Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil." I believe that the great heart of the infinite God yearns over no other congregation in the city, as it yearns over that one.

You sometimes hear folks say that God may admit them and give them the remotest and humblest place in the kingdom. I am sure that our Father does not want us to pray so. It has a mean sound. It is no index of genuine humility. It is a sort of reflection upon Him, as if it were a pleasure to Him to send some poor soul out to dwell on some celestial frontier. No! He would have us come up and take heavenly places in Christ Jesus, *nearer, nearer, ever nearer to Him.*

Let now the prayer of Socrates introduce the conclusion of this address: "I beseech thee, O God, that I may be beautiful within." Spiritual beauty! You hold in your hand a sea-shell. The flow of its curves and the blending of its tints are perfect. You do not wonder that the song of a far-away ocean lingers there in diminuendo. When you lift that shell to the ear, the fairness of the sight, by association, sweetens the sound. In these days of pilgrimage, the soul may take on such form and color as shall give fitting welcome to the wave-beats of the "Sea of glass." Lord Bacon, in saying that, "beautiful persons have a beautiful autumn," must have been thinking of this spiritual type of fairness. The suggestion is grateful to those of your number in whom the bright picture of this morning's graduation awoke half-envious longings for a return to the younger day. Physical beauty may have vanished. The promise of intellectual beauty may have been only partially fulfilled, on account of life's hard conditions. But these autumn alumnae display a richness of spiritual beauty, which we shall not discover, this side the twentieth century, in our girls who have just received their diplomas. "We shall see the KING in his BEAUTY." And we shall be like him. And that beauty which is as enduring as the life of God, is the beauty of HOLINESS.—*From an address to the alumnae of Jacksonville Female Academy.*

Little children sometimes stay here only long enough to leave a picture for a frontispiece. Those who go hence a trifle later, write out, it may be, a page of the preface. Those who remain until opening manhood or womanhood, and then depart, have but finished the preface, indicating their general purpose. Those who lay down the pen at eighty, have only got through with the introductory chapter.

The crowning glory of our colleges is their silent but all-pervasive influence. Their very presence is a mute but eloquent protest against sordid ambitions, coarse tastes, animalism, anarchy. God grant that their healing shadow, like that of St. Peter upon the streets of Jerusalem, may fall, more and more, upon the multitudes afflicted with divers maladies, throughout these commonwealths.

Some time ago a friend came to our house with a hyacinth which looked healthy and just ready to bloom. She said it had remained so a long time, and she thought a different location might bring it out. We watched it for several days, but there was no sign of a change. Finally, a careless child knocked over the flower pot, spilled the dirt upon the carpet, and stripped off most of the buds. We put the hyacinth back, as best we could, and called it ruined for the season. But what was our surprise, a few days after, to find it blooming and fragrant. It was not equal to what it might have been, if its first promise had been fulfilled, but such flowers as there were, were larger and sweeter for the fall that had brought it to itself. *There are a great many broken hyacinths in this world.*

“Wherefore by their fruits ye shall know them.” If you will turn to a concordance, you will find two columns referring to the word fruit; one column referring to the word root; half a column referring to the word wood; and a quarter of a column referring to the word leaf.

Take a simple illustration of the Bible doctrine of Christian service. You are a house-holder. You hire a man to do a piece of work. He reports himself at night. He has performed the task. You count him out the stipulated sum. *You* take no special interest in *him*; *he* feels no gratitude toward *you*. It is simply a business transaction. Just then, your little boy comes rushing in with dirty hands, smutty face, and blood up to fever heat. He has been digging away in the garden to please you. You look out. Your hired man would spade up more ground than that for a sixpence, or worse, perhaps, what the child has done is a positive damage; he has thrown up a bed, where you wanted a walk; or has unwittingly destroyed some of your choicest flowers; but, as the little fellow stands there, panting, and telling how glad he is to help you, your eyes fill, and you are ready to give him greenbacks, purse, and all! Now it is just such help as that, that God wants from you and from me. The spirit is everything. What if our zeal does lead us into a blunder occasionally? He does not wish to deal with us on the profit and loss principle.

It is a heroic sight to see one that is rich, giving liberally not, for applause, not from fear of Jehovah, not from impulse, not because he loves to give; but because he hates to give; to shake off the fetters of mammon, to assert his independence, and to proclaim himself God's free-man.

Take a piece of graining. To be sure that the man that did the graining was a master of his art, you must pick out some panel on which he tried to represent birds'-eyes shivers in the oak,—or better still, just examine his work where he endeavored to bring out *a knot in the wood*. The knots are the true tests in the graining. In judging your character, God does not look at the light and the shade and the general spread. *He examines the knots*. If you are converting those into things of beauty, he has a place for you yonder. Did any of you ever live in a part of the country where fir was the principal timber? If so, you have a vivid recollection of your first attempt at splitting fire wood. You got warm a great deal faster than did the people in the house. You know that, in that kind of tree, wherever a limb shoots out, a pin runs into the heart of the trunk. How you drove the ax into the soft wood, now on this side and now on that, all to no purpose, till an old settler came along, took pity on you, and split the chunk at the first blow, by *simply bringing the edge of the ax down upon the center of the knot!* If you want to lay open character, just strike for the ugliest knot in it. That was what Christ always did.

The only way for your *chinless* man to be *sinless* is to keep far away from temptation.

Whenever, in life, a Mount Nebo obstructs your way, *climb it. God is there*. Let Him teach you to face your disappointments without repining. He will talk with you about it until you understand, till you realize the blessedness of those that mourn.

How can he who reviews the past and dwells upon the many proofs of God's loving providence in his personal history, let the doxology die out, and the minor key steal into so many strains of his psalm of life?

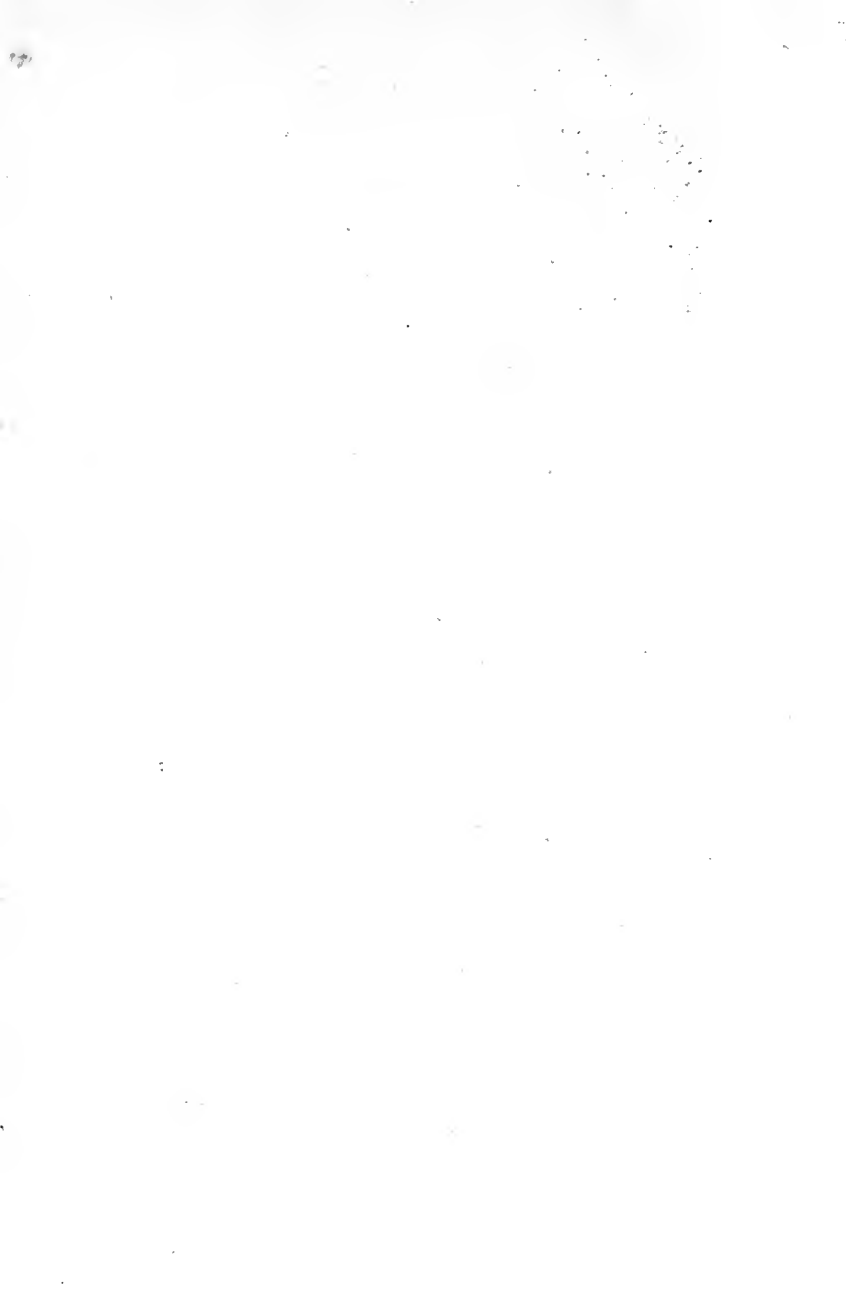
Daniel Webster silenced if he did not convince another, who had confused ideas upon the Trinity, by saying with that majestic manner so characteristic of the statesman: "Sir, you cannot understand the arithmetic of heaven!" I used to accept the answer as satisfactory, but it does not seem so these later years. With all deference to so great a name, I cannot think that the fundamental rules of heaven's arithmetic differ from the fundamental rules of earth's arithmetic, that if Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, and you and I, were given some example in addition, subtraction, multiplication or division, we should get contradictory answers.

It is only when you examine yourself in the presence of Christ, that you get a genuine photograph of your moral character.

Said the dying artist Sala, when they had borne him to the church that he might take a last look at his work: "That will do." It is not the spread of historic canvas; it is not the *size*, but the *finish* of the picture, which God looks for from you and me.

Heart strings like harp strings must be *strained* to be brought into tune. Discordant notes are harmonized by sorrow. You can not weep with those that weep, until you have felt the pangs of bereavement. After that, whenever you go to the house of death, you thank God that you have followed the hearse from your own door; for whereas, before, you looked on with a mixture of curiosity and sorrow, now your heart throbs with earnest sympathy for the afflicted; and presently there are lights within your own darkened soul; foot-falls that ceased long ago, are caught once more. There glides in the form that was your strength and joy for years, before you were left to battle alone. You hear anew a father's last prayer and a mother's last whisper unto Jesus, for you. You clasp again the golden-haired darling that Christ took so soon to be of the kingdom of heaven. There is no Christian here for whom the first anguish is past who does not feel that it is blessed to have jewels in burial caskets. Thanks be unto God for the hours of weeping which melt down the icy isolation of

self, and bring us heart to heart with our brethren; which draw us away in our desolation unto the Man of Sorrows, making us fitter for life and fitter for immortality. Then let the grave stones be set up, here and there, lest we lose our way to heaven! The Mount of Crucifixion and the Mount of Olives were near together. The hill where Christ suffered lay over against the hill from which he ascended to his throne. So it becomes us, when we are called upon to suffer, to find and walk in that divine path which leads from Calvary to Olivet. What if our sorrow does endure for the night! What if the night be long! What if, though we turn our faces patiently towards the East, we catch no more than the signs of the dawning! The morning will break, at least Yonder, where gladness shall be eternal; where darkness never falls; where there can be no night, for the Lord of Light is there. From his presence all shadows vanish. All sighing dies away. The soul that has been sorely tempest-tossed, shall sail there on the peaceful sea, the sea of glass that mirrors no frowning sky, that reflects only the fathomless azure of Infinite Love. Oh, the morning joy of that shining sea, shining shore, shining, city, shining throne, shining glory of God!





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